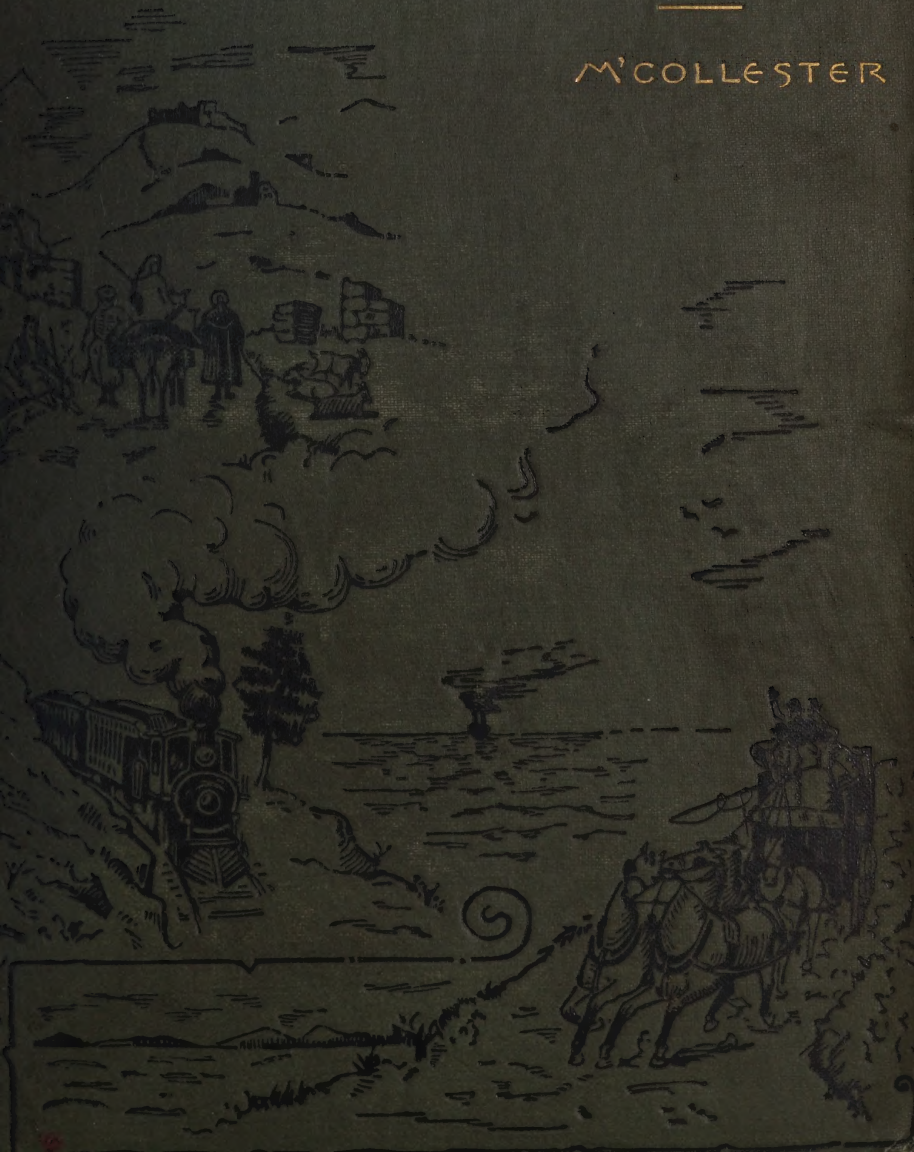
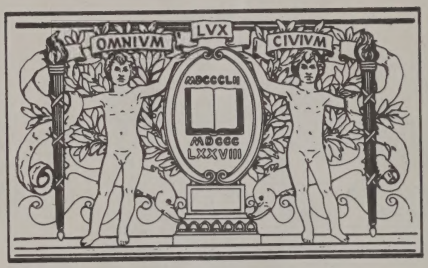
ROUND THE GLOBE

IN OLD AND NEW PATHS

M'COLLESTER





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In Old and New Paths

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BY

SULLIVAN HOLMAN M'COLLESTER

AUTHOR OF

"AFTER-THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN LANDS AND CAPITAL CITIES"

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

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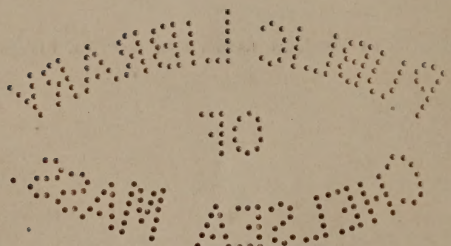

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PREFACE.

HAVING made four visits to the Old World previous to 1887–1888, I set out on my tour "Round the Globe" somewhat apprehensive of the pleasures and inconveniences of travel. My aim was to improve every opportunity for gaining knowledge of lands and seas, of vegetable and animal life, of men and society, of schools and religions. I went where I pleased, meeting with kindly natures everywhere, — leading me to join the Syrian in affirming that a friend is fairer than the roses of Damascus and more precious than the pearls of Oman.

The present volume is the record of sight-seeing and after-reflection of more than nine months' experience in detours round the world. I am not so vain as to imagine that the book is free from peculiarities and imperfections. Still, my hope is that it may go forth, so fortunate as to encourage eyes to see, ears to hear, and memory to retain those things which tend to enlarge mental capacity and adorn human character.

May it at least serve the reader as an imperfect mirror, to reflect somewhat of the real and ideal disclosed in my circuit of the globe, inspiring love for the good in all lands, and especially deepening sympathy with our own country and affection for whatever is worthy and truly American!

AUTHOR.

MAPLESIDE, MARLBOROUGH, N. H.,
Dec. 15, 1889.

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ROUND THE GLOBE.

CHAPTER I.

BOSTON TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS is the fifth time the author has started from Boston for Europe and the East. Hitherto the exit has been due East, but this time it is due West and round the world. This city to one New-England-born and somewhat accustomed to thread its winding streets and somewhat familiar with its quaint history, must seem to be a good pivotal point to fasten to, while swinging round the globe. In this age of historic myths, if its prestige is being somewhat dimmed by the intimation that an artistic people occupied this country previous to the redmen whom Columbus found here; or that even far back, Asiatic moguls possessed it, constructing curious implements out of greenstone and feldspar, working mines, weaving hemp, moulding pottery, and building mounds; or that Toltecs became civilized here, and were driven out by the warlike Aztecs, from Central America; or that the Chinese long before the Christian era settled on the Pacific coast, and the Phœnicians came to this continent five hundred years

before Christ, — nevertheless, Boston has a marvellous history. How could it be otherwise, being so near Plymouth Rock, and situated upon one of the most beautiful bays! Her strategic acts in throwing those English tea-boxes into the sea and gaining such signal victories in the Revolutionary War, have rendered her conspicuous.

However, it is not the outward, so much as the inward, that tells. In the strife at Marathon between the Greeks and the Persians, it was not spears, but brains, that won. So it is with this city: it is character which is most significant. This expresses itself in the very looks and movements of the people. Contrast the Pilgrim stock with that of any other nationality, and it will not lose by the comparison. Really, it is of consequence whether a city or country is settled by Turks or Saxons. Here some of the best blood has expressed itself in men who have taken advantage of the fortunes and misfortunes of all predecessors.

Accordingly, unique transactions have taken place here, creating a peculiar city of more than three hundred thousand inhabitants, who are devoted to more thinking, according to numerical numbers, than any other part of the globe. Her public schools and colleges testify to this fact. Her text-books, periodicals, and scientific, literary, and theological works emphasize it. It is not a small item that Boston has been the home of Cotton Mather, Father Taylor, Franklin, the Adamses, Channing, Everett, Choate, Longfellow, Phillips, Emerson, Winthrop, Holmes, Lowell, and a host of other *literati*. Her pulpits, courts, publishing-houses,

commercial establishments, benevolent institutions, all speak in behalf of a cultured people. She has become especially famous for her mental and moral developments. She well deserves to be called the Western Athens. Let her work on in receiving and imparting new light, and she is bound to live and grow in character, giving to the Old World better things than she has received.

At early morning on the 1st of September the face is turned westward from Boston, and the question forces itself upon the mind, If we keep on in this direction, shall we at length return to this city from the east, facing it? If so, this will prove the earth's rotundity. Whirling out of the city, what masses of brick and stone are piled into structures two, three, four, and five stories high! Soon on the left are seen the towers of Harvard University, and on the right far aloft stands Tufts College: these are as beacons shedding light far and wide. In half an hour Waltham is reached, whose watches are marking the time in all lands.

As the brakes hold the train at Concord, this old town repeats the thrilling story, — how the Redcoats were chased through the meadows as Yankee bullets flew, and Miles Standish tolled the bell. Here dwelt Emerson, the great essayist; Alcott, the father of the Concord School of Philosophy; and Thoreau, by Walden Pond, where he painted so accurately in word-pictures the habits of insects, birds, and so many other creatures.

At Fitchburg a thriving city is seen in the valley and on the hill. This is a city of enterprise, taking the

granite out of the quarry, moulding iron into wondrous shapes, turning wood into curious patterns, and weaving wool and cotton into beautiful webs.

Moving onward, Winchendon is the next important place, and is a typical New England town. But above spire and tower looms highest the name of Murdoch, who nurtured it and left a fortune to foster it.

Now ahead, and to the north, rises aloft the Monadnock Mountain, — a huge mass of granite and trachyte, standing like a sentinel, swaying his sceptre over all around. As the train enters the Granite State the traveller soon discovers the appropriateness of its being called the Switzerland of America. The scenery is romantic and picturesque. The train is now rushing through the hills and over the valleys. Less than a hundred miles from Boston, the valley of the Ashuelot River is reached. Many of the names applied to hill and water clearly indicate that the Indians once inhabited these regions. The lowlands and elevations plainly show that once a lake filled this valley. Ages were evidently required in depositing and shaping these meadows, slopes, and hills. Right in the centre of them is nestled the little city of Keene. It is a gem of a town in fairest settings. Here the air is like crystal, fresh and balmy. How true it is, God makes the country, and man the city! A few miles onward and the road is ribbed in with solid rock. How sudden is the change from far-reaching space to closest limits! Quickly we are out of the confinement, and what a prospect! A section of the Connecticut River Valley strikes the eye, and in the way-beyond, lo, the

Green Mountains! No more inviting picture can be enjoyed in going up or down the Rhine or the Danube River! As the river is approached, the water is clear and the banks are bordered with fertile meadows. No richer soil can be found in the far West. The corn-fields are ripening for harvest. Everything looks clean, as though just prepared and hung out for exhibition. The terrace formation on either side of the river is conspicuous and striking. In some places as many as six different geological eras are distinctly marked. As the train rushes over the Bellows Falls into the village of the same name, the scenery around and above is sublime. The castle rocks on the east and the cathedral projections on the west are not to be surpassed for beauty and grandeur by the natural scenery along any river in Europe. Here is a thriving village, because of a superior water-power, which is applied to converting almost countless logs of spruce and poplar into paper. What will genius not do by and by?

We are now on the Connecticut River Railroad. How still the wheels run! Its roadmaster has proved *himself* an adept in laying iron tracks. At Charlestown what gigantic elms overtop the quaint old houses! Here is one of the finest private botanical gardens in New England. Though an individual enterprise, still it is for the public benefit. All who will can visit and enjoy its taste and beauty. Must not the reward of such an almoner be great? Here, too, is the home of a humble man who has devoted himself to more than eight hours of daily toil; still he has found time to acquaint himself with geology, mineralogy, and science, so as to

read understandingly the earth and the rocks, and has collected one of the best cabinets of common and rare specimens in the State. His example shows what may be done by the toiling classes, if they will only economize their spare hours. So it is: men who have moved the world have been devoted to labor and thought. The lives of Socrates, Cicero, Frederick the Great, Webster, and Elihu Burritt illustrate this truth.

The scenery up the river is enchanting and diversified. The artist who looks upon these pictures must long to put them upon the canvas.

Crossing again into Vermont at the fossilized town of Windsor, one is quite certain to seek a view of its most noted institution, the State-prison. Well, so long as there are rogues, it will be necessary for some town in every State to harbor such an institution; but is it not a misfortune to that town? The environments of a community have much to do towards fashioning character. The dram-shop and penitentiary are closely allied, and always impart a destructive influence to the young. Only banish the former, and there would be little demand for the latter. A few miles from the town is the delightful summer home of William M. Evarts, one of our most distinguished legal advocates, and an honored Member of Congress. A good great man is a prize to the nation, and should be prized.

Some twenty miles onward the passengers begin to whisper, "We are approaching the White River, where the fatal bridge dropped so many in an unexpected moment into the cold arms of Death." Oh, that rushing, crashing, crying, and suffering warn us

against requiring so great speed of railroad authorities! Americans are too much given to haste. No wonder the Frenchman should feel forced to remark, "How the Americans rush into cars and out of churches!" Haste has made waste and terrible destruction in our country the past few years.

As the train bends into the Green Mountain State, winding among the hills, the traveller is reminded of Alpine scenery. Fresh and grassy are the vales and hills; wooded are the slopes, and lofty are the peaks of the mountains. Fat cows and oxen, sleek horses and flocks of sheep, are scattered through the pastures. Farmhouses and villages on every hand look inviting. The people at the stations impress the traveller with the feeling, as he inspects them, that they must have kinship to Ethan Allen, and would be ready again, in case of British invasion, to demand the Fort "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and of course would hold the Fort. The Vermonters are of sturdy stock, and seem bound to improve their acres and enrich their State. Their churches and schoolhouses indicate that they believe in Christianity and education. The faces of the lads and lasses are redolent with health and promise. The Green Mountain Boys hold their own, and improve upon their sires.

As the sun dips to the west and glints the waters of Lake Champlain, the landscape views defy pen and pencil to picture them. No more charming body of water can be found in sunny Italy or in Erin's green isle. Away across the lake is Plattsburg, with its battlefield, whence was shot that log-chain which cut down

the mast of the British brig as it rounded the point, expecting to salute Uncle Sam with a destructive blast. But speedily the lofty were fallen, and victory perched on the standard of the honest and fearless braves. So it is: the right in the end is sure to triumph.

As St. Albans, so famous for its immense traffic in butter and cheese, is left behind, the train is whirling through the State of Rip Van Winkle. From the numerous stumps it is plain that this has been a timber region, but oats and timothy grass are abundant now. To the south some thirty miles are the Adirondacks, so attractive to the sportsmen skilled in throwing the fly and chasing the deer. Really, these vast forests, so dotted with lake and pinnacle, ought to be preserved for a national park.

To the north, the land gradually pitches far away to the majestic St. Lawrence River. A more superb stream of water is nowhere else to be seen. It is freer from sediment than any other great river of the world. On from the Great Lakes to the sea it drains a beautiful valley.

The largest town in northernmost New York is Malone. This is a rural city, and rendered most conspicuous as having been the home of ex-Vice-President Wheeler. He is said to have been an honest politician. What a monument such a life is to a city or town! Would that such monuments might be greatly increased in our land! If this State was settled by the Dutch, it is certain that the northern portion is now occupied by the sons of Erin. Celtic hands here for the most part hold the plough, mould the butter, and press the cheese.

Saw-mills are common, where logs are being converted into boards and timber. Granite is now seldom seen, but sandstone and lime-rock abound. At different points iron-mines are being worked. This part of the country is generally level. Potsdam is another important town. Its buildings speak of enterprise and prosperity.

Our route now bends to the south. It is not long before we are brought to Canton, the university town of northern New York. The schools here are doing a grand work in behalf of education. Real culture is sure to perpetuate and bring renown to a town. Is not this true of Oxford in England, Cordova in Spain, and Padua in Italy?

At Watertown Nature has dammed the Black River so as to furnish great power for grinding flour and whirling saws. This is an active city, and full of uproar just now from the fact that the county fair is going on. Everybody is excited about the man who has just ascended in a balloon to the height of a mile, and let himself down by a parachute. They said he was a pygmy, to all appearances, as he left the balloon, and when he reached the ground he was senseless. Well, what does such a performance amount to? Who is benefited by it? We can discover no more good growing out of it than from the cock-pit or the bull-fight.

At Oswego we find an old city born of land and water, standing close on the shore of Ontario and on both sides of a river. The facilities for manufacturing can hardly be surpassed. Fifty years ago it was the great flour-city of the land. The streets are wide, and

the city is handsomely built. Along the southern shore of Ontario apples, pears, and grapes are abundant. Large fields of corn are ripening for harvest; forests of oak and pine are common.

But the climax of this route is the Niagara Cataract. New York is renowned for its waterfalls. The Genesee, the Trenton, the Cohoes, the Glen, and Little Falls, all are significant, and deservedly attract attention; but when these are held in contrast with Niagara, they vanish into frivolousness. England may boast of the greatest fortress of the world at Gibraltar, Paris of the largest theatre and library, Switzerland of the longest railroad-tunnel, Africa of the most extended desert; but Niagara Falls loses not when compared with these for vastness. View it from Table Rock, — what an immense body of water is pitching over and down more than a hundred and fifty feet, and three quarters of a mile wide! In the deep whirlpool what boiling, heaving, throwing! No wonder the channel is constantly deepening, widening, receding. It is strange how stone can resist for any time such an angry, tearing foe. Certainly the mightiest mythological gods could do nothing to assuage the wrath of these swelling, foaming, smoking floods. Descend into the chasm by the stairway cut through the solid rock, and as you stand under the jutting cliffs, look up and southward, and lo! a deluge from the Great Lakes is just ready to overwhelm you. The thundering and dashing sounds nearly astound you. Face the other way, and how the tides hiss, leap over one another and go bounding northward, as though frightened by countless demons! Here and

there hang from the cliffs shrubs and bushes, as though dreading a fall. At noonday, as the sunlight dips into this gulf, the rainbows chase one another around, as the vapor dodges in every conceivable direction, spanning the chasm with countless brilliants. Three miles below the Falls man has stretched across from cliff to cliff threads of iron, — so they seem from a distance, — that carriage and car may go safely over the yawning torrents, thus joining east and west with closest ties. Coming up from these wild prisons of waters and advancing on the American side above the Falls a little way, and still another stupendous sight! It appears as if the flood-gates of all waters had just been opened, and behold! they are tumbling in wildest and most frightful race onward to the sea. The first impression is, you must run in hottest speed to get out of the way. These are the so-called rapids; and whoever gets into their clutches is sure to be hurled over the Falls and into the bottomless vortex whence none have ever returned. In examining these wonders, the thoughtful can but keep profoundest silence. One Niagara Falls is enough for America and the world.

The Canadas constitute a vast country. If the word *kanata*, whence the name is derived, signifies "a collection of huts," it is not applicable to the lower portions at the present time. The broad, level, cultivated fields show that it is settled by an enterprising people, most of whom are of English, Scotch, French, and Irish extraction. But it is plain that they are good husbandmen, from their waving corn and herds of cattle. Much of the country is still covered with dense forests, though

mills are numerous and yards are piled high with lumber. Canada is still rich in timber. Her mines of iron and coal and her quarries of sandstone and marble are inexhaustible. The villages indicate thrift and comfort. The cities of Hamilton, Kingston, and London resemble towns of like size in the mother country. The name of Victoria is very dear to the hearts of the people. One would ask for no stronger proof of this than to hear the children in their schools sing "God save the Queen." The inspiration often breathed into the song will lift them from their seats. If the winters here are long, the summers are hot. Still the climate is healthful and the people robust. As the train is rushing on, insects dodge in and out of the windows. They seem to keep apace with perfect ease. Really, how marvellous is the speed of the fly! It is said to be equal to making the journey across the Atlantic and back, while we would be eating an ordinary breakfast; or if we could have a steamer with the speed of the boat-fly, we could start at noon to girdle the earth and have it high noon all the way round; or if we could build cathedrals proportionally large according to our size to the mounds of the termites of Africa, many of the religious structures would tower more than five thousand feet in altitude. The churches, by the way, indicate that the Roman Catholics are the ruling sect in this region.

The train is taken out of the Queen's dominion across the St. Clair River on immense ferry-boats to Port Huron. This city is honored with being the birthplace of Edison the great electrician. Here we have our first ride in street-cars driven by lightning. The great

inventor's father is still living here in a humble cottage, hale and active, though he has lived more than four-score years. But the son has *lived more* than the father. It is thought that decides the living. One may dwell in a pandemonium and live in a paradise.

Now the course is through the central part of Michigan, which is appropriately entitled to the sobriquet of "the Lake State." At any rate, it is bordered on three sides by water. Its surface is undulating and in parts hilly and mountainous. Its soil is rich, and its extensive copper-mines the best in the world. Its fruit-trees are bending under their autumn gifts. Probably its apples and grapes are superior to any others. The farm-buildings exhibit thrift. The ripening corn stands high, and covers thousands of acres. The State, no doubt, is most indebted for her great wealth and prosperity to her public-school system, which is graded from the primary school to the university. These are exempt from tuition to all her sons and daughters. Her State University ranks among the very highest. Is it not the Oxford of America? As a State, Michigan has been in the Union rather more than half a century. Its area is about the same as England, but its population is not more than one tenth as much. With its great natural advantages, what possibilities and probabilities await it! It is a grand State now, and what will it not be a hundred years hence? It is a pleasure to survey its cities, its farms, its orchards, its forests, its railroads, its water facilities, and anticipate the grand future before it.

Leaving Michigan and circling round the head of the lake of the same name, the traveller is soon ushered

into *the great* city of the West. As he steps out of the car and takes one look, he can but exclaim, "What a stupendous depot! What throngs are rushing to and fro on every hand!" He has no disposition to question the honesty of the criers as they proclaim the name Chicago. Ah, this is the city of brains and grains, of magnificent depots and elevators, of grand banking-houses and commercial establishments! This city of five hundred thousand inhabitants is scarcely more than half a century old. During this period it has been subject to terrible drawbacks. Its fire of 1871 swept over more than two thousand square acres, destroying in less than thirty-six hours two hundred million dollars' worth of property. The heart can but shudder, as it now recalls that catastrophe. Many of the scenes were appalling, and many were sublime. If it were a greater disaster than had ever befallen any other city in so short a time, its recovery was equally astounding; for two years after the conflagration there was scarcely a trace of it left. The seventeen thousand buildings destroyed were nearly replaced, and the seventy-three miles of streets were again occupied by new buildings, many of them far more imposing and substantial than the old. The secret of this uprising as the Sphinx from its own ashes was the sympathy expressed by generous hearts from all over the land in sending to the sufferers seven million dollars. So it always is: real Christianity practises what it preaches. The valuation of the city now is estimated at billions of dollars. It is making greater shipments of grain, meat, and lumber than ever hitherto. Should it con-

tinue as it has, what will it be two centuries hence? Larger than Babylon, that had been growing for two thousand years, or than London, which has been increasing for a decade of centuries. If Chicago is characteristically a city of traffic, it nevertheless abounds in schools, churches, and literary institutions. It publishes more than twenty daily papers and hundreds of weekly periodicals. The anarchists, who have endeavored to bring from foreign lands their pernicious principles and to organize them in this city and set them to work, have found this hard ground on which to operate. Through grievous experience the riffraffs from abroad are beginning to realize that in our country the only liberty to be enjoyed is the liberty to do right. The misanthrope may go about with his lantern declaring there is no such thing as an honest man; but as he gets behind prison-bars and conscience smites him into honest conviction, he is bound to acknowledge to himself that a righteous power has brought him to justice. How noble it is that the great city has moral significance, so that the shrewd intellect and depraved heart cannot have freest play! However great the capabilities of a city may be, and however successful its human pursuits, these are not the highest ends; the highest are *moral tendencies*, proclaiming defeat to the wrong and victory for the right.

Fairly out of the city into the country in September, the land smiles with gardens and immense fields of corn. Forty miles to the southwest is Joliet, one of the finest towns of Illinois. This is the market where five million bushels of wheat are annually sold. The public

buildings are made out of stone quarried close by. The State-prison is here; and the convicts work upon stone, the work being so managed as to bring a revenue to the State.

As the Michigan Southern train sweeps on, the Des Plaines River and the Illinois and Michigan Canal are reached. Still westward, and at Norris history recounts the first battle of the Black Hawk War in 1831. Examining the city now, it is difficult to imagine that here the Indian camp-fire once burned, and the redmen's arrows flew and their scalping-knives flashed. But barbarism has given place to civilization; the new is better than the old.

Ninety-nine miles from Chicago the train halts at La Salle, where are to be seen apparatus for coal-mining, structures for smelting zinc and glass, and works for making bricks and files. Now on to the longest river in the world save the Nile. The scenery is greatly diversified. Woods are frequent, and the trees of good size. Oaks, elms, poplars, cottonwood, ash, birch, willow, maples, locusts, and butternuts can be readily distinguished. For two hours the California route runs through wide-spreading prairies. The fields of corn, to the New England eye, seem enormous in area. Approaching the Great River, the bluffs of Rock Island put in their appearance, where the Indians once made a bold stand against their foes, and held out till they starved to death. Riding along the embankment, the river looks grander than the yellow Rhone or the blue Danube. Here are the last rapids of the Mississippi River, which are proving of vast benefit to the city of

Rock Island. A splendid bridge extends across to the lower portion of the island, beyond which the mighty flood of water sweeps to the west, and is spanned by another bridge, bearing up the long train as if it were on solid stone.

Just on the opposite bank is situated Davenport, the second town of Iowa in population and importance. A vast soldiers' gathering is breaking up, as the train stops here. The Governor of the State is being escorted to the station. He is a young-looking man, but has the reputation of having been the bravest of the brave in our recent war. The buildings of this city do not imply that wood and stone are plenty. It is said that the old Egyptians constructed their tombs and temples to last forever, but that their houses were made so as to perish in a little while. So it would appear that the houses here are not made to stay.

From this side of the river is presented a fine view of the United States Arsenal, on Rock Island, which was removed here from the far-famed Harper's Ferry. Somehow the facts of history in connection with the picturesque of Nature move us most. Why, the very spot on which this depot stands is far famed for the treaty of 1835 between General Scott and the Black Hawk Indians, by which large possessions were secured to our Government. Surveying the country around, it becomes evident that this whole region was once the bed of an extensive lake. Dig into the earth for twenty and thirty feet, and it is found to be of aqueous formation. Not far south from this point, some years ago, a well was being dug. Having descended thirty feet, the

workmen came upon the stump of a large tree. They dug around it, and a few feet lower were found a rude axe and saw, proving beyond question that the tree must have been felled ages before. Thus it is: those who have eyes to see are being constantly surprised at the stupendous changes that have been taking place in all the ages. No doubt as great revolutions are going on now as ever in the past. Were there not an overruling power, these apparent disturbances would bring destruction. But earthquakes, cyclones, and volcanoes come and go, and still the world continues, and order holds its sway.

The line now is through the best part of Iowa, whose name signifies "the beautiful land." Rolling surfaces now prevail. Patches of trees are planted, and sizable timber borders the gullies. The buildings do not appear so neat and comfortable as in the East. The farmyards are likely to be cluttered, presenting no beds of flowers. The people evidently live here to make money. Fat hogs and steers and horses, it would seem, delight their taste most, in whatever sense the term is used. Many of these farms are more or less involved. It would be difficult to guess how much capital from the East is invested in them; yet no such high rates are paid as formerly. Give the State fifty years more, and it will have stocks beyond its limits.

The next important town is Des Moines, the metropolis of the State, situated on the river of the same name. Here is the State University, which has become widely known for thoroughness and good scholarship. Its buildings and those of the public schools do honor to

the city. Proceeding, and it is not far on, before we are winding among knolls and barren bluffs. The scenery is weird, and at times desolate. At length the valley of the Missouri River is descried, and the signal for Council Bluffs is given. This city has sprung from the river as by the charms of sirens or the swaying of Neptune's wand. Crossing the river, its waters are discovered to be as yellow as the Tiber and as thick with sediment as the Nile. Omaha stands fronting the river. This city, too, has sprung up as by magic. The past two years the population has grown from ninety to one hundred and twenty thousand. It is a rushing city, full of life and vim. In educational and religious matters it is taking long and quick strides. May it not be justly styled a precocious city? For it was laid out less than forty years ago. Indeed, it has become almost a monstrosity; and it surely will be, if it keeps on as at present. It boasts of its fine preachers and superior schools.

Beyond this point the route is up the Platte River and through Nebraska. This is a State of wide-stretching distances. In the northern and eastern portions the soil is rich and fairly well watered. The sunrise here is like that upon the ocean. The houses scattered along the way and clumped into villages do not imply the greatest thrift. Of course we should not expect complete things here, for the State was not admitted into the Union till 1867. It has wrought wonders considering it has but recently reached its majority. When it shall arrive at its manhood, it promises something marvellous. The cornfields do not compare favorably with

those of Illinois. The stalks are shorter, and the ears smaller. At this season the nights are chilly, and in the morning the ground is frequently white with frost. It is strange how this people can endure the winters in their unclapboarded structures. Many of them, perchance, live in dugouts. Wild sunflowers and resin-weeds are rank and plentiful. Large flocks of crows swoop round the grainfields, and the larks are making merry every new day. Large herds of cattle and horses are wandering over the ranches, but no buffaloes nor deer are anywhere discovered. Trees are very scarce; here and there orchards have been planted. The soil is of sedimentary deposit, and generally but sparsely covered with grass. The squatters for the most part appear as though their lot had not fallen to them in pleasant places.

Having journeyed nearly four hundred miles in Nebraska, whose cognomen signifies "shallow waters," away in the distance are to be seen the Rockies resembling piles of ashes and heaps of snow. One would scarcely believe their summits could be three miles above the level of the sea. Well, one thing is certain, — if those mountains are so high, this State is lofty. As the conductor asserts that a great city is only five miles ahead, how the eyes open and look and strain over the vast, unobstructed plain! But of a sudden Denver is announced, and the cars are soon emptied. This is like coming to an island in mid-ocean. All are delighted. There is tonic in the air, and something here that renders the old young. We are reminded, in Greek mythology, of the story of Medea, who by the

magic of her incantations kept all in the bloom of youthful beauty. The elastic step and quick turn on the street remind one of the mediæval romance describing pilgrims, wondrous and adventurous, in quest of the Sangreal, or the treasure hid at the foot of the rainbow. It must be that the "philosopher's stone," which all through the Middle Ages was untiringly sought in vain, has been found. The barometer reports it to be six thousand feet higher than Boston; surely it can look down upon the Eastern cities. The stranger, as he rides through the streets five miles north and south and three miles east and west in the tramway driven by lightning, beholding the grand buildings, must be delighted and surprised to find such a superb city so far inland. It is constructed mostly of brick and stone; the latter consists of red sandstone and marbles which were quarried near by: these make a handsome finish. Fifteen years ago, there was only a village here of a few thousand inhabitants; while at present it is asserted that the city has a population of a hundred thousand, containing more rich people according to the number than any other city in the Union. The town is built on both sides of the Platte River, whose waters have been turned from their natural channel by the Holly system, so as to furnish the city with an abundant supply for house, garden, and mill; and still more water is spread over the surface outside of the city through canals, so that wheat, potatoes, clover, and thirty thousand fruit and forest trees thrive luxuriantly. The leading business is connected with mining. Hence the smelting establishments and

mint are looked upon by the Denverites as important factors to their prosperity. Stock-raising, too, has proved a great success, and made a necessity for large slaughter and packing houses. Agriculture has now come to hold an important place; and not a few are sanguine that the time will soon come when it will rank second, if not first, in adding wealth to the city. The people express a decided respect for our poets by naming their school-houses after Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Emerson. These buildings surely are a credit to their namesakes. They are the best lighted and ventilated school-buildings of the world. The bookstores carry a large assortment; the largest is equal to the best in the East. The mercantile establishments generally are on a large scale for a town far removed from the sea and navigable rivers. The University here promises much for the prosperity of this city and State. A splendid Capitol building is going up which is to cost millions of dollars, and a magnificent Methodist Church has just been completed. On the Sabbath the churches are usually well attended; however, some few of its stores are open, and the liquor-saloons are in full blast. A great financial boom is now at red heat. Fabulous prices are being paid for lots and buildings. It is difficult to surmise what the outcome of this city is to be. The Denverites believe it is to become the largest midland city in our country. One thing is certain, — the ranches that run far off to the east and south must remain very much as they are, for they cannot be changed without water, and the mountains to the west are made to last. Long's

Peak to the north is majestic; Roslin, Evans, Gray's, and James's Peaks to the west are gigantic, and Pike's Peak to the south is sublime. Whatever becomes of man's work, these are sure to endure. The climate here is variable. Often in the summer the thermometer indicates a hundred degrees of heat, and in the winter the mercury frequently falls twenty degrees below the freezing-point. But the atmosphere is so dry and light that these changes do not seem so great as in places close to the sea.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad starts from this point, going to the south and then to the west over the Rockies to the Pacific Slope. It is estimated that five hundred travellers enter and leave Denver daily; accordingly, the cars are usually crowded. Two roads already centre here, and two others are being built. In going twenty miles to the south, Palmer Lake is reached, which is like an amethystine gem put into the most romantic setting; gray, ragged mountains bound one side, and wild shrubby ranches the other. But its most curious feature is its outlets, — one flowing off to the north, emptying into the river Platte, and the other to the south, being discharged into the Arkansas River. It cannot be questioned that this lake is set upon a hill.

Colorado Springs next attract the eye. This is a village of a few thousand inhabitants, and is a special resort in the winter for invalids. It is the Nice of this country. A short distance from it to the west is Manitou, with its hot springs, its Rainbow Falls, and its Garden of the Gods. This is a summer-resort where the

weak and the robust can revel in Arcadian fields under the shadow of Pike's Peak. The road now inclines to the south, and brakes are applied to the iron horse. Hawks are whistling overhead; blackbirds are frightened by the rattling wheels. Pines are scattered through the glades, and cypresses shield the flanks of the mountains. It is not long before the train whistles into Pueblo, the so-called Garden City of Colorado. The name implies that the Spanish were here long ago, or else that the Indians must have borrowed it from them. It is not long ago the wigwam smoked here, and the untutored savage caught the trout and chased the deer. Now it ranks next to Denver in population, and is fast becoming a railroad-centre. From the faces of the people, it is evident that all the sons of Noah have representatives here, and the different tongues imply nearly as great confusion as in the building of the Tower of Babel. The town is so hemmed in as to be hot the year round. Grapes, pears, and rareripes thrive. On the platform of the station is a section of a cottonwood-tree which was three hundred and eighty years old according to its concentric circles. It is amusing to see the citizens stand round this butt, and extol the vegetable productions of Colorado. Pueblo will become a mammoth city, if advertising can produce such a result.

The course is now westward up the Arkansas River. Its current is swift and strong. A hundred and fifty miles from Denver, the cars roll into Cañon City, which is wedged in between hills and mountains. The people crowd the platform, bound to see who is coming. As a man is asked, "Do you enjoy living here?" there comes

like a flash, "You bet I do!" Then the words fly from his mouth, "We have just had a tremendous boom, and this has got to be a mighty big city; we have four hundred prisoners here, and we work them in the quarries, and it pays." Now the iron steed with lungs of fire and breath of steam, as onward it presses, gives sure proof that the grade is rising fast. The foot-hills are left behind. Vast ledges are drawing close together. The train is running along the brink of the river, whose waters roar, leap, and bound, as though wild with rage. Soon lofty crags menace from above; granite shafts shoot up five hundred feet; the antipodal sides draw together. Now the serrated columns rise a thousand feet above us; their sides are so steep that no shrub or flower can find footing in nook or crevice. This is Royal Gorge. The train here crosses an iron bridge that is suspended from aloft. It is difficult to understand how man should even dare conceive of a railway being built through such an awful gulf. It is questionable whether the old Romans ever constructed a work through the Iron Gates of the Danube, or through the gorges of the Lebanon Mountains, comparable to this. Looking up, there appears to be a measureless vein of bluest azure. At length these stupendous foundations begin to widen. It becomes easier now to draw a long breath. Still the mountains do not decrease, but multiply in number, and pierce the heavens higher and higher. Ahead, and to the south, are the white-capped summits of the Sangre de Cristo. Away up in these heights we come to the village of Salida. Strange that anybody should think of living here! How fortunate,

however, that mortals differ in taste and desires! The road branches at this point, and one division runs to Fremont Pass and the Mount of the Holy Cross. The altitude gained is nine thousand feet above the sea, and the air the last of September is balmy and comfortably cool. You talk with the people, and they do not impress you with the feeling that they are here to stay, but to make money, that afterward they may seek for some more sunny Eldorado.

The whistle blows; the motive power has been increased by an additional engine. The mountains rise more gradually; their sides are dotted with evergreens, diminishing in size the higher we go. The road now winds and winds, and twists and twists among the mountains. It is up and up for hours still. The views are inconceivably thrilling and picturesque. Only Almighty power could have lifted up these everlasting mountains! Snow and clouds rest upon the pinnacles. The slanting sunlight gilds the western slopes, dropping shadows into the valleys. The barometer is examined, and lo! we are riding on iron rails ten thousand feet higher than travellers who are steaming across the ocean! Could the ancient dwellers by the Nile behold this railway on the top of the Rocky Mountains, would they not declare this a greater work than piling up the pyramids of Gizeh? Really, does it not surpass in grandeur any or all of the Seven Wonders of the Old World?

The summit of Marshall Pass is gained as the stars shine out one after another, till the whole heavens are fired with starlight and moonlight; and soon we halt for

the night in the city of Gunnison, which is higher than any town among the Alps or the Himalayas.

As the morning glows over the eastern summits, sheets of frost are spread upon fields of grass and grain. The dwellers here feel that Gunnison is yet to become a great mart. The present hotel is massive enough to meet the demands in the centre of New York or London. The appellations of the mountains and streams imply that these regions were long the admiration of the redman. He must have felt secure, so isolated from civilization. Now there are only traces of the tribes that once fished in these rivers and ransacked these wilds for the wolf and bear. It is at present a mining-district, and is fast becoming a railroad-centre. Several thousand people are living away up here in the realm of alternating clouds and sunshine. The site on which the city stands is the basin of a volcanic crater.

A great variety of lava has been thrown up into mounds and bluffs. The plain is composed of ashes and scoriæ mixed with sand; so it is naturally productive, and would yield abundantly were it some four thousand feet lower. It is singular the New-England-born should seek homes here, where they must fight against long winters and cold summers; perspiration must be a stranger to them, and pinching cold must hold them in its grasp the year round. They but seldom have any church service, and their schools are of an inferior order. Really, there is a deal of wildness still lingering in the Rockies. Possibly this is the reason why some who have been bred in luxury enjoy these highlands, being strained up with cold most of

the year. No doubt it is fortunate that it takes all kinds of people to make a human world, as well as all sorts of elements to build up a physical globe.

Gunnison is left in the morning. The detour is westward. The inclination is decidedly downward, in places at the rate of two hundred feet to the mile. The passengers can but query now and then as to what would happen if the brakes should give out? However, the scenery is so exciting that they cannot spend much time in borrowing trouble. They speed onward, downward, turning here, there, wonders everywhere, whirling through cañon after cañon; now are presented masses of granite, then of limestone, then of lava and trap-rock. The cañons keep drawing together, and new ones burst in from the north and the south. Sections are piled up in monumental shape, as by human skill, and then are castellated, as though they were the haunts of Titan gods. For miles the road-bed is cut into solid ledges, and runs over frightful abysses and thundering waters. Frequently sparkling currents come leaping and laughing from aloft, dissolving before reaching the depths into silvery vapors. Of a sudden the train rushes into the Black Cañon. It is rightly named. It seems as though a mighty fissure in the mountains had just been made, only wide enough for a passage through them. Looking up, it is more than a thousand feet to the expanded sky. The view is bounded by stone and a patch of sky. By and by the rock has donned a red cast, like the syenite of Egypt.

After whirling and twisting, the train of a sudden

comes in view of Chippeta Falls, whose roaring, massive tide pours far aloft. Once more a sharp turn, and behold! a magnificent amphitheatre is spread out, and from its centre shoots up the Needle of Currecanti, far grander than the pyramid of Cheops or the loftiest monument ever built by man. It towers in regular tiers from base to apex. It looks as though it were two thousand feet high. Round the flank pines of considerable size cluster, and continue to rise on the sides, becoming less, till, near the top, they are mere pygmies. Ah! Black Cañon is king of all its kind in the Rocky Mountains.

Soon Castle Gate opens to Price River Cañon. Surely the walls here appear as if they must have been laid up for actual castles, measuring four and five hundred feet high. Examine them ahead or aft, they are tremendous. Who knows but the Cliff-dwellers of Chase Mountain had a home here? Who knows but here was derived the idea of the castles of Scotland and along the Rhine? Cimmiron Cañon is passed, and now the route is to the south and west among the foot-hills leading to the bottom-lands of Colorado on the west. In this autumn season it is a desolate country. Sagebush and greasewood cover the surface of plain and hillock, and cottonwood borders the streams and gullies. Ground-squirrels are dodging out of and into their burrows, while numerous hawks are sailing overhead. At length the creeks are left, and we are riding through a section where there has been no rainfall for eighteen months. No part of the Sahara Desert can be more arid than is the ground here for a hundred

miles. Once in a while we come to little settlements whose habitations look as though they were ready to fly away. In these places you are sure to fall in with some who blow loud trumpets in praise of the *beautiful* country. But you ask the reliable people if they expect to spend their days here, and they are prone to reply, "We should feel bad if we felt we should be obliged to." Then, as they looked upon their children they would continue, "We lament that these boys and girls cannot have the advantages of the East, — in schooling and church-going." Statistics show there are some counties in this State where no Sunday services are held. While going through one district a passenger remarks that he saw a ground-squirrel shedding tears and licking them up to keep from dying with thirst. As the train starts up a bevy of quail, a brakeman is heard to remark, "You see we have quail on the prairie, but you never discover any on your bread." As the train is left for the night at Junction City, lodgings are secured in a temperance hotel kept by a Maine man who believes in prohibition and practises it. He remarked that he was "under the tuition of Neal Dow too long to sell liquor in any form." His wife is a strong believer in total abstinence. Their children have all signed the temperance pledge. This surely is an oasis in a dreary land. How fortunate it would be if all parents would thus educate their children!

Thirty miles on, and Colorado is left behind, whose silver products last year were some fifteen million dollars, — surpassing, in this respect, any other State

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or Territory. In 1870 it had not a rod of railroad, but now it has more than three thousand miles. It has also three colleges and more than forty thousand children in school. It is physically the loftiest State in the Union, and it may, in the far-off future, stand highest as to cultured men and women.

Of a sudden the train darts out into the Utah valley, rimmed on the east by the Wahsatch Mountains, on the north and south by clusters of hills, and on the west by Oquirrh Range. In the oblong centre lies the glistening Utah Lake, a score and a half miles long and ten miles wide. We are now passing among well-improved farms. Apples are ripening, peaches are yellowing, grapes hang in clusters, and shocks of corn stand high and large. This is the Mormon Land. Verily, Nature has made it fair and inviting. Indeed, Brigham Young showed good taste when he selected it for the home of his church.

As Provo is reached, it presents signs of enterprise and prosperity. This is a shire town, and the court is in session. A sheriff leaves the cars, who says he has come hither to take into the court half-a-dozen horse-thieves who are certain to receive a long sentence. On the platform are a pumpkin that weighs two hundred pounds, and a squash nearly as large. As some of the passengers make a trial of lifting them, they soon are satisfied that these have substance as well as show. But these are monstrosities; more pygmies than giants are produced in this land.

As the train is about to leave, many new passengers enter the cars. Among the number is a woman on the

sunset side of life, dressed in black. She has a good face, and evidently is a woman of character. On being asked if she had long lived in Utah, she responded, "Forty years." "Then it is home to you?" She continued: "Yes, I feel so, for my husband sickened and died here, and I have a son and daughter settled here; so it is my home." When asked if she belonged to the Latter-Day Saints, she quickly replied, "Certainly I do, and have for forty years." She furthermore said: "When we came here, we did not have the comforts of to-day; for weeks and months we were obliged to subsist on roots, herbs, and whatever we could find in the land. Those were trying times; but we were ready to endure for the sake of our religion, believing the Lord would give us prosperity by and by; and he has." When asked how she regarded the Edmunds Bill, she answered, "I think it is just." "Well, then, you do not believe in polygamy?" She responded, "Indeed, I do not, and never did." "Do the women or wives here generally?" She answered, "I do not think so." "Then you are confident it is to be given up?" "Certainly, I am."

Now the train is running along the banks of the river Jordan, which is the outlet of the Utah Lake. Its waters are clear, and used for drinking. Large herds of cattle, droves of horses, and flocks of sheep are grazing in the lots. The lands are fenced off. The buildings are fairly good, and present the appearance of comfort. The foot-hills and mountains in the distance are almost countless. Occasionally woods line their flanks, but their summits are bare and bleached; while the meadows

are dotted with orchards and fields of corn and clover. The color of the soil, the contour of the highlands, and the saltness of the Great Lake imply that fire once raged here, and that the whole region round was subject to volcanic commotion. Perhaps this valley was once a crater, and the surrounding mountains constituted the rim. Utah is rich in coal and minerals.

As the slanting sunlight tips the peaks and drops waving shadows into the vales, fascinating pictures are presented, worthy the canvas, and sure to delight the most cultivated eye. Just as the western heights are shutting off the last rays of the sun, and brilliant colors hang above gray rocks and leafy downs, the conductor exclaims, "Salt Lake City." Hither the crowds have come, and so here they stop. On leaving the station and entering the city, the streets are found to be straight and broad, extending due north and south, east and west. The site on which the city stands embraces six thousand acres, and is laid out in squares of ten acres each. Trees line the streets, and water runs in the ditches. Brigham Young located the city. His works show that he was no ordinary man. The city is beautiful for situation. It gradually slopes from the north, and is elevated some four thousand feet above the sea. Guarded as it is by mountains and arched by propitious skies, its climate is moderate and healthful the year round. The architecture is rather plain; however, some of the public buildings, blocks of stores, and private houses are in keeping with the improved styles of Chicago and Boston. But the Sacred Square is what is most likely to attract the traveller's eye. It is

centrally situated, and is encompassed by an adobe wall twelve feet high. Passing through the gate, the striking object is the City Temple, not yet completed. It is being constructed out of granite, and is one hundred and eighty-six feet long, ninety wide; the towers at the corners are to be ninety feet high, and the front central tower a hundred and twenty feet high. It will be a substantial building, but not imposing or beautiful. When contrasted with many of the temples of Europe, it is ugly and insignificant. The Tabernacle, which is near the Temple, reminds one of the dome-shaped houses around the base of Vesuvius. It is elliptical in form, and only seventy-five feet high, with a seating capacity of ten thousand. Another building in this square is the Assembly Hall, which looks more like a church-edifice than any of the other structures.

The guide who conducts Gentile strangers around, exhibiting the sights, is a burly Scotchman, whose tongue is never weary nor silent. If his guests are not well informed as to Mormonism and its persecution, it cannot be his fault. He boldly declares that the Latter-Day Saints are the only Christians in the world, and the only Christians that have been since the time of Christ; and that they are to increase, as descendants of Abraham, and become the restored Children of Israel, in order that Zion may be built upon this continent, and Christ at length reign here with the Latter-Day Saints, who will be clothed with human bodies.

When asked what he thinks of the Edmunds Bill, his reply is to this end: "It is another thrust at the Holy Church." When asked if he thinks that the church

will submit to it, his answer is: "Of course; for it is a part of our creed to submit to kings and presidents in obeying and sustaining the law. Nevertheless, it was a command to Abraham to increase and multiply, and therefore he took to himself several wives; and as we are the true Abrahamic descendants, we feel that it is right and necessary for a man to have as many wives as he can support." He affected great zeal for his church. It could not be said of him for his much speaking, as Richter said of Luther, "His words are battles." He vouches for the infallibility of his church and for polygamy, as do the laws of Trent and the Vatican for the Roman Church. So it is: too many try to use their religion as the diver does his bell, to descend into the depths of worldliness and finally come out of the mire in safety, overlooking that irreversible law, "As a man sows, so shall he reap."

Brigham Young's house in which he died is sure to be henceforth a Mecca to the Latter-Day Saints. Close at hand are other residences which belong to the dead apostle, — his "Bee-Hive" (so called, perchance, because it contained so many children); and his Lion House, distinguished by a crouching lion over the doorway. These buildings are fenced in by lofty walls, and can be entered only through strong gates.

Across the street is the imposing residence of Bishop Taylor, where he was secreted for a long while previous to his death. The Edmunds Bill was a terrible distress to him. Small houses, made of wood and brick, are scattered through the city, occupied by different wives of the *sainted men*.

The schools here have been supported altogether by the different churches, but now to some extent they are introducing the public-school system. Still the Mormons prefer to have their children educated in their own schools. They feel proud of the Deseret University, and look upon it as their Cambridge. While, as a religious body, they have but few worthy to be called scholars, still they claim to have no proselytes over six years of age who are unable to read and write.

The Mormon press is under efficient management. The editors are men of ability, and publish whatever they judge will help forward their cause.

The municipal government of Salt Lake City, having a population of thirty thousand, must be placed among the best of the land as to order and economy. The policemen are few, and the taxes extremely light.

No doubt within a few years polygamy will be banished from the State. It is believed, if the truth could be known, that the women are opposed to it; accordingly, with this help and the Edmunds Law, which is being vigorously enforced, the plurality of wives is doomed in Utah. As this curse passes away, prosperity will smile upon the land as never hitherto. Business has greatly improved within the past year. As polygamy goes out, the home industries come in. Salt Lake City ought to be a splendid capital, from the fact of its natural advantages. The climate, water, and sunlight are all that could be desired.

Salt Lake is fifteen miles from the capital. Its waters are nearly as salt as those of the Dead Sea. This is eighty by forty miles in length and breadth. The best

of salt is manufactured from its waters. There are hot sulphur springs just outside the limits of the city, which have already become famous for their medicinal properties.

The Latter-Day Saints have a brewery here which they claim is after the Divine plan. However, the faces of some of their old converts would not imply this. What terrible evils have been committed in the name of religion! Men love to sin when they come to believe they have found a way of escaping a just retribution. Too many have been saying, with Horne Tooke, "If you would be powerful, pretend to be powerful." But did Henry VIII., or Philip II., or Napoleon, or Joe Smith make this rule work well? Christ's instruction is to the contrary; for he declares that "whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it." Christianity is never boastful; and when a church begins to laud itself and claim to be *the church*, that moment it begins to fail spiritually, and is on the road to death, if it persists in harboring conceit and false pretension. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

A Londoner tarrying any time in Utah during September and October would be surprised at the succession of sunny days. The air is clear, and the sky of the deepest blue. Night and morning the horizon is tinged with crimson, and the mountain sides throw down sheets of gold. Certainly, this is a land of cerulean skies, Castalian dews, and lustrous stars. A ride of an hour from Salt Lake City to Ogden is most of the way along the shore of the great lake. Its waters tend to smoothness, and through the whole day are shooting

off silver rays. The farms along the road are in a good state of cultivation. Hundreds of acres are being sown to winter wheat; frequently fields are literally covered with winter squashes. Ogden is a big little city. Its railroad officials and policemen are bound to be recognized as important factors. Now we reach the junction of the Union Pacific and Rio Grande Railroad. Listen to the conversation of the men who are scattered about in small groups, and you will find that it is universally about mining stocks. Loud watch-chains are being displayed, and things are done on a large scale. Step up to a fruit-stand and inquire the price of pears and grapes, and you are pertly answered, "Twenty-five cents for three pears, and the same for a cluster of grapes." Lay down a ten-cent piece that you may get its worth, and you are scoffed at with the accusation of being "mighty small." This city of a few thousand inhabitants has just been having a boom, and financial expectations are greatly inflated. After a time, no doubt, the inflammation will subside, so far at least as to focus the eye to see ten-cent bits, and possibly it will not be thought beneath human dignity to receive nickels as well as dollars.

Now for a hundred miles in a southerly course, we are advancing along the western shore of the Great Salt Lake, and then through the eastern portion of Nevada. To the west is to be seen the range of the Humboldt Mountains. Close at hand there is but little else than a waste of pulverized lava dotted with bunch-grass. Once in a while is to be seen a lone settler, who reminds you of the old gentleman who was invited by

an acquaintance to come out and see his country-seat. He went, and found it to be nothing but a stump in a meadow. The country-seat of some of the Nevadans can be nothing more than a dug-out, minus water.

At length this dusty region is left behind, to the satisfaction of all. But the line is not through Elysian fields for some time. An Irishman discourses to the passengers upon the splendors of this region. "Oh!" he says, "this is a jolly place for deer and quail; it is a great country for roving." Yes, there is opportunity enough for roving, but where is the chance for one to sit under any vine or fig-tree? For the vegetable growth is largely confined to sagebush and dwarf-oaks. When the train stops for lunch in these waste lands, it is one dollar for breakfast or dinner or supper; and in a few instances the meal consists largely of a course of plates and the rattling of dishes. It is often amusing to hear the passengers after the meal discourse upon its quantity and quality. One day a facetious fellow, describing the eggs, said, "The hen which laid them was so old that she could not produce any sound ones." As a rule, however, the travellers have no reason to find fault with the food as to quality or quantity.

Reno is another town of considerable importance on this route, which has sprung up as by the stroke of a magical wand. Notices are posted thick, saying, "Look out for pickpockets and thieves!" So the world is no better here than in the East. The dram-shops draw the crowds; and do you wonder there should be broils and robberies? Strange that the love of money leads

men to sell their own souls and those of their patrons to the Evil One!

The dawn is bright, and the new day opens as though made to gratify the wishes of those bound for the Golden City. For some distance the road is along streams that supply the fields with plenty of water. It appears now as though the dwellers could live here with some comfort. In a few hours the grade is upward. Forests of oak and pine are on either hand. Mills are frequently passed where gang-saws are cutting out vast quantities of lumber. At length a mining village is reached which stands upon the flanks of a mountain. It is plain to be seen that all in this town are not zealous workers. When it is asked, "How many of the miners are truly successful?" a reply comes from an intelligent-looking man: "Not more than one in a thousand!" Still, throngs of men stand ready to take their chances, and somehow delight in venturing.

The foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas are being left behind. The trees increase in size. It no longer seems wonderful that an Easterner once visiting this region should have been led to remark, "The trees are so tall that one is obliged to look three times before he can see their tops." For miles we are riding through sheds which protect the road from the snows of winter. The barometer, being examined near the summit, shows an altitude of six thousand feet above the sea-level. These mountains are as romantic and thrilling as the Rockies. There seems to be no end to the pine and cedar forests. It is surprising to find such monstrous

trees at so great a height. On the White Mountains, five thousand feet above the sea, the spruces have diminished into pygmies; but here, at a greater altitude, the trees are giants. As the train is descending the western slope, fine views are had of the Coast Range. As the train rounds the so-called Cape Horn, it is down, down, on one side thousands of feet, and on the other it is up and upward to the sky. Across the jagged gulf wavy rays of light play among the trees. The outspreading valley so far below; the hillocks so far beyond; and the Coast Range, both bare and wooded, tinged here and yon with silver, sapphire, and gold, — would offer enchantment to Hill or Rembrandt.

Hawks can be seen cutting cycloids; crows are flying in flocks; the bluejays are picking the acorns from the oaks. While the train is being made ready for safe descent, away across the chasm a traveller spies a deer gazing from the brink of a precipice. The Irish hunter aboard is excited now. He wishes he had his gun, and he wishes he was over there. "Oh," he continues, "this is the country for game! Oh, I had rather live here than on the Green Isle far over the sea!"

The vegetation is varied. The blossoms are of the brightest hues, and fill the air with sweetest odors. At midday the heat forces all to doff their outer garments. It seems as though the change within an hour had been from chilly realms to balmiest summer. Here one cannot refrain from thinking of sunny Italy, if he has had any experience there in descending from Alpine peaks into warmest dells. It is extraordinary how the people have climbed from the valleys and plains and settled in

these lofty nooks. The cars stop at short intervals, where villages have sprung up close by the railroad. The dwellers in them appear cheery and full of hope. Now immense clusters of grapes are brought round for sale, which might well rival those of Eschol in olden days; peaches too are abundant, and most pleasing to the taste. The children at the depots are as plentiful as the flowers in the glens, and their cheeks are rosy-red. A woman enters a car at one of these highland stations, with a basketful of the productions grown on the lofty slopes, which she is bearing to the Golden City. Among other things displayed are bolls of cotton which she has just picked from her own field. They are large and of a fine quality. These will not only be exhibited in California, but will be sent far and wide to advertise the land. No doubt they will allure some and cause others to leave pleasant homes and well-to-do situations, coming thousands of miles to secure at high rates a rough patch of land which is nearly ready, because of its steep inclination, to fall into the plain far below.

After zigzagging for hours, the train has reached the bottom-lands and is running through the Sacramento Valley. The farming now is on a large scale. It is not uncommon to see lots fenced off containing one and two thousand acres under cultivation, and controlled by one party. The buildings are usually far within the enclosure. The neighborhoods do not crowd upon one another, nor would contagious diseases have much chance to spread here. Gang-ploughs are at work; some of them are driven by steam, and others by six and eight

horses. After the wheat is sown and up a few inches the farmers let their herds feed upon the fields for a time, and then after the harvest the cattle graze the stubble as long as they can, and finally are brought to the heaps of straw left from the threshing. This appears to be rather hard fare for stock, to those acquainted with the green pastures of Maine and Vermont. There must be a deal of silica in the beef raised in this land.

At mid-afternoon the train rolls into the city of Sacramento. The depot is spacious. From the different trains and the multitudes of people moving about, it is apparent this is an important railroad-centre. The bustle and commotion are greater than in Chicago or New York City. A surprising noise is made for a young city of only twenty thousand inhabitants. But the fact of its being in California removes all mysteries. Probably there is as much gold displayed in the watch-chains as could be found in all the Empire State. Even a glimpse at some of the hotels and private houses demonstrates the fact that this city is bound to do great things. With grace it can afford to be the capital of the State. It stands on the banks of the Sacramento River, which is about the size of the Connecticut; osier-bushes, poplars, and cottonwoods hedge the stream. The citizens delight to speak of their city as possessing the best school and church privileges. They extol the climate and the great natural advantages.

Now, as the train pushes on, it is through a level country. At this season scarcely any green thing is to be seen. The Eastern tourist can but marvel as to how

the stock can subsist on the dried stubble. But the Californian says there is much nourishment stored up in the crisp grass. So the New-Englander might assert that there is much nutriment packed away in the dead-ripe June grass, and so completely hoarded that the cattle can never find it.

But few trees of any kind are to be seen, and the question presses itself, Where are the four million fruit-trees, the two hundred and fifty thousand nut-trees, and the twenty millions of vines which are said to be growing in the land? The most common tree is the eucalyptus, which is not indigenous and is not proving a success. The fields are being sown with cereals each year, without putting any compost upon the ground. What will be the result of such cultivation in the course of a quarter of a century? Why, these acres will be like those of Virginia, whose vitality has been destroyed by raising tobacco without manuring the soil. It would seem that the present generation has little thought or care for the future occupant.

Our course now bears to the eastward. Ranches and farms are on every hand. Occasionally Australian cedars and Mexican cypresses are discovered. The people appear to be in a desperate hurry. At the restaurants they eat as if afraid of losing their life. The houses are usually small, and look as though they had not come to stay. In the distance mountains upon mountains loom up. Evidently this valley-plain was once the bed of a vast lake or a bay of the ocean. At nightfall we are again in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas, far to the south. Sleep under the stars here

is sweet; the aurora of the new day is brilliant, and as the sun rolls up over the mountains it scarfs the whole country with fairness.

The cars are left, and we are now riding in a coach for the day. It is pleasant to find the road-bed so smooth, as it rises and falls. We are soon among oaks and vegetation similar to that of the Atlantic States. Of course, new species of flora keep coming to view. The blossoms are of the liveliest hues; yes, many of them are of dazzling beauty. But what surprises us most are the broad areas of wild oats. The cultivated oats strikingly resemble these. The books have stated that oats originated in foreign lands; but the facts prove the contrary. Frequent flocks of quail fly across the road. The sportsmen aboard can scarcely keep their seats as these birds whir about. A few miles on and the landscape is made up of billowy hillocks, crumpled mountains, extended forests, and cloud-patches. The views are incessantly changing. Certainly this is a romantic ride. You can experience nothing surpassing it in going over any of the Alpine passes. The slopes of hills and mountains all along show the effects of prospecting for gold and silver. One rich mine is passed that has been worked for many years. A large village has sprung up by it, whose inhabitants represent numerous nationalities. It is surprising how gold will draw human beings from the uttermost parts of the earth. As the thickly timbered lands are reached, a sluiceway is discovered which extends from far up on the mountains forty miles down to the plain and the railroad. Indeed, it was no small job to construct out

of lumber that water-course which runs boards and plank from the mountain top twoscore miles into the valley. It is said to have cost two hundred thousand dollars. However, the water running in it serves not only to float lumber, but is used for irrigation in the lowlands.

We stop in a romantic spot for dinner. The young man and wife from the East, in charge of the hotel, are enthusiastic over the country. They furnish for one dollar each an excellent meal. Near this house is a sulphur spring which will draw the multitudes, if extolling its properties will accomplish such a result. The road onward ascends, zigzags, and twists along the mountains. The barometer now indicates five thousand feet above the sea, and, before long, six thousand feet. The way is now among sugar pines and cedars, some of them two feet, three feet, and five feet in diameter, and from a hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high. Cattle are ranging through these forests as though they had no abiding-place. The road keeps breaking out over brinks a thousand, two thousand feet or more, down into gulches, or valleys. This experience is exciting, and, at times, most thrilling. At length the height of this day's journey is gained, and we take a backward look. It is one far-reaching sweep of forest upon forest, peak upon peak; and as the glass is placed to the eye we can see two little homes away down in the mighty forests. Why should people settle there, and how dare they? Bears and wolves haunt these woods.

Now we are descending, still encompassed by a dense

forest of magnificent trees. It is surprising that so good a stage-road could have been built over such heights and down such declivities! Just now we are passing a shanty where a squatter has settled, thinking he will remain here till he shall get possession of one hundred and sixty acres of this timber land. The husband and wife must have some grit, and expect a long life, to hazard such an undertaking. A few miles on and we come to another settlement where an old bachelor has lived for twenty years. He has cleared a small piece of land, which is yielding a harvest of corn and potatoes. His single-blessedness must be quiet, except when the wind blows and the trees creak, groan, and fall. The day is nearly gone as the coach and four whirl out into the vale of Mariposa and into the small village of Wawona. Soon we are ushered into Washburn's hotel, new and clean from top to bottom.

The day has been one of exciting experience. None having enjoyed it would sell it for gold or rubies. We go upon the balcony just as the sun is gilding the tips of the mountains, eight and nine thousand feet high. One sweep of the eye shows this to be a lovely valley, encompassed by grand bulwarks of granite and magnificent forests. A river flows through it, bordered with greenest meadows. To the rear of the hotel is a small lake, and, in front, an inviting lawn. New-Englanders are made to feel at home at once, for the house is under the management of brothers reared in southern Vermont. The fare and service are just suited to the wants of tourists.

As night comes there appears to be only a patch

of sky overhead, which sparkles and glows thickly with stars. Though in a deep valley, yet we are four thousand feet above the sea. Wawona is a gem of a valley in God's own setting.

As the morrow hastens on, the course is to the southward, and upward for seven miles, through the sublimest forest on the globe, to Mariposa, the home of the Big Trees. We are more than two thousand feet higher than at Wawona, riding among the *Sequoias*, or the great Redwood trees. These are giants, surely, of their kind. They number four hundred, and are the largest of any scattered along this mountain range. It is well the Government has set apart some two miles square, including these monsters, for a National Park. The largest tree is thirty-four feet in diameter near the ground, and nearly three hundred feet high. The coach and four horses pass through the butt of one, and there is considerable margin still to spare. A host might find shelter in the base of another. These trees are verily stupendous. They are said to be a species allied to fossil trees found in the miocene beds in high latitudes, and are believed to have been left unharmed during the glacial period, because so elevated. Judging from their concentric circles, some of them have been growing more than six thousand years. So these are the most aged sentinels of the world's living flora.

It is a remarkable fact that these Sequoias, or Redwood trees, occupy only those spots in the Sierras and Coast Range which were first laid bare when their icy mantles became broken up into isolated glaciers. They therefore dot the Sierras for some two hundred miles,

and the Coast Range for nearly five hundred miles; but as we go northward the trees diminish in size. It is believed that these, since the glacial epoch, have never been more widely distributed. It looks now as though the time was not far distant when fire and saw would demolish them altogether. It is true, as already stated, the State has done something toward protecting those at Mariposa; nevertheless, the sawmill is cutting out lumber but a short distance from them, and there is no authorized guardsman to protect them. The wood of these trees is very durable and handsome when polished. A few trees that have long been felled show no signs of decay. The Big Tree which fell in 1875, girting sixty-nine feet inside the bark, exhibits no marks of rot; and one that has been prostrate much longer, whose girth is one hundred and seven feet, is perfectly sound. So the woodmen seem bound to capture all the manageable trees; and besides this, the sheep-farmers who fire the herbage to improve the grazing, and whose flocks of tens of thousands of sheep devour every green thing, are certain to destroy the seedlings, and thus prevent any new growth. Accordingly, the sentence is pronounced upon this noble coniferous race, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" and possibly before a century shall have passed, it will be said of it, "The place which knew it shall know it no more."

From the valley of Wawona to the Yosemite is twenty-six miles, over one of the grandest mountain passes of the world. The views along the route are beyond description. The Simplon Pass or the St.

Gothard, in Switzerland, do not outvie this in picturesqueness or engineering. As you descend into the Yosemite, if you have been in the Highlands of Scotland, or scaled the summit of Olympus, or crossed over snowy Hermon, or been through the Iron Gates of the Danube, you are prepared to say, as you see vertical cliffs of solid granite half a mile high, waterfalls two thousand feet above your head, — as you take it all in, it is too mighty to be pictured in words. Within a radius of ten miles it has more grandeur, sublimity, and surprising vastness to offer the beholder, — so confessed by the experienced, — than any other portion of the globe of many times its area. This is the Yosemite Valley, some two miles in width and ten in length. As you inspect the Captain, Bridal Veil, the Virgin's Tears, the Great Dome, Mirror Lake, and Glacier Point, you can but feel like keeping silence, saying in your innermost heart, "This is thy work, O God, without any help of man! Thou art the greatest of all, and this is thy stupendous creation!" Let one look upon all this from below or from above, and if he has scanned the Pyramids of the Nile, the Hundred-Gated Thebes, the ruins of Baalbec, the wastes of Babylon, Nineveh, and Persepolis, how insignificant are all these to the Yosemite! It has no parallel! It is tremendously romantic and sublimely captivating! As the tourist looks and looks and meditates, he concludes that the Almighty alone lifted up these huge masses and mountains of rock, and dropped back a section, leaving the frowning breastworks on either side of the yawning gulf; then through the glacial period rounded and smoothed, and has been

finishing the exalted work, that his children might witness and admire it as one of the most stupendous exhibits on the face of the earth. It is a thrilling epic of the Almighty in stone!

Now we are out of the valleys, down from the mountains, and across the plains to the great Western City. As the bottom-lands again are inspected, and information is gained of the late harvests of cereals, grapes, oranges, olives, apples, pears, melons, and potatoes, the conclusion is that California has surely become the cornucopia of America. She certainly is vying with Spain in producing raisins, with Italy in yielding oranges, and with Asia Minor in growing olives. She now claims the largest butter-dairy, the largest cheese-dairy, the largest mining-ditch, and the largest hotel on the globe. We can half believe the Titans have returned to the earth to rule here, since such mighty things are being accomplished. The droves of horses and herds of cattle feeding on the ranches are immense. In places monstrous fruits are on exhibition. But experience has taught us this is not always the case. Really California is a State of striking contrasts; it has its cots and palaces, its wealth and poverty, its sunshine and storm. It is given to ups and downs, securities and dangers, successes and failures. Possibly because of its chances and contradictions, it is all the more attractive to adventurers who delight in changing fortune. If there is little here to compare in antiquity with the Kitchen Heaps of Denmark, the Lake-dwellings of Switzerland, the mound structures of Ohio, or the buried cities of Egypt and Chaldæa, still he will

find romance here as he meets with Indian mounds and mission churches. It is romantic, indeed, for a wild country to become settled and civilized on the basis of perpetuity during the life of a single generation, enjoying the advantages of public schools and colleges, with a brilliant journalism, an extensive commerce, the leading mining interests of the world, numerous home industries, and peopled with nearly a million of human souls. Where will you find a romance of old like this?

As the train nears the Bay of San Francisco, lo, the burning west! Many an ark of gold is set upon the mountain tops. Echoes from the Pacific bear peaceful news as the waves lave the shore. Who knows what fleets have sailed over these waters, though history tells of no Xerxes or Hannibal leading his host hither? Still, in spite of this, these waters may have flashed in the long ago with blade and spear, and these shores rung with victory, as did the Plain of Marathon or the field of Waterloo.

In the distance ducks are dabbling along the shore, herons are pacing the beach, white swans are floating far out to sea, and gulls are cutting innumerable cycloids. Ships are in sight that have sailed from Oregon, Alaska, Honolulu, or around Cape Horn. For miles and miles the railroad skirts the bay's western shore. The hills shut off the sunset view. Soon twilight softens the brilliant glow. A mist broods over the Golden City in the distance. The train slacks, and "Oakland" is announced. This is the western city of schools. The State University is in its suburb, several young ladies' seminaries and a normal school are estab-

lished here. The train hurries on and along a causeway out into the bay, where a large boat is waiting to ferry all who wish across to the great city of the Pacific Coast. The night watches are now being set thick on high. Before five miles are passed, the gas-jets glimmer through the mist and smoke, and soon the electric balls dispense almost the light of day. Tickets are taken up; and really all journeying from far or near, as the boat is moored, are ushered into a city unlike any other in the New or Old World. It is San Francisco. It is far out West.

It is a fact that the cities which have attracted most attention and been most admired, have occupied picturesque and romantic sites. What would Jerusalem have been without her valleys and mountains, or Athens without her Acropolis, or Rome without her Seven Hills, or Naples without her Bay and Vesuvius, or Edinburgh without Calton Hill, Castle Mount, and Arthur's Seat? Still none of these can boast of a hundred hills over which the city is spread as can San Francisco, situated at the upper end of a peninsula thirty miles long and six wide at its terminus, thrown up into elevations from one to nine hundred feet high. To the north of this is Golden Gate, through which the Pacific Ocean pours water sufficient to form a bay of six hundred square miles. Upon the eastern slope of this peninsula, near the Golden Gate, stands the city of San Francisco, with a population of nearly four hundred thousand. Its bay is a little Mediterranean, shut in by plains, hills, and cliffs. The city is an anomaly when its present proportions are considered in connection with the fact that the

first Americans, being trappers, came here in 1826, and that the first immigrants coming in wagons did not arrive till 1844, and that California was not admitted into the Union as a State until 1850. As it is studied, with these facts in view, it seems like a mythical city, or a legendary metropolis pictured in fairy tales. Nevertheless, it is a reality; and the more it is examined, the more it is to be wondered at. It is a great mart, carrying on traffic with all parts of the world through the means of railroads, steamboats, and ships. Its streets run nearly parallel with the cardinal points. Ride through them on cable tramways, horse-cars, or private conveyance, and you will be ready to admit they are model highways. Then, as you scrutinize the public buildings and private dwellings, you marvel at their massive proportions, the fine architecture, and the handsome stone and brick out of which they are constructed. The hotels cannot be surpassed in size and elegance. The mercantile establishments and banks, the City Hall, Exchange, and Mint, are on a grand scale. Go out a mile from the centre of business, and you can see the Crocker mansion, the late Mark Hopkins dwelling, and the Sandford House. It is estimated that these buildings cost six million dollars. Go upon Nob Hill in the evening, and a greater display of lights can nowhere else be seen. The electric burners and the gas-jets away down in the valley and away up on the hills and far aloft on the heights, and then, a little higher, the stars flaming out, present a most fascinating picture. Nothing of fabled story can be half so beautiful.

All through the day the thoroughfares are crowded with people. Ah, how intent they appear to be! The countenances of the men have marks of anxiety and determination. It is rush and push with them. You soon become impressed with the feeling that they are here for gain and are bound to become rich. The women look healthy, and are attired as though silks were cheap or gold most plentiful. Of course there are all grades of humanity here. However, there are to be seen in public places but few who are very poor. Go into the hotels and restaurants at meal-time, and you will be convinced that the San Franciscans live by eating. In places you can see squashes and pumpkins weighing two hundred pounds, potatoes that girt a foot, pears six and eight inches long, and clusters of grapes that would fill a quart measure. This is a city of abundance and fast living. There is more of the material than the spiritual here. In social resorts you will hear oftener quotations from Dennis Kearney and Karl Max than from Whittier or Shakspeare. Inspect an assembly of a few hundred, and you will be able to single out fifteen or twenty varieties of nationality, quite unlike in taste and appearance, mental and moral condition, but a unit in striving for lucre. Some who were religious in the East avow themselves infidels and atheists here. Charles Dickens once wrote that "the typical American would refuse to enter heaven if he could not go farther west." Possibly this statement embodies the reason why so many out here refuse to walk as of old in the narrow way. But the indulgence in strong drink, tobacco, and opium is decimating strangely at times the

worshippers of mammon. Go to the cemeteries and you will be surprised at the numbers who have departed this life in the city and at an early age, — the majority before they reached full maturity. It is money that rules here at present. Gold and precious stones are conspicuous in chains, rings, and bracelets. The fifty millionnaires of the city hold sway, not because of moral but financial worth. The natives of the country are usually well educated, and interested more or less in public schools; accordingly, the educational advantages are excellent. Large sums of money have been invested in school buildings, apparatus, and instruction. The people believe in first-class schools, and some of them in first-class churches. It is a little remarkable that there should be more church edifices in this new city than in Paris, France. In spite of the extreme worldliness, there are numerous religious organizations in it. No doubt the Christian work going on will, in due time, triumph over all the opposing forces. If ten wise men can save a city, San Francisco will be redeemed. Society is not fossilized here as in Europe. It is an encouraging truth which history reveals, that the cultured in mind and heart in the long run do survive the ignorant and superstitious. So, as this Western civilization is examined, and as it often happens, more scum than salt comes to the surface; it is cheering to feel that the leaven of Christianity is working, and that its heat is destroying the chaff in order to nourish the wheat which is being profusely sown. If American freedom was born a pygmy, it has grown to be a giant: and thus it is with Christianity. Since Luther's time it

has been the all-conquering sword of the Anglo-Saxon. It has already made its moulding influence felt to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is true the Anglo-Saxon is becoming more fully developed in this land than he ever has been in the Old Country. Adam Smith predicted long ago that the empire of the East was to be transferred to the Far West. This idea has burned in the heart of the nations since civilization first blossomed out on the banks of the Nile; and a universal feeling must have its source in God, and will therefore gain the victory. For this reason there is decided hope for San Francisco, which has been called the Godless City. The speculators and money-worshippers are predicting that in the course of a quarter of a century it is to become the largest city of the world. "But man proposes, God disposes;" so man's prophecies and plans may fail; still, it is certain the right will prevail in the end and afford the fullest satisfaction.

If San Francisco has been denominated the treeless city, it is far from being flowerless. The beauty of the town, so far as vegetation is concerned, is in its brilliant blossoms in front-yards and gardens. The beds of fuschias, roses, verbenas, geraniums, calla lilies, and tropical plants bloom the year round. So the soil that once produced naught but sagebrush and scrub-oaks is smiling with the fairest beauties of the globe. In some parts of the city are to be seen the eucalyptus tree, the Australian acacia, and the Monterey cypress.

This city has several libraries, containing in all more than two hundred thousand volumes. If the best of these are being read, they will introduce into this com-

munity prophet and apostle, sage and philosopher, poet and scholar; so that they will have an abode here, and will become known and loved better than they were in their own cities and times. Books serve to keep men alive. Accordingly, Socrates, Saint John, and Milton are speaking more emphatically than they did when in this life. They now go whithersoever they are bidden. Really, what companionship the lovers of books enjoy! The city cannot become truly attractive without books.

The club-rooms occupy conspicuous places here, lending their influence for weal or woe. It is to be lamented that often their tendency is downward, for they sometimes do popularize vice, and hence draw from the home and the Church. Possibly they would not have had an existence if the Church had provided innocent pastimes, as it ought to have done. The young must have the opportunity of laughing and being social, and if they cannot be thus blessed in the home and the religious community, they are bound to have it elsewhere. So the remedy to the social wrongs is plain: just provide them in the proper places and at the proper seasons, and the wrong will be removed.

The journals and periodicals of San Francisco are decidedly smart. They portray surely the coloring of the West. Their word-painting can scarcely be equalled. If the Golden City is not the greatest on the globe, and California the greatest State of the American Republic, it is no fault of the press; for it iterates and reiterates that California has the largest mines, the largest farms, the largest trees; produces the largest amount of wool,

of raisins, of wine, and gold, of any other division of the earth. Half a dozen dailies and many weeklies are issued. On the western coast of our country there are seven hundred printing establishments, and more than four hundred periodicals published. The literary business amounts annually to three and a half million dollars. The people believe in advertising. The daily papers sell for five cents apiece. In fact, you will see here no smaller change than the nickel.

The tourist who has heard so much for the past few years about the Chinamen, but has seen only now and then one, must needs visit that part of the city known as Chinatown, and he will discover stranger things than he has dreamed of. As he enters it the houses look very odd, and the people appear exceedingly strange. He finds twenty-two thousand quartered here. The buildings are small and booth-like. It would seem as if they had just alighted and were soon to fly away. The people are clad in thin blue cotton frocks, pouched trousers, and wooden shoes. Some are engaged in manufacturing cigars, and others are smoking them; some are weaving with the old-fashioned loom; others are mending shoes on the sidewalk; others trading in a small way; and others are lying on the ground sleeping off the effects of opium.

Their temples dedicated to Buddhism differ but slightly in shape from the houses, having some tinselled flummery over the balconies. Within the church you find a single room with alcoves on the sides, where in one you meet with the image of Yum-Ten-Tin, who is the god of the waters, and receives only tea as an offering;

in another niche is Rowan-Tal, who settles all disputes; in another nook is Nam-Hul-Hung-Shing-Tal, who is the god of fire and the Southern seas. They offer unto him meat, grapes, and wine. In their service they are lawless and noisy. They have no Sabbath, but many feast-days on which they give special honor to their gods. Their religion has little to do with character, or with improving their morals. If they can gain the favor of the gods, this satisfies them. Such a religion cannot elevate and ennoble.

San Francisco is favored with many outings by land and water. The Golden Gate Park, two miles from the centre of the city to the north, is one of the most interesting. It contains an area of a thousand acres, and numerous elevations from a few feet to a thousand. It is tastefully divided by drives and avenues. Near the main entrance are beds and parterres of charming flowers and plants. Lawns of the greenest grass are now common where but a few years since there was little besides barrenness. Three thousand trees have been planted within the grounds, consisting largely of pines and cypresses. The influence of this Park must tend to refinement and a growing love for the beautiful. Certainly the solitary place has been made to blossom like the rose.

Another resort is the Presidio Reserve, embracing fifteen acres, and set aside by the nation as military grounds. It fronts the Golden Gate. General McDowell has left his mark here in the way of constructing fine roads and setting out trees.

Not far from these grounds is the Cliff House, which

stands upon bluffs close upon the ocean. It is a romantic spot; still, its chief attraction is its outlook upon a cluster of rocks in the water, where the sea-lions in warm weather are wont to sport. The Government protects these innocent and curious creatures.

Another place of special interest in the city is the Woodward Menagerie, occupying an area of seven acres. The common wild animals of the country are to be seen here. In it, too, is an aquarium containing specimens of the fish of this coast.

Besides these attractions there are many others about San Francisco. Five miles to the south is Oakland, which is to this city what Brooklyn is to New York; and a short distance to the east from Oakland is Berkeley, where the State University is situated.

The more San Francisco is examined the more marvellous it becomes. It must be seen to be known. Let the East and the West mingle freely together, and this will result in levelling society, and bringing the masses to know that one part of the country is not to be built up at the expense of another, but that each portion is essential to the whole. Then the youths of the Golden Strand will not ignore the fathers of the Sunrise States, nor will the latter frown upon the former, but there will be real union; and union of hearts and hands affords the greatest human strength. San Francisco needs to feel more and more the moral and spiritual power of the East; and both need to realize that our country is to prosper only as it builds upon the Everlasting Rock. Christianity is the only true footing for the East and the West.

Let her sceptre hold sway, and then the gold and silver of the land will help build up character by fostering schools and Christian churches, and thereby develop the highest civilization upon the face of the earth.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

THE 11th of October is a propitious day. The sun flames out purest light and penetrating heat in the Golden City. The ozone of the atmosphere is stimulating hearts, and firing minds with earnest thoughts. As the sun crosses the noonday line, and shadows begin to lengthen, hacks are moving out from hotels, and busy feet are pressing stony ways towards the wharf where lies the "City of Sydney," the steamer about to leave for Japan. It is now a stirring time on the wharf; passengers are going on board the ship, friends are parting, good-byes are being spoken, tears are falling, and hearts are rejoicing at the thought of being homeward-bound.

At two o'clock all are aboard, — officers, passengers, and freight. The bell is struck, the engine begins to move and puff, the wheel rolls; the ship turns out carefully from its moorings, and is soon ploughing through the bay. On the left sits, upon its hundred hills, the city which has surprised the whole world because of its rapid development. It finds no parallel in all the ages. In a thousand regards it is unlike any other city, modern or ancient. Were the old Chaldæans here, they would assert "it had been built by the gods," because men could not accomplish so much in so brief

a period. To the right is the city of Oakland, the Western city of schools; and a little farther east is the University town. As the eye takes in the aspect of water, hill, plain, and curious things, the voyager through sight and insight must be thrilled with admiration. On approaching the Golden Gate, steam is turned off, anchors are dropped, and here we wait for the Pacific mails. All kinds of crafts from all ports of the earth are floating in the bay. Strong bulwarks are guarding the heights. Gulls are cutting circles, and ducks are floating on the waves. The rocks on the shores are bare, and the turf is seared; still there is fascination in all this which imparts a joy to the waiting. Through the Gate the Pacific Ocean is visible. As the sun nears the sea, the sky changes from silver to gold, and then to amethyst and vermilion. A more beautiful picture was never painted. Twilight comes reflecting the glow of sky and water, and the vast space above is flecked with revolving beacons, and gas-lights flare and electric balls flash from lowland and highland; this seems like a poem from on high, sweeter and deeper than any mortal bard ever sung. It is as music from the celestial choir.

At ten o'clock the news from afar has arrived. Anchors are once more lifted, fires are renewed, and shortly we are going through the Golden Gate; and lo! the "City of Sydney" is steaming across the greatest ocean. Looking upon the glassy surface reflecting the firmament above, we feel we can understand why Balboa, as he sailed from the south along this coast, should have christened it the "peaceful water." What a mys-

tery always broods over the restless sea! No wonder the ancient Greek philosopher, when he was thinking the best he could, concluded that the earth was flat and girdled by an immense river, and that it rested on the shoulders of Atlas, while the sky was supported by the pillars of Hercules; neither is it strange that afterward, in the midst of polytheism, the wisest Greeks should have assigned the deep waters to the care of Oceanus and his three thousand nymphs. But now what a joy to feel, since science has helped mind far on, the fact that God holds the deep places in the hollow of his hand, making them minister to the needs of his children!

Now, as the vessel is surveyed somewhat carefully, it is found to be a thing of grandeur and power. It is three hundred and twenty-five feet long, and forty wide. Its ribs and sheathing are of iron, and its masts of lofty timbers. Its great engines keep up potent and steady strokes. Fifty tons of coal do the furnaces devour each day, and therefore ought, in spite of adverse winds and waves, to push the steamer on at the rate of three hundred and fifty miles a day. Descending into its depths, one is quite certain to be surprised at the amount of room. It is like going into cellar after cellar, containing fifteen hundred tons of iron, cotton, apples, butter, cheese, mercantile and mechanical goods. It has also eleven thousand tons of coal, enough to take it to Hong Kong and back to San Francisco. It is a steady-running vessel, with comfortable appointments. It is manned by a hundred and nine men. The captain is a Norwegian by descent, but educated in our coun-

try. He is a compact and sturdy man, in his prime, of active temperament and commanding mien. He attends to his own business, and requires those under him to be faithful to duty. All his officers are to be respected, save two who are altogether too intimate with some foolish young women. What a low price some put upon themselves, and what a failure they make of life!

While on this noble ship it is interesting to recall the past, and think of the rude floating crafts of the Phœnicians, the Vikings, and the ancient Chinese. We can but query how Vasco da Gama ever crossed the Indian Ocean, or Columbus the Atlantic, in unwieldy ships. However, it is evident that perfection in methods of conveyance has not yet been attained. Who dares say that the air will not be successfully navigated within the next fifty years? That would not be any more marvellous than many things which have been achieved the past century. The sculptor having completed a beautiful statue is not satisfied, because his cultured ideal presents another far more beautiful. So it is in this life; there are always calls ahead, bidding humanity go forward. Possibly a hundred years hence the living will refer to our present achievements, as we are accustomed to revert to the stage-coach and the pannier.

The passengers on board number twenty-five cabin and four hundred and twenty steerage. As to sex, the cabin passengers are about equally divided. Among them are four clergymen, representing the old and new schools of theology; one of them has been a missionary

for years in China, and another is a young man going out as a missionary to Japan. Could we analyze the motives of those on board, no doubt a great diversity would be discovered. Some would be thinking most of outward gain, and others of spiritual matters; some are good talkers, and others good listeners; some are joyous, and others sad; one is a naval officer and a decided crank, and appears as though he felt that cloth makes the man. Many do faithful service to Neptune.

What a wonder the ocean is as you watch it by day and by night! Could you descend into it ten thousand feet and look upward, stranger things would be discovered than earth or sky has ever revealed. Composed as the water is of molecules which are never at rest, what commotion would be experienced! Besides, there would not be a thimbleful that would not be disturbed by animated life. Monsters and mites would be sporting according to natural laws. The big fish would be eating up the little ones. The survival of the fittest would be, perchance, fully demonstrated. Animal existence would be found to abound in the sea instead of vegetable. Let the monad and Leviathan work away, producing the useful and the beautiful; for they are sure to leave behind them pearls, corals, and islands.

The chemist picks the particles of water to pieces, and finds them holding in solution silver, gold, and salts which are washed into the ocean from the land, as the carbonic acid of the rain and snow cut them free. How fortunate that every now and then the land beneath the sea is raised up! By this interchange the ground is kept rich and beautiful, that man may live on

it and be glad. Then, too, it is interesting to know that the ratio of water to the land should always remain the same, being three times as much of the former as of the latter, in order that the sun may dip up through evaporation a sufficiency of water to supply through the rainfall the demands of the dry land. The clouds are inflated balloons to bear moisture over the earth. The ocean is not allowed to stagnate; accordingly heat about the equator is constantly sending currents to the north, and the cold of the poles is continually sending currents to the south. This, together with the fact that the atmosphere is incessantly falling behind the velocity of the earth, keeps our atmosphere in perpetual motion. It fails not to stimulate all organized life.

The ocean has been dredged to the depth of four miles, and found replete with animated objects. As yet we know but little of its treasures. We do not understand really whence comes its color of blue, green, and black. But it is crowded with enchantments and blessings; for this reason the largest cities have been built upon its shores. Human beings were drawn to it in the rudest stages of barbarism, swimming its surface in log canoes; and they have continued to improve the boat, as civilization has advanced, till palatial structures move with the speed of the wind over its waters, floating the flags of every nation. If the ancient Greeks and Romans felt that special deities presided over the seas, we can rejoice that they emphatically express to the best modern life the wisdom and almightiness of one Ruler.

The nights upon the ocean differ from those on the

land, because the heavens appear to bend closer to it; and as the fields of ether are set aglow with twinkling orbs, looking upon the water, lo! what countless worlds are in the depths as well as in the heights! This is new experience, to quicken you in inquiries as to the multitude of worlds. As the steamer speeds on in the calm, it is significantly still as you stand on the deck. There is no dash of the wave nor roar of the water. This is a sublime solitude. As you gaze at star and planet, you can but ask, Are they not peopled with sentient beings? Who knows but their inhabitants are so constituted as to look upon our globe and behold what is transpiring? Possibly some of them are so far off that the dwellers have not seen the earth, because it has not existed long enough for its reflected light to reach them; or possibly some with senses sufficiently acute are looking at it as it was expressing its first life in the form of lichens and monads; or perhaps they see it when producing the huge rhododendrons and gigantic mastodons; or, peradventure, they are viewing Adam and Eve dressing the Garden of Eden, or Moses delivering the Law to the Israelites, or Homer singing his Iliad from village to village, or Jesus delivering his Sermon on the Mount, or Fulton driving the first steamboat up the Hudson, or Morse telegraphing his first message, or Dolbear talking with friends far off through strands of wire, or Edison experimenting with his phonograph. Indeed, "the heavens declare the glory of God" on land and sea!

We are now within five hundred miles of Japan. No striking incident or accident has occurred thus far on

the voyage, which promises to be the quickest one ever made from America to the realm of the Mikado. On the Sabbaths there have been religious services carried on by the cabin passengers; also two evening lectures have been given on foreign travels. Some of the passengers have done quite a deal of reading out of books furnished by themselves; for the steamer has no library, which is a sad mistake in this age of cheap books. This line of steamers can ill afford to neglect to do what is done on all English steamers for the comfort and improvement of passengers. However, as it is, some have been able to become more familiar with David, Paul, Whittier, Wordsworth, Emerson, Carlyle, Scott, and other authors. Truly books are the mirrors that reflect the images of souls that have passed on into the fadeless light. How could we get on without them? Faust and Gutenberg did inestimable service to mankind through their discovery of printing. Now those long since removed from the earth come back to us in thought and sentiment. What delights they proffer, and how they lead us forward into higher conditions! As the warrior clings to his arms, so does the scholar to his books. They afford him the best things in the past, and give him the brightest hopes of the future. So none should start on a journey upon land or sea without taking one book, or more, with him, in order that when the spare moments come or when in solitude, he may hold converse with those who have struggled and triumphed.

Thursday, October 27, has been a peculiar day. The prevailing winds have been from the south. The sun

by spells has been scorching hot. Toward sunset the waves begin to swell considerably, driving most of the cabin passengers into Social Hall. The barometer for hours has indicated that a storm is pending. The gong calls to dinner; most of the passengers respond. As the meal is finished and twilight comes, but few venture on deck. At eight o'clock, or a little past, the vessel is struck by a furious gale and a tremendous wave. Still, no one dreams of any danger. Nevertheless the vessel is jerked and strangely twisted about. But there is no fear experienced as yet, for all have confidence in the steamer and the officers. The storm increases and rages furiously. It does seem as though the elements were terribly incensed, and having broken their chains, were bound to demolish the "City of Sydney." The wild, seething seas, hissing with madness, strike the vessel on the port side, and then as quick as thought on the starboard side, breaking through wood, glass, and iron, hurling an immense volume of water through the dining-room, cabins, and after-part of the ship. It does appear for a while as though Neptune had gained the victory. The boom and three of the life-boats are gone. Chairs, valises, and trunks are dashed back and forth through the ship. The passengers are filled with fearful surprise; still most of them are strangely calm; however, a few faint, and others are painfully distressed, believing that the greatest of human changes has come. All hearts are subdued, and the trusting can but lift up the prayer, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" At this moment a maddening sea strikes the stern of the ship, wrenching off bars of iron, breaking heavy tim-

bers, and hurling twenty feet of the ship, including the rudder, wheel, and three staterooms into the sea, at the same time rolling huge waves through the vessel and into the fire-pit, driving the tenders from the furnaces. It does now seem as though surely the noble steamer must submit and sink into the depths.

Midnight comes, and the typhoon still hurls venom and destruction at the masts, the remaining life-boats, and all that is exposed. Officers stand at their posts, bravely facing the storm and imminent danger, bound to be at the post of duty let what will, come. The captain, like the bravest of the old Trojans, faces the enemy and, supported by his noble warriors, withstands the invasions, wards off the thrusts, and through the long hours of the terrible night keeps the foe at bay. As the dawn comes, the turbulent waters begin to retreat, bringing relaxation to all the crew and passengers, who have been strained to the highest tension through the long, long night of such feeling, such thinking, such doing!

With the new day come joy and devoutest thanksgivings to Him who holds the seas, in calm and storm, in the hollow of his hand, though confusion and waste hold sway in hall, cabin, and throughout the ship, — yes, and such confusion everywhere, except in mind and heart! for all are ready to accept conditions just as they are. It does appear as though there surely has been a Divine hand directing and keeping all safe, except one sailor who was swept off into the raging sea while trying to make fast some of the rigging.

Friday is a stirring day on the ship. Passengers are

searching for this and for that. Everything is displaced, so far as they are concerned. In some instances everything is gone, beaten into pulp or washed overboard. Still no one is disposed to complain or find fault.

The food that was cooked and exposed, was destroyed. So the sealed products are opened, and the cooking is extemporized for the breakfast. The gong signals the call at the usual hour; and as the captain comes in to the table, he looks to the passengers like the bravest of heroes. Cheer after cheer goes up in behalf of him and his noble supporters who had guided the "City of Sydney" so safely through the terrific typhoon.

On Saturday at four o'clock the stanch vessel is anchored in the roadstead of Yokohama, having made one of the quickest passages across the Pacific Ocean. Henceforth we shall be ready to admit that this ocean is a vast body of water; that far out from shore it is a tremendous solitude, where is seen no manifestation of life, save on shipboard and what is expressed at intervals by circling gulls, flying fish, and Mother Carey's tiny chickens.

What rejoicing is experienced as land is sighted! The mountains, hills, plains, and woodlands are full of enchantment. Even the Chinamen break up their gambling squads, and rushing upon deck throw joss-paper into the sea to express their thankfulness that they have arrived so far safely towards their native land, where they prefer to live and are exceedingly anxious to be buried when they die. Ah! the dry land is

made for man to live on; yet the greatest joy of all is to feel, —

> "In the darkness as in the daylight,
> On the water as on the land,
> God's eye is looking on us,
> And beneath us is his hand."

Anchors have made fast the "City of Sydney" in the roadstead of Yohohama. The city fringes the bay and overtops the bluffs. Really, it is an imposing town, seen in the distance. The bay is thickly set with steamers and sailing craft. In the distance to the west is Fujiyama, towering twelve thousand feet above the sea, crowned with white and flanked with liveliest emerald. The slanting sunlight is fashioning beautiful pictures on every hand. Close about the steamer are dusky faces in curious boats, all ready to take passengers ashore. As we observe their peculiar features, we feel these are kin to the American Indian. The complexion and physique are strikingly similar. There can be but little doubt that they both originally sprang from the same stock. Custom officers soon put in their appearance, and an American missionary comes on board to greet and welcome his fellow-countrymen to this singular land which rests upon the bosom of the ocean like a fallen crescent. All who are to land are soon in the small boats, and are shortly rowed ashore to the custom-house. For an hour this is a stirring and trying place; but when the ordeal is over, it does not seem half so bad as it was imagined to be. But here we are on *terra firma*, westward bound, more than half around the globe from Greenwich.

What if we did drop out of the calendar, as we crossed the hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, a day, because of an hour lost during each fifteen degrees passed over! It will come all right again on reaching London.

CHAPTER III.

JAPAN.

HAVING studied and examined this country somewhat, we feel ready to admit that it is peculiar. It is composed of thirty-eight hundred and fifty islands, extending from the thirty-first to the fiftieth degree of north latitude, and from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and fifty-five degrees of east longitude. In surface it exceeds that of New England and the Middle States, having an area of one hundred and sixty thousand square miles. These islands dot the bosom of the Pacific as though but recently dropped from some other world. From Asia they are distant from fifty to a thousand miles. It seems strange that a people scattered over far-separated lands should be grouped together as a nation; that they should have a history reaching farther back than ancient Rome or Greece. While they have not builded tombs and temples to endure, like the dwellers on the Nile, still they have held together, as a nation, longer than did the old Egyptians or Chaldæans.

As we examine these islands they remind us of the crests of an immense submarine mountain, whose altitude varies from a hundred to twelve thousand feet. Fusiyama rises like a giant warrior above all the other towering heights, swaying his sceptre over a realm

BRONZE STATUE OF DAI BUTSU, OR BUDDHA.

entirely bounded by water. The whole country is evidently of volcanic origin. The summits are sharp, and the slopes craggy and crimped. Awful and deadly eruptions are frequent. The pages of history bear frequent accounts of outbursting volcanoes whose flames and red-hot lava have caused sweeping destruction. There are more than a score of active volcanoes now, and more than a hundred solfataras. Scoria appears on every hand; hot springs are common. Seldom does the moon wax and wane without this land being shaken by many an earthquake. It is strangely diversified by elevations and depressions. It looks as though its surface had not been long above the sea; evidently it has not been beneath the water since it was lifted up, for its rocks are pointed and jagged, its coasts are abrupt and shallow, and its numerous streams are up and down of a sudden.

Its climate is variable, as much so as that of our Middle States. The summer in the south is subject to extreme heat, while in the north the winter is severely cold. The highlands are green with grass or white with snow. The annual rainfall is from a hundred to a hundred and forty inches. It is not uncommon to have twenty-five inches of rain in the month of September.

The soil is of a dark color, and generally deep and rich; well adapted in the middle and southern portions to producing rice, tea, mulberries, wheat, and tobacco, and in the higher latitudes maize, potatoes, beans, barley, and oats.

The forests remind us of New England and the

Southern States; still the variety of deciduous trees does not seem to be so great; however, there is a large number that are used for lumber. Many of the pines and cedars are gigantic, resembling those of the Sierra Nevadas. The elms grow to a great size, and are very graceful in shape. The red and white maples don a brilliant foliage in the autumn. The chestnut-trees remind one of those in Spain. Osiers and alders are common by the streams. The spice-tree and horse-chestnut are used for ornamental purposes. Sumachs, live-oaks, beeches, and larches are quite common; and in the extreme south bamboos flourish. The shrubs and grasses are abundant and diversified, but berries are not so plentiful as with us. The native apples and pears to an American must seem unfit to eat; the skins are like leather, and the flavor is far from pleasant. But the persimmons are most delicious. It is said that the fruit-trees transferred from our country to Japan are doing finely, and yield good and abundant fruitage. Thousands of these trees have already been transplanted, and thousands more will be within the next decade.

In going through the fields and pastures but few cattle and horses are to be seen, and still fewer sheep and goats. It is said that the latter will not thrive here; but judging from the grass and climate, it appears as though this must be a mistake, and in fact it is being proved so at the State farm which has been under the charge of an American. The horses and oxen are of an inferior order. It is plain that the people have not given much attention to stock-raising. Dogs and cats

are numerous, but look as though they were degenerating. On the larger islands hares, foxes, deer, wild hogs, and black bears are frequently seen. Reptiles, if they exist, are sure to keep out of sight, but insects and vermin are numerous enough to make up for all deficiencies.

Small birds are scarce, especially singing-birds. The scream of the falcon, the whistle of the hawk, and the cawing of the crow are to be heard in the city as well as in the country. Large flocks of ducks and wild geese linger about the shores. Pheasants and woodcocks whir through the thickets. Bees cup their honey, ants build their cones, flies swarm, crickets chirp, and grasshoppers send forth their sharp notes.

The common minerals are trachyte, basalt, and feldspar. Porcelain clay is piled into mountains; variegated marbles are abundant; coal is found in large quantities on some of the islands; gold, silver, and copper are mined. Precious agates, carnelians, and jaspers abound, and pearls are secured about the coasts.

In the lakes salmon sport; at seasons the brooks are alive with trout, and the seas furnish a large variety of fish. As we study these islands we marvel how they became inhabited by human beings and by such a multiplicity of living objects.

The Japanese delight in their land, and call it Nippon, which signifies "beautiful." It is more than beautiful, — it is picturesque and sublime. Less than one tenth of it is cultivated, or can be; yet it supports thirty-nine and a half millions of people. The Japanese are quite unlike any other nation. Their origin is lost in

tradition. Some of them trace their pedigree to the Shu-dynasty, eleven hundred and twenty years before the Christian era; and still others trace their ancestry back twenty-four hundred years before the coming of Christ. It is supposed, however, that they are the offshoots of the Mogul Tartars, and so are the descendants of the Turanians, as evidenced by their broad skulls, high cheek-bones, small black eyes obliquely set, and their yellow complexion. Furthermore, their monosyllabic words point to these ancient people. Some of the more advanced in civilization are comely and even handsome. Most of them are nimble and smart, being small and slim in stature, — the men averaging five and a third feet in height, and the women much less.

Their dress consists of loose garments of silk or cotton. Men of rank wear petticoat pants and flowing robes fastened by a belt, to which are attached one or two swords. The common people wear as little as they can and protect themselves. The men have the front and crown of their heads shaved, leaving tufts on the sides and back, but wear no hats except in wet weather. The hair of the women is allowed to grow, but is tastefully arranged, made glossy with pomatum, and adorned with all the gold, silver, and precious stones which they wear. No other ladies excel the Japanese in neatness, or love of beauty and order. The maidens are usually bright, intelligent, modest, and self-reliant; still, when they marry, their husbands or their religion force them to paint their teeth black and their lips red, and to extract their eyebrows, that henceforth they may

not appear beautiful to men. No doubt the husbands cherish them for what they have been.

In the home there is more or less of patriarchal rule. The husband is the supreme head. The wife is his servant, and he must be obeyed. The father commands, and the children submit without any questioning or hesitancy. Even if he bids his daughter go to the yoshewara, she goes, for she feels she must, though it is usually against her inclination. So the father often sells the character of his daughter for a few months or for years for the sake of mammon. This sinful practice is allowed without any scandal.

The original inhabitants, known as Ainos, are fast disappearing before the trend of civilization. Not more than twenty thousand remain, and most of these occupy the north part of Hondo and Yeddo. They have no alphabet, no writing, and no numbers above one thousand. They certainly do not excel the redmen of our far West. Their tones of voice are rough, and their habits uncouth. If the more advanced Japanese sprang from such stock, they must have started on the upward track a long time ago and passed through astonishing evolutions; for the better classes are quick to perceive, graceful in manners, and polite in social life. If they do sit on their feet when resting, they do not appear awkward. They have been born to this posture. Then, too, their floors are usually clean, being covered with straw or paper mats, so stuffed as to be two or three inches thick. On these they sit in the day and lie at night. Their bed consists of a quilt and a pillow, which are removed in the morning and placed in a closet.

The size of the room is estimated from the number of mats on the floor. These mats are about six feet long and three wide. A fair-sized room contains four of them, and a large one six or more. The men use soft pillows, but the women prefer blocks of wood rounded out so as to fit the neck, keeping the head from the flooring and mat, thus saving them much time and trouble in performing their toilet.

The houses are usually constructed of wood, and the roofs thatched with straw. They have a ground floor, open to the street, with a low top-story. In the cities, where some of the buildings are made of brick, they are covered with tiling.

A few of the modern cities are quite attractive and interesting, but the old are quaint and ugly; the streets are narrow and the houses huddled together, appearing from a distance more like a tented field than a permanent settlement.

The people dwell mostly in cities and villages. They are social, witty, and mirthful. Their sports and plays are simple and harmless. They are fond of the beautiful, but their moral standard inclines somewhat from the perpendicular. Every nation is likely to be made up of a diversity of characters; certainly this is true of Japan. The tourist here is being constantly overtaken by surprises. Beauty and ugliness, astuteness and dulness, honesty and fraud, alertness and slowness, daring and cowardice, care and negligence, attractiveness and repugnance, ambition and indifference, follow one another in quick succession. Experiences in the cities and country will prove this true.

Yokohama is *the* seaport of Japan at present. This is one of the seven cities to which foreigners are admitted without any special permit. But if they desire to go beyond the limits of twenty-five miles from these cities, it can be done only by a specific grant from State authorities. It is a serious question among the Japanese, whether or not it is for their interest to allow strangers to travel in their country, and particularly to settle in it. So, in certain localities, tourists do not receive any public ovations, but are met with expressions of dread and, possibly, of scorn. Of course this is the outcome of ignorance and religious superstition.

Yokohama occupies a favorable site for a commercial city. Its main street, public buildings, and trading-houses bend close around Yeddo Bay. The front of the town is the newest, wearing an aspect of advanced civilization. Its hotels, club-houses, photographic galleries, and consulate buildings are first-class. In 1853 there was only a little village here of an inferior order, known as Kanagawa. But as Commodore Perry's fleet steamed into the harbor in 1854, making this a free port, opening up trade between this country and the United States, and with other countries as well, new life expressed itself at once. The squatter village soon gave place to structures of stone and brick. Now the streets are paved and curbed, lighted with gas and lined with telegraphic wires. Previous to the incoming of Perry's fleet, a craft driven by steam had never been seen in this harbor. Now nearly all the latest improvements of the age are in this city. The Bund, or lowest portion, stands on a plain backed by bluffs,

which are occupied by villas, hospitals, and schools. Roads zigzag from the levels to these heights which overlook the bay and the surrounding country. Every commercial nation is represented in this city in the way of banking and trade. Much foreign capital is invested here. No doubt the rapid growth of the place is largely due to this fact. As we traverse the streets we see fine stores filled with wares, silks, curios; and fire-proof godowns from whose windows issues the aroma of the new crop of tea. It is reported that the foreign population of Yokohama must be more than two thousand; so it is really a cosmopolitan city, ranking as third in the Empire. The most attractive residences are on the bluffs, and are owned by Americans, Englishmen, Germans, and French. Many of these dwellings are embowered in azaleas, camellias, magnolias, and flowering shrubs in this November time. The leading culture, thought, and manners are English; the press, the bar, and the church are monopolized by men from the West.

Now for an outing to one of the old capitals of the realm. The day dawns fair, and the rising sun spreads charming warmth far and wide. One must feel, as he looks upon the smooth bay whitened with sails from many climes, and then upon the new city and its environments, that here is a picture which can but delight the most fastidious eye. At half-past seven the cab of this country is at the door of the Grand Hotel. Ah, this is a funny and unique vehicle! Why, it is an enlarged baby-carriage, or a greatly diminished old-fashioned chaise! In the thills is a straight, bare-

headed, slim-legged Japanese youth, clothed in a tight frock whose skirt ends some distance above the knees, and whose sleeves are as roomy as any worn in Queen Elizabeth's time. Well, there is not only one of these jinrikishas ready to take you, but more than forty of them within a stone's-throw. But the fares are fixed by law; so there is no bidding as to rates, each must take its turn. However, there are different classes, and so different prices according to the finish. It is evident, as you examine the painting of some of them, that there are artists in these lands who know just how to paint human forms and faces, to adorn with lacquer-work, and to put the finest gloss upon wood and paper. You are no sooner seated in your novel chaise than away you go with the speed of the fleetest horse. These jinrikisha-men aim to take you through the most showy streets. As you rush on you catch glimpses of gay windows, blooming gardens, business-houses, diminutive dwellings, and bon-bon stalls. It is surprising to see how the jinrikishas are dodging about in all directions. In a short space of time you are whirled a mile away to the depot. A host of these curious herdics are here. These would-be horses are jolly fellows. While they are waiting, they are joking and laughing. The cabmen of Ireland are surely not more jocose.

Here at the station order and politeness prevail. If a Japanese were to rob you, no doubt he would accost you first with a bow. Soon seated in the car, which is of English style, the train moves westward. The old and new town is soon left behind. The native passengers act as though they had not yet become fairly

accustomed to this mode of travelling. Men, women, and children are bareheaded, except those of the higher classes, who have compartments by themselves. These have adopted the Western dress. Still the coats and pants look as though they had got upon the wrong person, for they are either too large or too small. It is no trifling matter for a race to change its habits of dress.

The suburbs of the city consist of little shops and houses, whose fronts are mostly open to the streets when the weather is fair, affording the opportunity to inspect all within. Most of these structures are made of wood; so it is throughout the country. Therefore it is not strange that in the dry seasons destructive fires should prevail.

Now we are in the open country, which is full of ups and downs, indentations and projections. On the one hand, gulls are sailing round and round, and on the other the inevitable crows are flapping through the air and cawing just as they do in America. The grass is as green in this November as in the valley of the Mohawk in June. As the road strikes inland, there is opened up a succession of irregularities. The bottom-lands are under a high state of cultivation. The soil is black and productive. The rice-fields in places extend as far as the eye can reach. These are ready for harvest, and the reapers here and there are thick with their sickles. The heads of the rice are drooping, as though heavy with grain. On terraces above the reach of running water are patches of sweet potatoes, and beds of onions, carrots, and radishes. Still higher up are mul-

berry orchards and bamboo groves; beyond and above these are clusters of pine, beech, maple, chestnut, sumach, and live-oak. The small villages by the way are unique with their thatched roofs and grassy crowns. The men in the fields have on short frocks, and in some instances hats that resemble inverted wooden bowls. Their extremities are nude, but the women at work with the men have on a skirt and frock, with wooden or straw sandals on their feet. They wear no bonnets, but their black hair glistens, being oiled and wadded on the back of the head. Most of the mothers on the street and in the field have babies banded to their backs. Few are the houses passed where no children are seen.

Halting at a station for half an hour, just take a walk along the principal street and see the sights. In one house you behold two young women of the better class, who are busily engaged in dressing each other's hair. One is seated in front of the mirror, and the other is at her rear with comb in hand, and close by a box of knick-knacks for oiling, pasting, and bathing, and paints for the face. They both keep looking into the glass, apparently with greatest admiration. At length the comb is laid aside for a little while, and very small brass-bowl pipes are lit and a few whiffs are taken in turn, and then they resume the hair-dressing. They have silk garments over their shoulders; one is sitting flat on the floor, and the other is resting on her knees. The floor is polished, and partly covered with straw matting. The furniture seen consists simply of a glass, a toilet-box, and a small table.

Just now comes along a two-wheeled cart loaded with

rice in bags made from straw, holding two bushels each. It would seem that only the Japanese can make such sacks. A woman is in the thills, and a man and woman are pushing behind. The cart is loaded with thirty bags, making a heavy burden for the three who have drawn it five miles.

But here comes another team, consisting of a driver, a bullock, and a cart loaded with rice ready for the market. The man has on a red cap, a blue frock, tight pants, and straw sandals. As you approach him, you see that he walks on the opposite side from the teamsters in this country, holding a slack line attached to a ring in the nose of his animal. No whip is in sight. The bullock is not large, but resembles the American ox in build and color. He seems docile and willing to labor. He has on a curious harness with a collar bearing upon the top of his neck, to which are fastened the thills of the cart. The wheels are large, with huge fellies mortised together, so as to require no band of iron, and each wheel has twenty-two spokes set in a monstrous hub. The body is made of two six-inch timbers, some fourteen feet long, tapering from the middle, being two and a half feet apart. It is painted with variegated colors. The driver wears a mien of satisfaction, and the creature appears as though he fared well. Taking the whole into account, you are forced to admit that the entire turn-out is novel and picturesque indeed!

A little farther on and you come to another home in which a man is asleep on the common bed (which is the floor), with his head resting on a pillow of wood. One

hand has fallen upon the sidewalk, and near him sits a woman embroidering the edge of a red silk shawl. In another part of the room is a young lady with a pipe in hand and a bottle of saké by her side. This is unquestionably one of the aristocratic homes.

As you move on, you meet an old woman with a bundle of brooms on her shoulder, a package of fans in her hand, and about forty brushes on her back. She is a pedler, with straw sandals on her feet and a blue cotton frock upon her body.

Here you happen upon a black-smithy which is quite in the road. The smith is hammering away at the anvil while sitting on the ground. As he inserts his rod in the fire he blows up the flame through a reed. His nearest neighbor is a shoemaker, whose shop is the ditch, and whose stock is not leather but lumber. He is making clog sandals, and selling them for five sens, or four cents a pair. The clog is attached to the foot by a thong of straw passing between the toes and over the front of the foot. A Yankee would need to practise a long while to keep one on his foot while walking.

About this time the road has become filled with mothers and older sisters, with babies slung to their backs, who are anxious to see the stranger. All are very courteous.

Now the signal sounds, warning the passengers that the train is to go on. Quickly all are aboard, and in an hour Fugisawa is reached. Here you leave the rail for a five miles' ride in a jinrikisha. A bargain is soon struck for a carriage and two barelegged and barefooted men to speed it on. They prove themselves

gallant fellows, whirling the pygmy chaise through the sand, over the pavements, and through the mud, as fast as the fleetest horses would run. The road is narrow, and the road-bed is not more than five feet wide. The wheels of the jinrikisha are only some three feet apart. The way is through a broken country. The flats are waving with ripened rice, and the gardens are burdened with a variety of vegetables. At length we are ascending a long hill. The drawer and pusher breathe hard and walk fast. By the roadside are blue gentians, yellow and purple asters, periwinkles, white and yellow chrysanthemums, ferns, violets, tea-blossoms, cotton-balls, bushes, shrubs, and trees, resembling those in New England. As the summit is gained, what a prospect over land and sea! Fusiyama sways his sceptre over all the region. He presents a magnificent appearance, towering aloft more than twelve thousand feet, skirted with liveliest green and crowned with snow. How monotonous and impoverished the earth would be without mountains! It seems singular that no cattle or sheep should be feeding and browsing in these pastures about us. It is true they are not walled or fenced off, but the feed is most inviting. But why should they raise stock? The Japanese have no fondness for milk, butter, cheese, beef, or mutton. It is true they would like the wool to weave into fabrics, but they fear the sheep could not endure this climate; still the State farm is proving this to be a mistake.

Having reached the highest part of the road, you descend a long way. The ledges are now cropping out. Trachyte and feldspathic rock are plentiful. Oc-

casionally are to be seen caverns which have been used for religious purposes, as is manifest by the carvings. All of a sudden the jinrikisha boys cry out, "Dai Butsu!" and sure enough, among the evergreens and lofty trees, in a lovely cove, towers the great brazen image. Dismounting, you pass through a gate and along a pathway over a lawn to the sitting statue of Buddha, who lived six centuries before the Christian era and is now worshipped by one third of the human race. The face wears a placid expression, as though in the land of rest. It is forty-nine feet high, ninety-seven feet in circumference round the chest, and the measurement round the thumb is three feet. The eyeballs are said to be of pure gold. Passing within and climbing some steps, behold! image upon image of diminutive deities, in glass cases and behind gilded curtains. These are pointed out by a priest as representing divine personages. In fact, they are awful-looking representations. It can but make the Christian heart sad to see priests bowing to such dumb and distasteful images. Bits of paper are inscribed with names of Buddhists who have done honor to Dai Butsu or some of the minor gods.

The huge image is constructed out of sheets of bronze, soldered together in such a way as to present most finished workmanship. It is reported to have been made in 1250; so it is more than six hundred years old, and is a wonderful piece of mechanism. It was formerly covered by a large temple, which was destroyed by fire; and tradition asserts that it has been disturbed by inundations from the sea, which at

present is two miles distant. Measures are being taken to cover the statue with another temple.

The scenery around this place is wild, resembling the spots and groves where the Grecian gods dwelt and their oracles were revealed. As you study the effects of Buddhism in Japan, you can but conclude that it is a kind of polytheism, which, perchance, had its origin on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers. Buddhism was introduced to this land through Shintoism from Asia. The latter came from the West to the East six hundred years before Christ, and contained but little in its philosophy that was strictly religious; at least, after it had been in the country a few centuries, it was used quite exclusively for political ends. Under its *régime* the people became worse instead of better.

Now, Buddhism in Asia was a pure atheistic humanitarianism, with a good code of moral philosophy. It taught that the souls of men had lived previous to being born into this life, and that all their ailments and sufferings were owing to having sinned before having had anything to do with mortal things. It declared that the soul had been developed through endless evolutions of births, pains, and deaths, and that after passing from this world it would journey through different stages, and if devoted wholly to good works, would finally become absorbed into Buddha; otherwise it would wander on, sinning and being tortured through countless ages, until it would be absorbed into nothingness. In either case it is virtually annihilation, or at least the losing of soul identity.

Now, this religion was transferred from China or

Corea by a company of devout soothsayers, astrologers, and mathematicians. It would appear that Shintoism was ready for an engraftment, and so with open arms welcomed these incomers. Temples were now built, whereas before the best that Shintoism had done was to worship in the grove or pray upon the hilltop. The new religion through its display captured hearts. It was not very long before the rulers of the people began to realize that it would be for their advantage to avail themselves of its influence, and accordingly they adopted it. Monasteries now sprang up throughout the land. Even the religious enthusiasm was kindled to such a pitch that the nobility left their high stations to become monks in behalf of this new religion. In the thirteenth century the Japanese Luther, Nichiren, stepped upon the Buddhist stage. He was a scholar, and thoroughly imbued with this new faith. He went about preaching and displaying the doctrines of Buddha as he understood them. He melted the hearts of the people, and set them to work, multiplying shrines and temples. Great religions were established, and Buddhism flared over the land as never hitherto, and protesting Shintoists were soon brought to its acceptance and devoted themselves to its spread. Candles now flamed and incense smoked in hosts of temples. Pilgrimages were instituted to sacred shrines. Buddha had become the god of Japan. Shinto-Buddhists were placed in the highest positions, and their priests were held in highest repute. Immense wealth was invested in temples and pagodas. Dead mikados and daimios were deified. Their

tombs became Meccas to which the people were wont to flock.

In the course of epochs Buddhism became thoroughly Japanized, and so would deify and worship only Japanese heroes. This selfish narrowness was adverse to further progress, and served to cool the religious flame; so that at length only defeated soldiers, poverty-stricken orphans, and conscience-smitten murderers flocked to its wasting altars. Hence for the last two hundred years Buddhism as expressed in Japan has been on the wane. It is not the religion for the masses. Though there are two hundred and ninety-six thousand nine hundred Buddhist and ninety-seven Shintoist temples in the Empire, there are less than a hundred thousand priests connected with them. The leading men as a rule do not go near the places of worship unless they have been disappointed in business, or are driving some sharp scheme which they fear is beyond their strength, and then they superstitiously enter the temples, hoping to gain some superior power and thus realize success. The women are more devout and more ignorant. They have been degraded through polygamy and brothel experience in their girlhood. Many heads of families, dwelling under the shadow of temples, are living upon the revenue accruing from the misuse of their own daughters. Concubinage is popular here, in the hovel and in the palace. It is stated that the priests are largely committed to it. This being true, let them read their Sutras and pray as much as they will, their cause is bound to fail. "The pure in heart" alone can see the true God, and be led

into more light. Buddhism, after centuries of trial in Japan, is proving a sad failure.

Bidding adieu to the image of Dai Butsu, and seated again in the jinrikisha, we hie away to the village of Kamakura, less than a mile distant. By the way you can spy caverns where rest the ashes of daimios and famous characters. Along the road men and women are seen digging sweet potatoes and harvesting garden-sauce. The village is soon reached. Certainly it does not now wear the appearance of beauty and grandeur. If it were once the capital of the Empire, there are few indications of it now. It is true, the grand old trees scattered about are things of interest. But the special object bringing us here is the temple of Hachiman, one of the most noted deified gods of Japan. There it is in the distance. That is an imposing street leading to it. At the entrance, as usual, stands the torii, signifying "bird-rest." Originally these were made of two upright trunks of trees, with a horizontal trunk placed upon them projecting beyond the standards. Under the heavy cross-piece is a slender rod attached, looking as though it might be a perch for birds. Tradition informs us that the first object of the torii was to afford large and small birds a resting-place close by the temple, to usher in the day with song and thanksgiving to the loving Buddha.

Attempts have been made to render this structure for orisons especially attractive in the way of carving and painting.

Moving on some rods, and ascending sixty-three wide broad stone steps, you come to a beautiful

wooden chapel, painted with vermilion and gilded with gold. A few more steps and the temple is entered. This, like other temples in Japan, has no auditorium for the assemblage of the people. The inside is intended for the use of the priests, who spend their time in prayer and worship before different images of deified men. But three bonzes, or priests, are to be seen. One is in devout service, it would seem, judging from the expression of his countenance and the counting of his beads. The other two are walking about and staring at vacuity; however, as you approach the principal altar, one of them motions to you to come this way to a sort of cloister, where he takes out a rusty sword and expatiates about Iyéyasu, who was their greatest warrior, and now is one of their most honored gods. He says this was his sword, and with it he won the grandest victories. He has drawings of it on paper which he is anxious to sell. But the bonze is by far the greatest curiosity. His head is shaven close. His confinement indoors has greatly whitened his complexion. He is clothed with a loose cotton frock, baggy trousers, and straw sandals. He does not exhibit signs of being fairly intellectual nor highly spiritual. The bonze at prayer is of a higher order, and is clad in silk garments. He is beardless and hairless, as is the fashion among the priests. They present no appearance of high living or strong drink; rice is their common food, which is furnished them by worshippers as they come to the altars for blessings. On certain festive occasions they are abundantly supplied. But few of them ever eat any fish. Do you inquire if these

bonzes ever preach? Yes, on certain occasions; their discoursing is mainly practical and brief, enforcing duties of husbands to their wives, charging them often to be generous in bestowing pin-money if they would have peace in their homes.

As we examine the temple we are reminded of the Roman Catholic Church, — images, altars, lights, pictures, incense, vestments, and beads. We can scarcely guess whether the Buddhists have borrowed from the Romans, or whether it is the reverse. It becomes plain that the bonzes are more given to superstition than the Roman priests.

The temples here are after one style, and generally made of wood, one story high, with a tent-roof projecting several feet over the walls, and the whole painted red. The style is surely Japanese. So it is: every religion has its own peculiar expressions.

The trees around the temple are venerable and grand. Some of the pines are two and three centuries old, and yet show no signs of decay. It is not so with the religion of the land: it bears marks of decline in its old age.

Thus it is with Kamakura. There are still indications that when it was the capital of the Empire, it was a charming city. Though Nature has done enough to render it beautiful, man in these late years has failed to do his part; so, gray and wasting, it is falling into the dust.

How true it is that people living among old ruins and in decaying cities come to dote upon the past and distrust the future. They appear to feel that what has

been will never be again. Were it not for the pilgrimages to this old city, it would be forlorn indeed. But thousands hasten hither every year to bow before the great image of Dai Butsu, and worship in the temple of the deified Hachiman.

As we come to a small stream in the suburbs of the city, we observe a cotton handkerchief suspended by the corners on four bamboo rods, rising two feet above the ground. The cloth sags in the centre, with a cocoanut cup lying on it. Small bouquets have been placed in the bamboos at the corners. On one side is an erect slab, bearing in Sanskrit characters the name of a deceased mother, and an earnest prayer in her behalf. While waiting and wondering at the singular arrangement, a friend of the departed comes along; taking the cup, he fills it with water, and turns it upon the handkerchief, and then, in the attitude of prayer, fingering his rosary, waits for the water to drain through the cloth. This is done in a tender manner; and as we learn its full significance, we must admit it is touchingly beautiful. For in this way it is believed that the suffering of the translated is being relieved; and whenever the passers-by shall have poured water sufficient (only a cupful at a time) to break the cloth away so that the water will fall through at once, then the departed no longer is troubled, but raised into a condition of rest. If this is superstitious service, it must tend to improve the hearts of all who observe it in sincerity. It is well for the living to cherish memories of the dead, so thinking and so acting as always to bless the friends on earth and in heaven.

The slanting sunlight implies that the day is fast passing, and we are forty miles by rail from Yokohama. But the boy-colts are ready for a race. So, seated in the easy carriage, away we fly up hill and down hill, and across the plain, and in one hour we are at the station, in good season for the train.

From ancient days this picturesque land has been peopled. It would seem that much of the heroic and poetical enters into its life. How could it well be otherwise with a people reared in a land so subject to uplifting and down-letting? Not a moon waxes and wanes without volcanic disturbance. This would tend to breed romance and superstition where ignorance prevailed; but as darkness should be dispelled by light, higher conditions of mind would be developed. Thus it was that lords sprang up here, and mighty chiefs came to rule the land. Castles were set on loftiest cliffs, and hugest walls were built that feudal chiefs might dwell in security. Verily, shoguns did come to possess the whole country! Serfs or vassals, though numerous, must submit to the powers that be. This called forth, at length, orders of nobility. Shoguns, daimios, and samurai were grades down to peasants, carpenters, and merchants. As years rolled on, cities sprang up, with strongest fortresses within, that shoguns might be surrounded by daimios, and daimios be guarded by samurai at the outposts. This system naturally bred contentions. Clans became arrayed against clans; fiercest strifes raged, and "the survival of the fittest" bore off the palm; accordingly this one became the great shogun, and must dwell in the chief city as the head of all the others. So

Kamakura, then Nara, then Kioto, and finally Yeddo, or Tokio, became the capital.

Tokio is a city of more than a million inhabitants. The site on which it stands is elliptical, being nine miles long and five wide. Formerly it was a moat, or morass, rather than solid earth. But Iyéyasu, the Napoleon of Japan, said, "It must become the capital of my country." So he caused an immense fort to be constructed near the centre. It is a tremendous pile of granite blocks. Some of them are forty feet long, eight feet wide, and four feet thick. It has stood for three centuries, and is likely to stand for ages. In style it surpasses the castles on the Rhine or on the Danube River. Around this bulwark runs a deep moat, forty feet wide, supplied with water conveyed nine miles in an aqueduct. Majestic pines and cedars wave their fronded tops above the towering walls. Around this structure Yeddo sprang up. The feudal lord dwelt within the stronghold, guarded by daimios and defended at the portcullis by the samurai, while his vassals dwelt in bamboo tents on the plain.

But the world moved, and so did Japan and its capital. Iyéyasu was more for peace than for war, more devoted to the masses than to himself. He was a Shinto-Buddhist. Still, he was better than his religion; for that no longer said to the people, "Think and do," but "Cling to the past and remain as you are." Really the religious tree in this land had already fallen, and the priests were clinging to the dead roots; and so they have clung ever since. It appears as though their god is dead, and they have not so much now as a live devil.

Go now upon the hill above the Shiba temple, and view the city. As you inspect it, you are reminded of an extensive camping-ground thickly set with tents. No wonder it is subject to extensive fires, for the houses are little better than tinder-boxes, being made of wood and crowded together. Its main street is nine miles in length, and lined with shops and stores. It contains all classes, from those living in the hovel to the Mikado in the palace, from the ignoramus begging in the street to the distinguished scholar in the University, from the coolie gathering up the filth in the street to the jeweller setting the finest stone.

As Yeddo grew in importance, it became Tokio in name, adopting as fast as possible the improvements of the West. To-day you find in it the railroad, the tramway, the telegraph, the telephone, and electric lights.

Its present Mikado is no longer a divine recluse, too holy to have the eyes of his subjects fall upon him, as was formerly the case. Really, he has come down from the company of the gods to deal with embodied entities. So but yesterday, on his thirty-seventh birthday, he met hosts of his subjects on the public parade-grounds of the city, and was gazed upon by upwards of a hundred thousand of his admiring subjects. Let us visit this scene.

The day comes in cool and bright. Before the sun is up crowds are moving towards the place of review. We fall in with this current of men, women, and children. Most are walking with bare feet; some are thudding along with clog-shoes, and others with straw sandals; many are riding in jinrikishas; and a few are

on horseback and in European carriages. Of course all are tending in the same direction. It is surprising how quietly the multitudes move on. The rich and poor are mingling freely together. At length we are passing the Fortress and the Mikado's palace. Here a regiment of soldiers march into the street. They are good-looking young men, from twenty to thirty-five years of age. They must be picked men, for they are taller and heavier than the average Japanese. They are dressed, after the manner of the European soldier, in blue broadcloth striped with several colors. Their caps are of the same material, mounted with plumes. The officers are good-looking; but the horses of the cavalry are small and homely. The bands, as they play, do not appear to inspire very much enthusiasm.

Arriving at the campus about eight o'clock, we find the legions here. Ten thousand soldiers are on parade. The foreign officers and dignitaries are guided to the Mikado's tent. All are expectant, and anxious to secure the best place to see. Gentlemen and ladies from abroad are privileged characters, and so they are allowed to stand near the tent of the Mikado, where they will be able to witness the sights. At nine o'clock the Mikado rides upon the grounds in a carriage drawn by two roan horses. It is not an expensive outfit for an Emperor. Those who have seen the Mikado and those who have not, are bound to get a sight of him. Greatest deference and honor are paid him as he rides past the people. As he reaches his tent, he alights and soon mounts his horse ready to inspect his brave men. He is above the average size, straight and comely, not

handsome but having an interesting face. His hair is black and his beard short. When standing, or sitting on his horse, he presents a fine figure and presence. He takes great pride in his army. As the soldiers stand in line, he rides close in front, inspecting and admiring them. After this is over, he takes a stand in his carriage, and the soldiers pass in review in front of him, saluting and expressing reverence for their Mikado.

The manœuvres of the soldiers show that they have been under good training and discipline. In times of peace the army consists of one hundred thousand infantry, twenty thousand cavalry, and a small navy. This is an inferior army, compared to those of France and Germany. Still, it has proved itself equal to emergencies and the demands of the nation. This was signally illustrated in the difficulty of Japan with China about Formosa. Japan felt she had justice on her side. Looking upon her daring and heroic people, she said, "The four hundred millions of Chinese shall not intimidate me and keep me from doing my duty." So she sent her naval forces to China demanding justice, declaring if this were not granted she would fire upon them. The great nation quailed, giving Japan all she asked. This was but the repetition of the ten thousand Greeks on the plain of Marathon conquering the more than a hundred thousand Persians. Brains are mightier than the sword.

One fact we should keep in mind, that the government of Japan has always been hereditary and its ruler venerated; hence, while many sovereigns have been of

little account, the line of descent of one hundred and twenty-six rulers has been unbroken.

The Mikado has been high-priest as well as emperor, and therefore has been spoken of as the spiritual head of the nation. For this reason he has been clothed with mystery and seclusion which have been held sacred for more than a thousand years. But the present Imperial Ruler has broken away from the chains of the past, and seems bound to render his nation honorable among the enlightened realms of the earth. The daimios have been induced to give up their rich estates for the benefit of the people, and the present Mikado has promulgated from the throne a Constitution establishing a House of Peers, — the members of which are to be partly hereditary, partly elective, and partly nominated by the Mikado, — and a House of Commons consisting of three hundred members. The right of suffrage is given to all men, of the age of twenty-five years and over, who pay taxes to the amount of twenty-five dollars. The parliament is to possess legislative functions and the control of the treasury. Judges cannot be removed except by special legislation. Liberty of religion, freedom of speech, and right of public meetings are being established. All this speaks well for Mutsu Hito. He is really writing his name high on the scroll of honor. The Empress is proving herself a noble character, doing much to elevate her sex. It is expected that the new Constitution will come into full power within a year.

Already, under the Mikado's rule, money has been liberally expended in sending Japanese youths to be

educated in foreign lands; public schools and scientific and benevolent institutions have been founded upon the models of Western nations; a free press is at work; a new postal system has been put into operation; the old Japanese calendar has been superseded by the most improved form; the Mikado has brought into the employment of the Government men of culture and diplomacy; a gold and silver currency has been introduced, and a system of railroads and telegraphs organized. All this has been achieved largely under the rule of the present Emperor, in little more than a score of years. Is it not surprising that such a change should have come to a people far off upon the bosom of the Pacific, independently of their nearest neighbors, China and India?

It is right that the Japanese should celebrate the birthday of their present Mikado, and honor him for his noble achievements. How can Christian hearts all over the world refrain from expressing honor to him who has been instrumental in causing the signboards proscribing Christianity in Tokio and other cities to be pulled down, and glad welcome to be given to Christian scholars and preachers who have come to their country to make the people wiser and better!

In this vast gathering of the people we see no rioting, wantonness, or intemperance. The day is beautiful, the occasion grand, and the result must be helpful and encouraging. If Mutsu Hito receives annually $1,748,800 from the Government, he spends the larger share of it for the good of his subjects.

The stranger in Tokio is often made to feel that he is in some fairy realm; all of a sudden such a transposition

comes that he can half imagine he is in pandemonium. At best it is a changeable town, full of novelty and romance. The shape of the houses; the narrowness of the winding streets; the style of dress; the methods of working, — the carpenter planing and sawing toward instead of from himself; the caricatures on the fans; the myths of fiery dragons, bloody demons, crazy imps, huge giants, and tiny mortals; the marvellous stories related round the hebachi by bare-pated women and doubled-up old men to gaping, staring children, — all imply there is something peculiar and surprising in the Japanese character.

No wonder this has been a city of conflagrations, for the houses generally appear like tinder-boxes waiting for the match to be struck, and if inflamed the hundreds of acres on which the city stands would in a day become a vacant site. Most of the buildings are but one story high. The front room of nearly every house on the main streets is used for a store or a shop. The panes of the windows are not glass, but thin white paper. The most common article for sale is the clog shoe. Oh, dear! how they clatter on the streets all the day long! You must be thankful the noise of this clap, clap, clatter, clatter, is in Japan instead of in America. In whatever part of the city you may be, as you hear it you feel that everybody is out of doors and on a tramp. The jinrikishas are, from sunrise to sunset, as abundant as the fireflies in a New England meadow of a June evening. It is strange they do not dash against one another in meeting and crossing the streets. Ah! the boy-nags are experts in their way.

Surely the injunction, "Increase and multiply," is heeded here. The babies out of doors are beyond numbering, and many of them are wee bits indeed. Most of them have shaven pates, and are hanging to the backs of mothers and sisters. But few old men and women are to be seen, and those discovered have scarcely any hair upon the head. Moving on, for miles it is one succession of stores. You wonder when and whence the buyers come, for you see but little trading.

As you see the tramway, you have a home-like feeling, and are ready to say, If the light of day rises in the East, the light of civilization comes from the West.

As you look in upon the Tokians at meal-time, — and this can be done without any impertinence, for they eat almost always in the front part of the house, which is open, —you see the male members of the family eating first, and the lower classes afterwards, from the same dish with chopsticks, squatting on the floor. Rice and fish are their staple food, and weak tea is their drink. However, the higher classes are more private in their domestic affairs, and you do not have the opportunity, unless invited into their homes, to see how they conduct their meals. Well, by invitation just step into the home of a samurai while at breakfast. You find him in a secluded though well furnished room, sitting on the floor. His servant has just brought in a small tray, containing a cup of rice, a few bon-bons, and a bottle of saké. These are in front of the master, and he is eating the rice with the chopsticks. The servant sits on his feet a short distance off, watching and ready to spring

to do the bidding of his master. As the meal is going on, a neighbor comes in to have an interview with the samurai on some political matters. He understands it is meal-time with the proprietor, and so avails himself of the opportunity of meeting him for business. But the neighbor does not partake of food; in fact, he is not invited to do so. The master talks and eats and drinks, and when he has finished, the servant gathers up the few utensils which are on the floor and bears them away. The two gentlemen sit a few minutes longer, and then they leave the house. Now the wife and children have their repast by themselves. It cannot be that the Japanese live to eat, for they can experience little comfort and real pleasure while on the floor and so much alone; but habits once fixed are stubborn masters.

One thing is certain, — it does not cost this people much to live. Their bed of coals, their cooking-vessels, plates, cups, chopsticks, and table on the floor, their rice and fish cost but a pittance. Young married people — and they are usually young, being in their teens — can readily set up housekeeping here. It is not necessary that the young man should wait till he gets rich before he is wedded. Indeed, he does not do that in Japan.

Coming to the silk stores, we find large establishments, reminding us of London and New York. The goods are really beautiful and cheap. Were it not for the duties at American ports, would we not lay in a generous stock of all kinds of silk? It is fortunate that Japan has been ruled by empresses as well as emperors.

The Empress Jingu Rogu led an invading army aganist Corea, compelling the inhabitants to give up many treasures in paying yearly tribute to her country. In 283 her son brought a woman from that country to teach the Japanese the art of working in silk. From that period they have continued to produce the silk and weave it into the most curious fabrics. Their merchants claim that they now manufacture the finest silks in the world. It is a pleasure to see them lay web after web, shawl after shawl, ribbon after ribbon, and handkerchief after handkerchief of silk upon the counter. Whether you buy or not, they seem to delight in having you see their assortments.

The Japanese are naturally polite. Just see those two gentlemen as they meet! How gracefully they bow and bow, but they do not kiss. The most perfect order prevails throughout the city, day and night. Frequently, as little urchins crowd about you to see the stranger, you can but wish that somebody would wipe their noses. It is not strange that colds are prevalent here, since the weather is as changeable as in Baltimore or San Francisco, and the feet and legs, too, of the children are usually bare, and some of them have on scarcely any clothes. At times it is damp and chilly, and snow falls.

Book-stalls are common, in which are kept story-books and illustrated works. Most of these are not printed on white or fine paper. The binding is likely to be somewhat crude, and the pictures are mere caricatures. They can and do make good paper, and as many as seventy different varieties.

Entering a store whose shelves are filled with books from Paris, London, Boston, and Chicago, it gives us a homelike experience which annihilates for the time being all distance, and places us upon the opposite side of the globe. What friends good books are, and how they bridge time and space!

Hasten to another quarter and we are at the Nilson Bashi, the bridge that has become famous the world over. It is said that from it all distances in Japan are reckoned. Its aspect does not remind one of the old bridge in Rome across the Tiber, nor of the London Bridge over the Thames. This is made of wood and is in a state of decay. It is ungainly in appearance, and is monopolized by beggars, dirty priests, and venders of many kinds of trash. But from its humpback we have a splendid view of Fusiyama, the loftiest mass of lava on the face of the earth.

As you leave the narrow ways and come into the broadest street of Tokio, you are led to exclaim, "Beautiful!" Since the fire of 1872 it has been laid out a mile long and three hundred feet wide, having roomy sidewalks. It is adorned with shade-trees and flower-beds, and is bordered with good buildings of brick, roofed with tiling. No ugly image of Buddha or of any other god deforms this street. If you are upon it or any other thoroughfare in the evening, you must look out for your pockets, for Japanese hands have a wonderful proclivity for watches and porte-monnaies. In spite of the watchfulness of six thousand policemen, Tokio is noted for its robberies. No beggars are allowed to tramp through the streets, and

it is seldom you run across a place of extreme squalor. Some terrible vices are legalized, but they are confined to certain quarters.

There are but few horses and carriages in the city. The highways are not adapted to their use. The transporting is done by canals as far as possible, and the trucking on carts drawn by coolies. It is not uncommon to meet with a hundred men, or more, carrying a timber or stone of enormous size.

Tokio is to Japan what London is to Great Britain,— nearly every trade and business of the country is represented here; so, by ransacking this city and examining it somewhat carefully, you can learn what is being done throughout the land.

There is any amount of quackery here, introduced largely perchance through foreign agencies. They have no distilleries and grow no opium, but spurious beverages and medicines are sold in large quantities, being labelled in the most taking manner. They, like the rest of the world, are ready to undertake almost anything for the sake of money.

Tokio abounds in amusements and pleasures. Dramatists, wrestlers, and jugglers are numerous; but the most inviting occasions are the flower festivals, when the Japanese do their best, in the way of flags, lanterns, blossoms, and toys, to decorate their houses, streets, and public squares in the most fascinating style.

The stronghold of this capital city at present is not its fortifications or its temples, but its Imperial University and public schools. Let us explore these cursorily. As we find our way to the University we soon discover

that it is favorably situated and occupies considerable space, which is made-land in part. The different college buildings are scattered through the grounds, made inviting by a variety of walks, shade-trees, shrubs, and flowers. The art-gardeners are busy here, setting out and trimming shrubs and trees into resemblances of men, animals, and curious objects. The Mikado and his subjects glory in the University, and are ready to do their best for it. The College of Engineering is the pride of the city and country. It presents the aspect of a real academy in position, proportions, and outfit; it is equal to the best in the West.

Japan is resolved to produce unsurpassed engineers to help forward the improvements of the country. This department is largely patronized. Passing through the different rooms, we see the students draughting, reciting, listening to lectures, and practising with instruments.

In the Law Department large numbers are in attendance, — young men earnestly engaged in taking notes as they are being addressed by Japanese, English, German, and French professors.

In the Medical College there are also many in attendance, who are apparently deeply interested in their studies. It has a good museum, which is well supplied with specimens of human life and lower orders of animal existence.

In the department of Natural Science the scholars are not so numerous, yet they rank high in scholarship. They appear to be revelling in zoölogy, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, and chemistry. These divisions

are well furnished with means for illustrating the various subjects.

At the present time there are over a thousand students in the different departments. From appearances we should judge them to be on an average twenty-two years of age. Most of them are dressed in the European style. They rank high, as a rule, in scholarship. The President is a Japanese, and does not look to be past forty-five years of age. He is popular among the students.

When the shoguns were ceasing to build castles, and orders of nobility were letting fall their sceptres, a teacher went forth from our land to the city of Nagasaki, on the island of Sikook. The place was clothed with romantic charms. There he opened a school, to which students soon flocked. Plato in his academy, Aristotle in his garden, Origen in his Alexandrian college, and Gamaliel in the city of Jerusalem could not have been more devoted to the demands of their disciples, than was this teacher to the wants of his pupils. His success speedily blossomed into far-reaching fame. Providence did not permit him to remain long in this position. Accordingly, he was called to Tokio, to take charge of what was then a School of Languages, in which were engaged three French, three German, and five American professors. He at once saw the needs of the institution, and accordingly broadened, deepened, and ennobled it. So out of that beginning the University of Tokio has been developed into an institution of which the nation may well be proud. Its faculty is made up of foreign and native teachers. It is

supported by the Government, and controlled by the Mikado and his Cabinet.

The public schools are under the supervision of a minister of education, who resides in Tokio. The present school system is modelled after ours. These schools are mostly taught by males. They are classed as Primary, Middle, Normal, and Collegiate schools. Three years are fixed as the minimum, and eight as the maximum course in the lower grades. The middle schools answer to our grammar schools, and the colleges to our high and fitting schools. The training-school is for the purpose of preparing students for teaching. No one can secure a school here without first presenting a certificate of qualification from one of these schools. All the schools are supported by taxation. The salaries of teachers are established by the Government. Parents and guardians are encouraged to visit the schools, and especially at the examinations. The following are the latest official statistics: —

SCHOOLS.	Number of Schools.	Number of Teachers.	Number of Students.
Elementary . . .	29,233	97,316	3,233,226
High	142	1,133	15,690
Normal	65	714	7,270
Technical	103	583	8,913
Universities . . .	2	194	1,881
Others	1,326	2,213	58,006

The total outlay on these schools is estimated at 1,102,406,479 yens. A yen is equal to seventy cents of our money.

The sexes are educated separately. For exercise the boys go through a course of military drill, and the girls are trained to the use of the dumb-bells. On entering and leaving the schoolroom the pupils are required to keep step according to military rule.

Formerly the schools were connected with religious establishments, and the teaching was under the control of the priests ; but now they are entirely free from the Church, and are managed by the State.

The Japanese teachers are well qualified for their work. The schools are mostly in charge of men; however, some women assist in the instruction. The feeling prevails that women cannot be first-class teachers, but this error will be removed as their education advances.

The Japanese are indebted to the American missionaries for their present system of instruction. They are glad to acknowledge this fact, and are employing many missionaries to teach English in their public schools; and from their successful work the Mikado and his advisers contemplate putting the fitting-schools under the direction of the Christian missions. " Give us more light " seems to be the watchword of the land.

It is well worth while to see some of these public schools in operation. So we select the central district of a city. It is eight o'clock in the morning. As we approach the building it offers an imposing front, being made of brick and in modern style. In the yard a host of boys are under the charge of a drill-master, who is training them and putting them through active and varied evolutions. The boys are from eight to fourteen years old, with bright faces. They enter into these

exercises with zeal and manifest pleasure. This drill lasts for an hour; and as the boys break rank, they have a few moments to themselves. When the signal is given, they all quickly come into line and march into the hall, where they halt, still keeping step, take off their caps and clogs, or straw sandals, putting them in the place assigned to each student, and then, moving on, file into their several rooms at the same time, each teacher taking charge of his own pupils. It is very quiet. The doors are closed, and school proper begins. There is no reading from the Sutras, or Buddhist Bible. We are in the primary room, and what a lot of wee brown faces are before us! Some of them are not as clean as they might be. They are five, six, and seven years of age. The teacher is a young man, and near him is stationed an old wrinkled-faced grandpa who is acting as monitor. The seats are flat boards without any backs, and the desks too are merely boards looking dingy and worn. There is a blackboard in front of the pupils, made of wood and nearly void of paint. On the wall are some charts with strange-looking characters on them; these constitute the Japanese alphabet, which has nearly double the number of letters of ours. The teacher sounds a letter, and then the whole school give it. The sounds are not difficult, but a long time is required to learn to recognize and write the letters. The children are required to give the strictest attention. At length one pupil, and then another, is called to the chart to point out the different characters as the teacher calls for them. After this drill of half an hour, a class comes upon the floor to read. Their books are made

of coarse buff paper, and the pages appear to be covered with sprawls and crude pictures drawn with charcoal crayons. The children are evidently pleased with the illustrations. We should say that the front side of their books is the back side, and that the lines begin on the left-hand side of the page, and run down instead of across. The most perfect order prevails.

From this room we pass to the next higher. The style of the room is similar to that of the primary. Of course the seats and desks are larger. The room is well ventilated. Here are forty boys, on an average ten years old. The dark faces shine, and the eyes sparkle. The first exercise is reading. Their articulation is not plain, nor their compass of voice full. To vary the exercise a few are called to the desk; and as they turn to the scholars they bow gracefully, place the book properly, and begin to read at once. These read louder and more distinctly.

In another room we find boys still older. They are reciting in arithmetic. While one is sent to the blackboard, the others take their copy-books, and as the teacher reads the problem the pupils write it down and then work as fast as they can in solving it. As soon as they obtain an answer the hands come up, and the teacher goes round examining their papers and marking those that are correct, "acceptable." These pupils are at work in fractions, and think them hard.

In the next grade, which is the grammar school, we find the scholars pursuing grammar, history, geography, and elementary algebra. Their work in drawing and figuring is rapid. We hear a class read in English,

using Wilson's Reader. This sounds natural and good. It is surprising how well some of them read.

As we go into two of the girls' schools, we meet with pupils who are earnest for an education. Many of their faces are handsome. In one room they are having an exercise in needlework. These rooms are in charge of men.

When the bell strikes the hour of noon the books are laid aside immediately, and the scholars in charge of the teachers march through the halls into a large dining-room, where with the teachers they are seated according to their grade. Before them are cups of rice and tea. At the given signal they all begin to eat; and they apply the chopsticks and sip the tea with a relish. They all fare alike as to kind and quantity of food. This frugal meal, so well served, does not cost more than two cents apiece. There are eight teachers and five hundred pupils at the tables. When the meal is finished the pupils march into the yard, where they have a jolly experience in running and jumping and in various other sports. Special pains is taken to develop muscle and uprightness of form.

The state supervisor of the schools says he desires every teacher to be well versed in three things, namely, *dignity*, *sympathy*, and *obedience*, and then he will be able to impress these essentials upon his students.

As you listen to the Japanese conversation, whether in school or in public assemblies, you soon realize there is music in their spoken language. While it was Moses who established the Hebrew tongue, Alfred the Saxon, and Luther the German, here it was woman;

so the language possesses a charming euphony. It requires from three to five years to learn to speak it fluently. But speaking it is one thing, and writing it is quite another. However, during the early centuries of the nation the spoken and the written language were the same; but somewhere about the sixth century of the Christian era the Chinese literature was introduced into the country, and with this movement there was a gradual introduction of the Chinese symbols, or letters, into the printed matter. This rendered the Japanese language far more complicated, so that at the present day an apt scholar cannot acquire the power to indite it short of ten or fifteen years of close application and much practice. In the public schools it is not expected the scholars will master the written language. The alphabet of forty-two letters being increased to some four hundred renders the writing of their grammar very intricate and discouraging. The number of persons in the country is small who can fluently and correctly inscribe the language. Many of the pupils who have been in school for years cannot read the whole alphabet as it now stands. Because of this hindrance not a few of the scholars are in favor of supplanting their own by the English alphabet. They now require English to be taught in the grammar and higher grades of schools.

On the streets it strikes us as singular that we seldom see any family groups. The men seem to go by themselves, and so do the women; however, the men do not ignore children, but are likely to have them in their arms or by their side. Were all the nations as prolific as Japan, the Malthusian theory would soon prove true.

Frequently you will see tall ladders rising far above the houses, with a bell near the top of each. These are lookouts for fires, which are common throughout the cities and villages. We think insurance companies do not thrive here, for we have discovered no huge buildings and flaming placards to that end. No doubt it is too fiery a land for them to flourish.

It is Sunday, but the people here are not aware of it; not one in a thousand has ever heard of such a day. But let us visit the Shiba Temple, one of the most noted in Tokio. It is situated in a quiet spot, somewhat removed from the usual bustle and noise. The first introduction to it is an immense red torii. Passing under this, we follow an avenue beautifully arched with fir-trees, giving to the sacred stone lanterns and tombs a solemn appearance. A bonze soon meets us to conduct us into the temple and to the sacred shrines. These lanterns are memorials erected by friends in honor of departed worthies, the same as we erect monuments to the distinguished dead, or cause memorial windows to be placed in churches and cathedrals. The temple is small, and before the shrines are a few worshippers, whose countenances do not indicate that the heart is devout in prayer, or the mind consecrated to thought. The priest-guide does his utmost to show the sights. Whether this is done so much for the sake of portraying the objects as securing rins, is a question. He calls attention to six large gilded lanterns memorializing revered shoguns. He leads on into a splendid lavatory, where in one part are stored bells, gongs, and lanterns, which can be used only on festive occasions. We now

turn through an elegant gate, and in front is a charming shrine with lacquered steps leading to it. Shoes are removed, and following our guide as gilded doors are swung back, an exquisitely fine chapel is revealed; the walls are arabesqued, and the panels are carved with birds and flowers peculiar to Japan. Within, other doors are opened, and lo! three urns plated with gold rising to the ceiling. In these are treasured the names and titles of the illustrious dead. Leaving this shrine we walk through other avenues and among other tombs; but the creek, whose surface is wreathed with the lotus and the iris, the birds chirping in the trees, the bright-winged insects, and the variegated butterflies add greatly to this sacred retreat. Nature always does her best to render the resting-places of the dead green and attractive.

But from this experience we do not get much of an idea of Shinto-Buddhist worship. Accordingly let us turn our attention to the November festival at the Temple of Asakusa. Every day is a festive day here. It is dedicated to Kwan-non, the most popular of the Japanese divinities. Hither all are wont to come, whether they wish to worship or to have a gala time. The day is inviting; and as we arrive at the torii the jinrikishas are dismissed. We pass through the gate. No carriages are allowed on this avenue, but swarms upon swarms of people are moving to and fro. On either side of the way are shops and booths, wherein are toys, rosaries, idols of wood and brass, household gods, bells, candles, flowers, gewgaws, incense-burners, bonbons, rope-walkers, jugglers, immoral women, and the half we

cannot mention. A small artificial river, running parallel to this street, but a little way off, imparts an odor far from pleasant. It would seem that there must be a demand for quinine shops to keep the people from dying with the ague, but none such are in sight. By a bridge across the stream are two bronze images of Buddha, the faces, as usual, wearing a restful expression, with the lotus in the hand, and "the light of the world" crowning their heads. After this novel introduction of half a mile long, we come to another sort of gateway in which are two gigantic, bloated-faced figures. Men and women are at prayer before them. These are said to represent the male and female principles of Chinese philosophy. If this be true, the Chinese are to be pitied for having such a philosophy. By the way, these are the figures that guard the entrance to many of the temples. Certainly their appearance must tend to drive away not only robbers but true worshippers.

A short distance in front of these stands the temple of Asakusa. It is not a ponderous structure, but, like all the other Shinto-Buddhist temples, has the tented roof, is made of wood painted red, and is one story high. To the right of us is a strong-timbered belfry in which hangs a tremendous immovable bell, which is rung by striking it with a heavy timber, and sends out the mellowest tones imaginable when rung. Near this is a seven-story pagoda that was built in honor of Kwan-non. This looks airy and aspiring, but not enduring. A broad flight of steps leads up to the temple. Crowds of people are ascending and descending. A hen with a brood of chickens monopolizes quite a space.

Doves nest under the eaves, which project several feet beyond the walls. Entering the temple, what a rabble and confused mass there is in the outer court, which is separated from the inner by a wire gauze. The former is brimming full of old and young, who are pushing in and pushing out; some are dressed in silks, but most are poorly clad, with clogs on their feet and little cotton upon their backs. Several images of different gods are in this court, that carry the marks of dirty hands and rough worship. Just see how some of those brawny fellows are pelting the faces of these images with paper balls which they have made by masticating slips of paper covered with grotesque figures of saints and devils; if they stick, they feel that their service is acceptable. The doves whir round and keep lighting in the midst of the congregation. The better class, as an offering, throw rins towards the face of Buddha, which is guarded by a screen, and so they fall into a trough placed on purpose to catch them. Priests are praying in the interior court, bells dingle, boys and girls are chatting, some of the aged are droning out prayers. When the coppers fly thick against the screen a bonze under the shadow of Buddha claps his hands and almost leaps for joy. On the walls are carvings of angels and frescos of sprites. Close by them is a cumbrous incense-burner fed by a black-toothed woman, which pours out the smoke like an engine. The interior court is the *sanctum sanctorum*, which abounds in shrines and gods, both great and small. Here the lamps burn dimly, throwing a pall of gloom over every object. Only the high-toned can gain entrance here. So it is money that

tells in the worship of Buddha. Well, it does not take long for them to say their prayers and satisfy their consciences, for they rush in and soon rush out. This rabble and clatter continue for hours. This is worship to Buddha in the temple of Kwan-non.

But we have not seen it all yet. In the rear of the temple we can look upon two sleek horses which live upon offerings of grass and flowers to the god of this temple, and are kept ready for him, as he may of a sudden return to the earth and need them for his use. Farther to the rear is a meadow of rice and grass, and through it for half a mile is a winding path thickly set with booths for singing and dancing and fortune-telling and tea-drinking. Then there are seats to be rented, monkeys to be fed, and paper fangles to be sold. By and by we come to a motley crowd of booths and a swelling tide of people. This reminds us of an old-fashioned muster with a sham fight, and with acres of pedler's carts in full blast. It requires a deal of elbowing to move in any direction. But look there, as we front another booth, and see those wax-figures, life-size, all dressed in silks, with faces wonderfully expressive! Do they not remind you of Madame Toussaud's museum in London? It is said they were produced by an artist after he had visited many Buddhist temples dedicated to the goddess Mercy. It is too bad to have such an exhibition in such an unappreciative throng. In the next booth there is a living illustration of what woman can do in the way of gesticulations and grimaces. She puts herself into all possible attitudes. She occupies a second-story flat, so as to be seen from afar. She surely

draws the crowd. It is a spectacle, indeed, to behold the expression of the upturned faces. At the terminus of this avenue is a small chapel, open in front, where a bonze, or somebody else, is haranguing the people like an auctioneer at a forced sale. At his feet is a long, deep treasury-box into which the bits of copper and sacred balls of paper fall thick and fast by spells, as the speaker excites their joy or fear with startling assertions. Well, this is enough of a religious festival for one half-day. Such experience is about as trying to a stranger's nervous system as a typhoon or a volcanic explosion.

For the last two centuries Buddhism, as expressed in Japan, has been on the decline. It is not the religion for the people. Though there are still some seventy-five thousand Buddhist priests, fifteen thousand Shintoist priests, and seventy thousand temples scattered through the land, the better class of men have little to do with them; in fact, the men generally ignore religion, unless they have been disappointed in business, or are driving some sharp scheme which they imagine is beyond their strength, and so seek it selfishly, hoping to gain favor of some power superior to themselves that will give them success. The women are more ignorant and more loyal to their church. The Japanese must be rescued by some other religion than Shinto-Buddhism.

As the sojourner in this land takes an outing from the capital city by rail, passing to the north and east, the landscape is charming; for as he leaves the city, there are gardens and groves on every hand. The peasant men and women are busy reaping or sowing.

They look cool in thin loose dresses in this autumn season. The rolling surface, dotted with patches of rice, cotton, wheat, onions, radishes, persimmons, oranges, and chrysanthemums, presents an inviting landscape. The fields are numerous, but small in size. The breaking up and the cultivating of the soil are done mostly by human hands. Nearly every foot of arable ground is under cultivation. When ten miles away, the country opens into wider reaches of plain-land bounded by woods and mountains, serrated and conical.

At Utsumomiya, some seventy miles from Tokio, the cars are left. Now we ride in the jinrikisha for twenty-two miles, towards the heart of the country. This city has a population of fifteen thousand. No English-speaking people have, as yet, been allowed to settle in it. It has no hotel, but many tea-houses. The people stare at strangers, but still are kindly in their actions. In a tea-house we are politely and generously served to rice, with chopsticks, bonbons, and tea for a small sum of money. It is past two o'clock, and jinrikishas are ready, with two men to each carriage. As soon as we are seated, away we go through the long thoroughfare of the city. It would seem as though the Japanese aimed to have their cities long and narrow. Perchance the reason of this is that they all wish to live on the main street. Soon we are riding under huge pines and cedars, a hundred feet tall and from two to four feet in diameter. Most of them stand on piles of earth, so that the roots are above our narrow road. They are giant sentinels, guarding the way to the shrined city. These trees are said to have been planted to render

the journey to Nikko and the shrines of shoguns attractive and delightful. To begin with, Nature had done her best, it would seem, to make the country most inviting; and this offering, certainly, of a generous soul and admirer of the heroic dead adds greatly to the glories and splendor of Nature. As the slanting sunlight flickers through their foliage and the cool breeze fans the face of Nature, a voice says, This way leads to a silent city of the most honored dead. Every now and then is a wayside altar or simple stone set up by reverent hearts, that pilgrims may halt and worship. When five miles distant our boys stop at a tea-house for a few moments' rest, and the opportunity of bathing their chests and heads and drinking a cup of tea. The house is in charge of a lady of fine form and pleasant face. Everything appears clean and neat. Beautiful flowers are on the stands, Japanese pictures are on the walls, and lanterns hang thick from the ceiling. Only five minutes' rest here, and then like colts our boys speed on. The flora is decidedly varied and prolific. Bluebells hang from the ridges, and anemones peep out of the hollows. In the distance are the Nantaizan Mountains, whose sides are abrupt and whose tops are pointed. Time flies, and so do our jinrikishas. At Imaichi another solemnly grand highway joins the one we are on, which had a like origin. Those who plant parks and adorn highways with trees are certainly establishing famous monuments to their names.

Before sunset we are riding through the extended city of Nikko. The site of the city, the shape of the

houses, the steep wooded hills, and the roar of the Daiyagawa remind us of experiences among the Alps. The houses are small and low; the front of nearly every one is a store or shop. The jack-knife, lathe, and saw, and the needle, scissors, and crayon must be dexterously applied here. We have no choice as to our stopping-place, for there is but one where English foreigners can be accommodated. As we alight from our carriages, we have been four and a half hours in reaching Nikko from Utsunomiya. The course has been ascending most of the way. Entering the hotel, we are reminded still more of Switzerland. The woodwork is plain and unpainted, but clean; the partitions between the rooms movable. The beds are on the floor, the window-panes are paper; the water is soft, the towels clean, the coolies pleasant, the fare good, the house quiet, and the rate one dollar a day.

The scenery about Nikko is beyond description. The hills, vales, waterfalls, mammoth trees, temples in the groves, and mausoleums of the famous dead render the city attractive in winter and beautiful in summer, — a shrine where priests linger, and a Mecca whither pilgrims come from all parts of the world to wonder or worship amid the glories of Nature and the marvellous works of man.

The Japanese believe in worshipping men, especially dead heroes. Wonderful stories they tell of their Mikados. Nearly every city can point you to its written history, and every province has its encyclopædia of the treasured past. Neither will they fail to inform you of their first written Bible, produced in the sixth

century, consisting of three large volumes, — the first treating of the Creation and the events of the holy age; the second and third of the history of the Mikados from 660 to 1288 of the Christian era. They are sure not to forget to recount the victories and achievements of Iyéyasu from the sixteenth century to the present time. They will refer you also to Jemmu Tenno, their first Imperial Mikado, who was the fifth in descent from the sun-goddess, and therefore divine, as all the other Mikados have been, being his descendants, making the present one the one hundred and twenty-sixth in direct lineage.

The people dote upon their memorials as expressed in martial implements, tombs, and temples. Many of them believe that the Japanese were the first inhabitants of the earth, and that therefore their country can exhibit what no other can in the way of relics and antiquities. So you hear much about Mikados, shoguns, daimios, and samurai. Now, the shoguns were next to the Mikado in authority, and were the chiefs of the daimios, who constituted the aristocracy, belonging to the imperial family; and the last were warriors, or those who defended their superiors and exercised authority over peasants, artisans, and merchants. This was nothing less than a feudal system, which reached its climax in the seventeenth century.

At this period Iyéyasu made his appearance. He had risen from obscurity in spite of severest opposition, placing himself in the front rank of national affairs. He was a genius, and equal to the greatest emergencies. He was a Napoleon in the highest degree, coveting

power, and astute enough to cause others to yield to his sceptre. Now behold him in Yeddo, with three thousand laborers to do his bidding. The heaviest walls were laid, deep moats were dug, marshes were filled, boats floated on the river, junks went out to sea, castles were enlarged, city gates were strengthened, towers were built, and a village of a few thousand inhabitants in the corner of the country was soon increased to half a million. This was sufficient to make a man great as a ruler and a statesman, rendering his name forever memorable in the hearts of his countrymen.

The Japanese take delight in describing the man living and the man glorified. They say that in battle Iyéyasu never said to his soldiers, "Go," but leading the van, would bid his men "Come." When he died all mourned his death, and buried him with sore lamentations at Runo Zan in a lovely spot on the side of a mountain where the cedars sang a requiem and the roar of the sea joined in the chorus.

But his son Hiditada and the nation could not let his remains rest there; for the people said the most beautiful spot of all the earth is at Nikko, where the Shinto deity first manifested Buddha to the Japanese. Ah! they say, Nature here as nowhere else has concentrated her beauties and glories into snowy peaks, glassy lakes, and shady groves. Accordingly, the son and the people felt that the most sacred dust must be deposited in the most sacred place. So they caused a grand mausoleum to be builded high on the mountain-side, fronting the south and overlooking the valley below, wherein

the city of Nikko is now embosomed. After the honored ashes of Iyéyasu had slept a year at Runo Zan, they were tenderly borne by daimios in gorgeous pomp across plains, through vales, and over hills to this place, where Mikado, lords, captains, and priests in most solemn array received them; and the Great Mikado of heroism and of peace was deified as "The Great Light of the East, the Great Incarnation of Buddha." For three days a choir of Buddhist priests intoned their most sacred dirge ten thousand times.

The son was not equal to the great responsibility falling upon him, and so did not make his father's place good or preserve his nation's prosperity; but *his* son became the ablest of all the succeeding Tokugawas, and was highly honored because he had honored his nation and his grandsire; and when he departed this life, his remains were entombed just below those of the great Iyéyasu.

Now it is plain how and why Nikko should have become such a sacred resort. Its name signifies "sunny splendors." Poetry has sung of its wondrous beauties, art has pictured it as almost ethereal, and Nature has so commingled valley, river, dell, fall, hill, wood, and mountain as to render it surprisingly beautiful. Its sunrises, noontides, and sunsets are described as unsurpassingly splendid.

But let us see for ourselves. As we go into the street in the morning, we soon learn whither the masses are tending. Faces are turned across the river to the forest and towers on the mountain-side. There it was, so tradition says, on Notaké Iwa, that Buddha first through

Shinto manifested himself to the dwellers in this picturesque land. Walking half a mile, we cross a new vermilion bridge close by the old Red Bridge, which is kept sacred and can be crossed only by the most holy feet. Now we go up a broad road faced with stone on either side, overhung with loftiest evergreens; soon we pass under a grand torii of stone, and after this come the one hundred and eighteen bronze lanterns on granite bases, each of which has been set up by different donors in honor of Iyéyasu. Here, too, is an offering of a granite trough supplied with holy water, with a roof set upon stone pillars and adorned by a bell, a lantern, and figures of rare workmanship. A short distance on is a five-story pagoda, finely carved and gilded. Up a flight of stairs and we pass under another exquisitely cut torii hung with costly trappings, and this brings us to a temple surrounded with a pebbly court and decorated with carvings beautifully set with pearls and precious stones. From this we climb another flight of steps to a gate adorned with serpents and Chinese dragons. Well, we weary of such display and such strange memorials. There would seem to be no end to the shrines, the temples, the torii, and the magnificent trees. After climbing and wandering we are led by a bonze to a staircase of several hundred stone steps, moss-covered, which we ascend, and lo! at the top is the sarcophagus and tomb containing the ashes of Japan's most heroic dead. The tomb is of stone and bronze, with a stone table in front adorned with a bronze stork and a vase of lotus blossoms. The tomb is overtopped with a large bronze urn. The whole is enclosed

A GREAT CEDAR, TORII, AND PAGODA.

with a heavy wall of granite and shadowed with the grandest evergreens. In a clear day the sunlight drops flickering sheens on this lofty, silent resting-place of Iyéyasu. It is verily a still abode. We hear no rustle of squirrel in the leaves, no hum of insect in the air, nor even chirping of birds in the treetops. The dimness and dampness nourish mosses, ferns hang from the crevices of the walls, and lichens feed on the trunks of the trees. The greatest Hebrew found his grave on the mountain-top; so did the greatest Japanese. The former lived and spoke for his people and the world; the latter wrought for his own land and people.

In descending from this height we find these funereal objects of no less interest. We can but marvel more and more, as we inspect, and ask whence came the means and how could men have had patience to do so much that is massive and intricate. But men have been laboring here for two hundred and seventy years, and pilgrims by the thousands have continued to visit tomb and temple and drop offerings of mites and fortunes into the treasury. Thus they seem bound to do; so work of stone, wood, bronze, and lacquer will be added to the already wondrous collections.

Down the mountain, close by the temples of Iyéyasu, are the temples and tomb of Iyémitsu; magnificent these are, but not so magnificent as the former. These are more crowded with gods, and highly covered with grotesque figures. Gods of thunder, terrors of wind, and demons of fury sit by gates and shrines and tomb. These idols are remarkable for showing their teeth. The carvings in stone and wood and bronze are won-

derful. But the flowers and vegetation are, after all, a thousand times more attractive. The needles of the pine, the plumage of the bamboo, the gentian blossoms, and the monstrous lotus-pads are far more interesting than the tawdry display of man. In them there are no false shapes or colors. But fascination is sure to brood over this mountain-side. The works of God and man will continue to render it memorable. For centuries it will be sought and reverenced. This, of all other retreats in Japan, is, and is to remain, the place of heroic worship.

At this moment one of the sweetest-toned bells strikes the hour of five. The day has been somewhat overcast, but the slanting rays of the sun are gilding the tips of the mountains with gold. As we come into an open space and look around, we can but exclaim, How diversified and stupendous are the works of God! Surely here he has concentrated and combined the beautiful, the grand, the peaceful, and the sublime in a peculiar manner! The roar of waterfalls, the glimpse of temples in the dark forests, the Japanese houses, and the Nikkoan people conspire to render this an enchanted city, where priests delight to dwell and the greatest of the Tokugawas lie entombed. Let it continue to be a place of sacred memories, and pictured as green in the coldest winter and cool in the hottest summer, with balmy skies, filled with the music of chiming bells.

A walk of twelve miles from Nikko to Yumoto Lake affords one a good idea of mountain life in this land. The course is west and north. For a few miles it is along the current of the Daiyawa, zigzagging among

stones and trees. We pass through several villages, rural and romantic. Though quaint and simple, the people seem to be kind and honest. The tea-shops are plenteous, and cordially welcome strangers. In the summer there are many pleasure-seekers who travel this way because of the scenery and the refreshing breezes, but in this late autumn-time the natives find recreation in the valleys and the more sunny regions. However, now and then we fall in with a kago, which is the common vehicle of the hilly country, transporting a woman or an aged man. In one instance we meet a gentleman on horseback. His animal does not resemble the fine Morgans of Vermont or the English trotters. As we get on half the distance, it is wild indeed. The way becomes steeper, crossing and recrossing streams leaping down their stony beds. The basalt ledges protrude from the hillsides; the chestnuts, maples, oaks, and basswoods stand strong and thick much of the way. All of a sudden, on gaining a height, two beautiful waterfalls greet the eye, throwing out their spray and arching the deep gulf with numberless rainbows. The Japanese speak of these falls as among the most remarkable. It is true that large sheets of water do roll over the precipices, but they fade into insignificance when compared to thousands we have in America. Soon we wind and climb hundreds of steps up an otherwise impassable mountain-side. The underbrush becomes thicker and thicker. The backward look more than compensates for the tugging and sweating. We take a side road for a mile or two, to look upon more falls which fully compensate for the trouble. These

are peculiarly wild. The foaming tide falls many feet below our position, sending up the roar of many waters. Then, too, the huge basin is edged and fretted with ferns and flowers.

From this point the path to Yumoto is through jungles of hydrangeas, azaleas, and blooming shrubs. Soon coming to the lakeshore, the picture is thrilling. Verily, here are waters among the mountain-tops! The lake must be ten miles long and from one to five wide. The sides of the mountains rise up wooded and steep. As the sunlight glints the water, mountains and woods are in the depths as well as on the heights. How singular that we can look upon this glassy surface and discover mirrored there the sky, the clouds, and the varied landscape! God has made all things beautiful, and given us eyes to see them.

At length we come to a lone village hanging upon the sides of Shiraneyama and dipping down to the water's edge. The houses are built of reddish cedar, shaped for the most part with the axe and handsaw. The people look smiling and happy. How little they know of the outside world! In the simple hotel, which is a tea-house, we are kindly waited upon and served to the best the mistress has, which is rice, trout, and tea. Boats have just come to the shore with parties who have been dropping the hook and taking out trout which will weigh from eight ounces to three pounds. There must be a hundred of these shining beauties. A sight like this can but stir the blood of every one who has any fondness for the famous Izaak Walton, making him feel that he would delight to cast the line and pull out such fish.

In the winter the snow falls here ten feet deep, and so in the fall the people wrap up their houses with rush matting, roof and all, and descend into the valleys, there remaining till May, when they return with joy to this little village overshadowed by a mountain eight and a half thousand feet high. Oh, there is something about the lakes and mountains, the world over, that does enchant and rest and invigorate!

In the all-day ramble we have seen but few birds, although we heard several pheasants drumming. We have seen no snakes or wild beasts, and have not been bitten by any insects.

This lake is wilder than Como, as abruptly hemmed in by mountains as Lucerne, as wild as Lake George, and as fully clothed with legends as Katrine. As the ages roll on, it will be sought and admired.

Coming to Kobé from the sea is somewhat like entering the Bay of Naples. The water is inviting, and the houses stand round the bay. Kobé is the new part of the city, and Hiogo the old. The population of each is about the same, having in both some eighty thousand. This is the seaport for a large section of country and for several large cities. It takes two days to reach it by steamer from Yokohama, sailing south and west. The bay is overlooked by a concave range of high billowy hills. Upon their flanks and on the level by the sea stands the city. Enter Kobé, walk the streets, go through the stores and hotels, and you feel as though you must be in England or in America; but cross the bridge into Hiogo and you realize most fully you are not yet out of Japan.

Taking the cars here for the north, in the course of an hour you are in the largest plain of the whole country. It is said that there are scattered over it more than a thousand villages and cities. But it appears to be one vast field of rice, yellow for the harvest. Still, as we inspect it more closely, we see patches green with recently sown wheat, large fields planted out with tea, cotton-plants crowned with their snowy bolls, and gardens rich with varieties of vegetables. Men and women are scattered throughout the wide domain, taking off crops and planting others. Some are spading up the soil, or breaking it up with the heifer or the horse; others are putting in the seed, and still others dropping compost from the basket. Every foot of arable soil appears to be improved. Along the streams the willow and eucalyptus thrive; on some of the knolls are groves of pine, maple, and oak. This level region must measure thirty by fifteen miles.

This is the part of the country in which to study the farming interests. It was a blessing to Japan when the castle gave place to the palace, and the emperor supplanted the feudal lord. Since the revolution of 1870, and the institution of the present form of government, rapid progress has been made in agricultural methods. In a few instances sheep have been introduced, horses have multiplied, cows are feeding in the pastures, and oxen turning the furrows. Still on only a few farms will you find ploughs, carts, reapers, and other implements so common in our country. In this land, through the aid of the Agricultural College, apple and pear trees and vines have been planted, and are doing well.

Formerly the land was owned altogether by the Mikado and rented to tillers. The ruler was sure to get the lion's share, and the daimios would come in for theirs; so that the peasant would not have more than a fourth of all raised in the most favorable season, and in case of a drought he would be obliged to give up all he raised and even beg for himself. But at present his taxes are not so burdensome, and in the course of a few years he will be likely to have his little farm of five or ten acres in his own possession. However, he can own only the soil. If mines of gold and coal are found on his possessions, the Government claims them. Most of the farmers live in hamlets; still some have their homes on the land they cultivate. It is safe for them to live isolated, if they choose. It is quite different here from what it is in Spain or Asia Minor; for there the people are obliged to dwell in communities for self-protection. The true wealth of Japan lies in her agricultural resources, and not in her mines and manufactures. Is not this true of our own country? Dispense with the farms, East and West, and our wealth and national strength would soon be gone. The present Mikado takes a decided interest in the advancement of agriculture. This is another fact to show that the country has a bright future before it.

The soil of the intervals and valleys, composed of vegetable and volcanic products, is dark and rich. The uplands and mountain-sides are grassed and wooded. The grasses differ considerably from ours, though the clovers and red-top are common. The lowlands are well watered by countless streams from the mountains.

It would seem that the system of irrigation has reached a state of perfection in many parts of this country.

As we examine the fields more closely, we find that they are small and that the rice-plats occupy the lowest ground. These plats, before seeding takes place, are mellowed and made very level, bordered with a ridge of earth and topped with grass-sods, which serve as dams and walks. Now the water is let into them through a gateway so as to gauge it just right. In the rainy season the water from the rivers is entirely shut out.

The rice is sown in small beds, and when up some two inches, is transplanted to the field where it is to grow. Small bunches of blades are set ten inches apart. As soon as this is done, water is let into the plat, and the roots are kept covered with it till a short time previous to harvest, when it is entirely shut out.

The rice-straw usually grows fifteen inches high. The crop that is now being harvested shows a good yield, judging from the drooping of the heads. The reapers are thick in the fields, cutting up and binding the straw into small bundles and hanging them upon bamboo poles to dry; those already dry are being threshed in the road that runs through the meadow; or in some cases women with babes upon their backs are taking up handfuls of straw, and are drawing the heads of the rice through an iron comb which shells out the kernels. As we look into a dooryard we see a woman winnowing the rice by throwing it into the air and letting the wind blow out the chaff. Then, again, we see a man winnowing with an old-fashioned

machine, and close by him are three coolies grinding rice by turning a stone with a lever upon another stone. There are mills driven by water; but much of the grinding, especially back in the country, is done by hand. In fields where the rice has been off long enough to have the ground dry, they are being broken up again for sowing wheat. The wheat is sown the same as the rice, but is hilled up some three inches.

As already stated, the farm here does not embrace a large area. On an average an acre of land will support four persons, as people live in this country. Five cents a day will feed a farmer. Rice and tea with a little fish constitute his breakfast, dinner, and supper; and his clothes cost but a trifle.

On slightly higher land than that for rice are tea-fields, whose plants are bushy and two to three feet high when three years old. These plants are perennial, and the older the plants the better the leaves. Women and children are culling and picking the green leaves, which are afterward dried in the sun, and then are ready for use. This is green tea; but if it is to be shipped across the sea, then it is put through a process of *firming*, as it is called, in order to withstand the effects of the salt water. The black tea is picked from the same plants; the leaves are older, and while drying pass through a stage of fermentation which turns them dark.

Going upon ground still higher, we are in cotton-fields, where men and women are gathering the bolls, which are not large or abundant.

The peasants say they cannot grow cotton here as it is grown in America. In this part of the country they

usually raise two crops of the cereals a year. If the first is rice, the second will be wheat or millet.

The farmers are not only particular to irrigate, but also to enrich their soil. The cultivation of rice is very exhausting to the land, and so they take care to make all the composts possible and secure all they can from villages and cities, either in a solid or fluid state. This work of transferring the waste from the houses is done daily. Care is taken in the hotels and private dwellings to save the offal for the night-scavengers, to be borne off to enrich the soil. We can but admire the industry and frugality of the Japanese farmer; however, we must regret that he holds so tenaciously to ancient customs in doing his work. You find him peaceful, unless you attempt to infringe upon his landed rights, and then he is ready to fight you unto death in self-defence.

In nearly the centre of this plain is Osaka, which formerly was called the Venice of Japan, because of its numerous canals running through the city, but latterly has been denominated the Manchester of the Mikado's dominion. Well, it is a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, living mostly in one-story buildings, joined together save where the water divides them. They are made of wood and roofed with tiling. The streets are narrow, but tolerably smooth, so that the jinrikishas can fly back and forth without any obstruction. Riding through the city, you discover little besides stores and shops. You can but query as to how the people live. But as you see their naked feet and limbs, you conclude it does not cost them much for clothing, and then, as you observe them in the morning, at noon, and in the

evening eating their frugal mess of rice and fish and drinking their tiny cup of tea, you decide it does not cost them much to live.

This is an old city, though it has been several times nearly destroyed by fire and flood. In its centre stands an imposing structure. This is the mint of the Empire, signifying something nobler than castellated bulwarks. It is one of the largest mints of the world.

Here, too, is the principal fitting-school for the State University. It sustains about the same relation to this institution that Exeter Academy does to Harvard University, or Eton to Oxford. There is also a State Normal School here, having more than five hundred students in attendance.

The largest cotton-mills of the country are in this city. Thirty years ago there was not a cotton-spinning mill in the country; now there are twenty in successful operation, and half of that number are in this city, with forty thousand spindles, representing a capital of a million dollars.

Silks are manufactured in Osaka and the neighboring villages, and likewise porcelain and bronze ware.

Now, here is a fact of importance to us. The machinery for these mills was purchased in England; not a single spindle or lathe came from our country. The same is true of the railroad iron, — it has been brought from Great Britain and Germany.

Now, in 1885 the exports of our country amounted to $37,137,345, and the imports to $29,356,967. The following year the exports amounted to $48,875,471, and the imports to $32,169,432, showing a gain in trade

during one year of more than $14,000,000. Now, the share our nation had in this trade was as follows: it purchased from Japan goods to the amount of $16,000,000, and sold to the country $3,000,000 worth of goods, giving a balance of $13,000,000 to Japan; while Great Britain sold during the same time to Japan $12,000,000 worth, and purchased from her $4,000,000 worth of goods, giving England a balance of $8,000,000. The sales of Great Britain were confined mostly to cotton and iron manufactures. Now, it is known the United States produces more than half of the cotton grown on the globe, and should she not be able to convert it into cloth and furnish it to Japan as cheap as England can, since she first carries the cotton across the Atlantic and then converts it into cloth and conveys it sixteen thousand miles, while we could get the same into the country by shipping it not more than five thousand miles? The same facts are true of iron. So, then, does it not behoove our country to take steps at once to furnish Japan with more goods?

England pushes her sales here; why should not America? We have the advantage over any other country in some respects. The Japanese have adopted our post-office system, are modelling their schools after ours, have established their Agricultural College on an American basis, and are holding our missionaries in highest esteem. This shows that the Japanese are favorably inclined to our country, and would be ready to buy of us if they could do as well as with the English. We have fallen in with different agents from Great Britain, who are here on purpose to make

sales, but we have not chanced to meet one from our country.

Some twenty miles to the north from Osaka is Kioto, with a population of three hundred thousand. It has the right to claim great beauty of situation. It is like onyx, jasper, and agate in emerald setting. Its natural beauty cannot be surpassed in this land of the beautiful and sublime. The Kumo River meanders round the southern part, into which flow other streams, and rushes on to the sea as the grand Yodo.

The old portions of the city are on a plain in whose centre stands the Old Palace. In the palmy days of Shinto-Buddhism this was a most attractive place. Ruler and subject were deeply interested in the spread of their religion. Hosts of men were filled with charity, and were glad to invest in behalf of their god. So temples soon covered a hundred acres to the north, and were set thick on the wooded mountain-side to the east. It was not long before two thousand temples adorned the city. Huge walls were builded, and pagodas raised. On certain occasions the people from all the land flocked together in this capital of the nation, having brought precious metals, that at a particular signal they might be thrown into a great caldron under which the fires were burning red. Then, all expectant, priest and common worshipper would send up earnest prayers, as the precious things were becoming molten, that the mass might be sufficient to fill the mould to the brim, making a bell of five tons, or more, in weight. Whenever there was a lack of material to render the bell complete, hearts would agonize, priests would rush

among the throngs, entreating, "Give, give!" and gold and silver would be stripped from hands, heads, and altars and thrown into the remolten mass; and when the casting was done this time, it would be complete, producing a bell to send out near and far mellowest and strongest tones, calling the masses to praise Buddha.

Kioto was a city of temples and religious influence. The thirteenth century came, and Buddhism was in its glory in this land of vales and hills and mountains and propitious skies. Kioto was the ideal city, and from afar pilgrims would make long journeys to it that they might look upon the divine Mikado and his wonderful array of shrines. Could they do this but once, they felt quite sure of being finally absorbed into Buddha.

The city had reached its zenith as the fourteenth century came, and in the beginning of the seventeenth Iyé yasu came into power through dramatic acts, and during his reign the fading laurels of Kioto were transferred to Yeddo, now Tokio. Since that event Kioto has been living upon the past. It has been honored for its antiquities. Its moss-covered walls, its tarnished altars, its decaying temples, its faded pagodas, its crumbling tombs, its unburnished bells, its dwindling priesthood, its scattering worshippers, all emphasize the past.

In spite of this, it is still a city of enchantment. It abounds in quaint nooks and peaceful retreats. Hither the rambler can come and find pleasant resorts, the poet can find his Muse by shady walks, the artist can sketch fairest views, and the scholar can rest in meditative groves.

If one would see the effects of Shintoism and Buddh-

ism, let him come hither and wander among these temples, so thickly set along the mountain-side and shaded by oaks and cedars, observing the shaven-pated priests, looking upon the vast wooden wings of Dai Butsu, the many gorgeous torii, the magnificent bells, the numerous rows of gods in the temples, watching those who come to pay their votive offerings and bow in prayer, and he will discover that if these religions did once have great power over minds and hearts, they have lost their grip now and have become nearly lifeless. Because of spiritual hunger, countenances are downcast and hearts are distressed.

As we walk through the city we are pleased with the regularity of its streets, though they are but a few feet wide. As we look into the simple homes we find them chairless and bedless; still the occupants seem content with their rice, fish, and harmless knick-knacks. If wages are low, most of the people have busy hands.

Kioto is the Florence of Japan. Here are rude studios, where exquisite works in bronze, stone, and on silk are being wrought. Curious pictures of storks, chrysanthemums, irises, lotuses, peonies, bamboos, cherry-blossoms, grasshoppers, and butterflies, with many other things, are to be seen painted on silk or paper hanging on the walls, or worked into gold, silver, or bronze standing on the counters.

The Japanese are born with a fondness for beauty and gracefulness. This is certain to be expressed in some shape in the poorest homes.

Kiotoans perhaps excel in the inlaid bronzes, or bronzes with reliefs in silver and gold. But their rep-

resentations of human forms are likely to be far from the real.

When there are so many pretty and beautiful things, how one naturally longs to make presents to the dear ones far away. But the lack of money, the custom-houses, and the trouble of carriage are certain to thwart and disappoint. Still it is a joy to see the charming objects.

Usually near the palace is the hut and also the prison; so in this city, as well as in others, are jails and prisons. Most of them are filled with inmates. Still, the prison-birds are not so numerous here as in countries where alcohol is freely drunk. The Japanese laws are quite lenient as to children and the aged who have committed crime, but are severe in penalties for others. There are ten degrees of punishment which may receive from ten to one hundred days' imprisonment, and ten others which receive from one year of penal service to that of a lifetime. The trials are not public, but consist of a series of private examinations of the accused, and the witnesses for and against the arraigned.

Wilful murder is punished with death, whether it be that of an infant or of an adult. The punishment for common robbery is imprisonment for life. Lovers in the act of committing suicide are put to hard labor in prison for ten years. Dealing in opium is forbidden, under pain of being beheaded; and those inciting others to use it are liable to be hanged. Gambling is not allowed, and those who indulge in it find it difficult to escape a term of imprisonment.

The present judicial system is not giving satisfaction to the Government. The movements of the age require reform in modes of trial, punishment, and prison discipline.

To the rear of the temples along the hillsides are cemeteries of striking contrast. Some of them are in good order, with headstones erect, and graves decked with flowers; while others are neglected, the gateways gone, and the mounds unmarked. They are densely shaded with evergreens. Those frequently visited are usually supplied with a shrine for worship and vases for flowers. Here, as well as elsewhere in the land, the burying-grounds are dilapidated. Is not this likely to be the case when the religion is on the decline? The torii that mark the resting-places of birds, and the stone lanterns too, were most of them erected centuries ago. As the religious hope has waned, so has the care for the " cities of the dead."

Some twelve years ago there came from New England a Christian scholar who, in connection with a native teacher that had been educated in our country, opened a school in this city. Persecution threatened his life at first, but he worked on, holding fast to the unfailing Hand. Students multiplied and were ennobled in life and thought. The people at large by and by could but see that a worthy institution was rising in their midst which would prove to be a guiding beacon to their city. Expressed opposition was withdrawn erelong, and the school developed into a college; and now there are in it more than two hundred students, with a corps of seven able professors, who are

training the students to go forth to teach and live Christianity. The school made way for a church that now owns a fine edifice, and has been instrumental in planting in different parts of the city other church branches. It has also called forth a prosperous girls' school and a flourishing boys' school. Still more than this, it has brought into existence a large hospital, a training institution for nurses, and an elegant library building which is being fast supplied with books. At the dedication of the last three buildings the Governor of the district, the Mayor of the city, members of the City Council, and the President of the Native Medical Society participated. So, while these gentlemen have made no profession of Christianity, nevertheless in word and deed they have welcomed it to their country and their city.

Now these buildings are all paid for, and it is believed they will be self-supporting. The Christian mission work in this city from the beginning has been mainly self-supporting.

The students of the college are from different parts of the Empire. Already it has sent forth more than sixty graduates who, as teachers, preachers, and physicians, are spreading Christianity. The college curriculum is quite full, and the professors are determined upon doing thorough work. The institution is favorably situated, being between the Buddhist temples on the north and the palace where the reigning Mikados lived for a thousand years, and where the present Mikado was born.

It is refreshing to meet with such workers in the

Master's cause. A bright day is dawning upon the Sunrise Land when Christianity shall hold sway. It has already so far advanced as to be a certainty in no distant future. Still, no one of experience here feels that it is to come next year or in ten years. But the Christian workers do know that their labors are being appreciated, and that the Government protects them, and does rejoice in their influence to improve the people and the country. It no longer allows any sign-boards to be posted in the city or country proscribing Christianity, as was formerly the case.

Twenty thousand Christian communicants even now are connected with the various missions, and are increasing at the rate of five hundred a month.

The Japanese are an intellectual people, and so have come to ignore Buddhism, and may we not say every religion? For this reason they have fallen into the egregious sins of dishonesty and sensuality, as is so liable to be the case with irreligious and intellectual people. To lift them from this state of depravity will require persistent toil, and time, and work of just the right kind.

Japan is astir with the anticipation of the good time coming in 1890 when she shall have adopted a Constitution, and the people shall virtually rule the land. The Mikado and Cabinet are striving to this end. Education is being made the basis of progress. The different political parties are well organized and equipped with newspapers, clubs, and public representatives, speaking and acting with reference to the goal of 1890. The intelligent masses are reading and thinking, and appear

determined to do the best possible thing for their beloved Japan. Religious liberty is allowed to all. Really the guiding spirit seems to be Christian. Japan hitherto was never making history as at present. This is classic and unique, bespeaking more hope than fear, more good than evil. Let the glad time speedily come, rendering the peasant, merchant, mechanic, artist, and scholar wiser and truly Christian!

The missionary cause has got a strong footing in most of the larger cities. The idea of sect is not being magnified as formerly; for the missionaries learned from experience that their work was impeded whenever and wherever they made sectarianism prominent. So the different denominations are aiming to be known as Christians, rather than as Congregationalists or Methodists or Baptists or Presbyterians. They are wont to speak well of one another, and hold union meetings. This impresses the natives favorably, proving that Christianity signifies a life rather than a name. This method attracts. Only live Christianity, and who can withstand its power or resist its claims? It is the living Christ who is to overcome and subdue the world.

We now return to the sea. The morning is halcyon. Seventy steamers and sailing-vessels are lying in the bay at Kobé. As we move southward, the course winds among islands after islands. Some are large, and others small; some are green, and others barren; some are inhabited, and others desolate. The steamer is obliged to tack this way and that. Surely there is variety in sailing through these waters. The rock is mainly lava and basalt. The climate grows warmer. Before the

day is gone, we realize we are navigating among more than a thousand islands. At times the scenery is exciting; the land is piled up into sharp peaks and abrupt bluffs, solfataras are smoking, and the Gulf Stream from the south brings increasing warmth. We realize more and more that Japan is a country of islands; and it seems stranger than ever that a people so scattered and isolated should cleave together as one nation, and should always remain so united as never to have been conquered by a foreign power. After a voyage of two days and two nights, we are in the harbor of Nagasaki, reminding us of a picturesque Norway fiord, especially that of Christiania. It is landlocked and surrounded by wooded hills of palms, pines, bamboos, and pomegranate trees. The houses stand on side hills, are small in size, made of wood and clay, and furnished with verandas covered with vines and trailing shrubbery. Once it had a population of seventy thousand; but since Kobé and Yokohama have become leading seaports, its population has fallen off one half. This was the first port opened to foreign trade. Its principal shipping now is coal, mined not far from the city.

This harbor reminds one of Scotch lochs, or small bays around the coast of England.

When, in 1542, the three Portuguese were driven to this island and to this city by stress of weather, they must have been delighted, as they looked upon these picturesque lands and were able to make a treaty with this strange people, and so open up trade, making the island known to the Western world. This prepared the way for Francis Xavier to plant a Jesuit mission here

calling into existence churches, hospitals, convents, and schools, which in the course of half a century had a following of four hundred thousand converts. But afterwards prejudice and persecution exterminated these Christian converts, and not till 1854 was this port, and others as well, reopened to the world. Since that event what strides the nation has taken! It appears bound to stand among the highest civilizations. Apparently its resources have but just begun to be developed. But a small proportion of its land has yet been improved, and its wealth of mines is just being opened up. So it is plain to see how its large debt can be removed, how its roads will be improved and multiplied. As the schools advance and the people become more cultivated, the press will be reformed and enabled to do more effectual work.

The Japanese *believe* in the *Japanese*, and are resolved upon preserving their identity and national character. They are not going to sell themselves to another nation. They are bound to lead in their own country. Therefore those missionaries have been the most successful who have worked behind the people and urged them forward as fast as possible.

The greatest obstacles to the introduction of Christianity and Western customs to Japan are: First, the ruling classes are wed to an aristocratic religion, which in fact is altogether political. Though they may not call themselves Shinto-Buddhist, nevertheless, their bias of mind is fixed in that direction, and much time and pains will be required to change it. They accept the Sutras and regard other Bibles as spurious. Second,

they have no Sunday, and it is difficult to call them from their work or play into a church service or a religious meeting once a week; and third, the foreigners from Christian lands who are doing business in the country, as a rule, do not labor in behalf of the Christian cause. The natives, seeing this indifference, are slow to accept what these men refuse. Then, too, some of them so live that the Japanese seeing their fruits say, "If these are Christians, we do not desire to be, for Buddhism is far better than the doctrine they practise."

But the American missionaries are generally respected for their good works. They dwell upon the love of God, and Christ as sent by the Father to save sinners, and illustrate their faith by their daily living. For this reason they have come to be held in highest esteem as Christian educators. Let their numbers be increased as rapidly as possible, and the time cannot be very far off, when Japan will become fully ripe for the reception of Christianity, and her thirty-four millions of sceptics will be induced to follow Him who is "the way and the truth." When this good time shall have arrived, Japan will be a fairer and sublimer land than she is to-day, and beacon-lights will flare out from her thousands of islands, rendering her surely the Light of eastern Asia.

CHAPTER IV.

CHINA.

THE traveller is fortunate who enters the bay of Hong Kong during the evening twilight, as the stars are flashing out and the hills and mountains are becoming lost in the sky. The island of Hong Kong towers aloft, as though bound to have a realm on high. As the steamer glides cautiously into the place of moorage, the light of a thousand gas-jets from the city of Victoria, clinging to the mountain side, throws upon us a resplendent picture, signalling quiet homes in the far-off land of China. In this quiet harbor Somnus proffers pleasant dreams and sweet sleep through the night. As Aurora opens her gates, letting in the golden day, the whole face of Nature is soon radiant with glory. We little thought, while on the opposite side of the globe, that such a resplendent picture could be found in this so-called *flowery land.* It is surprising there should be such a contradiction between the works of Nature and those of man. Really, only poets and lovers of the beautiful ought to be born here.

Going on shore, climbing up stairways, and inspecting public and private houses, we are led to the conclusion that Englishmen have planned and engineered the construction of the city of Victoria. Though there are more Chinamen in it than foreigners, never-

THE FLOWERY PAGODA, CANTON.

theless it savors strongly of Western civilization. The stores, shops, and homes remind us of English cities. The schools and churches are modelled and conducted after European methods. Somehow the Anglo-Saxon blood is sure to win and triumph wherever it goes.

But we must not linger on the coast of a country which far exceeds in area the whole continent of Europe, or one third of Asia, or one tenth of the habitable globe, and which comprises the largest empire that has ever been, with the exception of the Russian.

As the new day is ushered in with the fairest morning, we board a steamer just ready to start for Canton through the bay and up the Pearl River. The bay of Hong Kong is closely shut in by the mainland on the north and by encircling islands on the south. The land surface is lifted into heights and dropped into depressions. However, Oceanus and Phœbus are very propitious just now, though the sharp cliffs and crimpled rocks imply that Vulcan in the past has raged terribly. But to-day we can delight in these physical facts, feeling most grateful to Him who spoke and these wonders sprang into being. As we approach the mouth of the river, the color of the water is in striking contrast to the deep blue of the ocean. On leaving the bay we are reminded of the Danube as it enters the Black Sea, being broad and deep; farther on we can but think of the Tiber, because of the yellowness of the water; or of the Nile at Cairo, from its size; or of the Hudson, because of the hills and picturesque scenery. As the steamer ploughs onward and the shores close in, we are reminded of the Rhine minus the castles. We

are about three hundred miles from the equator, and are consequently in a tropical clime, where the sun varies but slightly in rising and setting at six o'clock the year round. The shores in places are lined with palm and banana trees. Sampans and junks dot the river as thick as the stars the sky in the clearest night. The natives in these are sifting the river with nets for fish. They are adepts at this business. They seem to think that what they do not know as to the best methods of getting fish out of the water is not worth knowing. Some of them fish in the night as well as the day. In the darkness they frequently dispense with their nets, stationing a bright light in a boat, and then at some distance from it they play round in other boats, threshing the water with paddles and bamboo-rods, frightening the fish, causing them to rush towards the light and to leap into the boat containing it. The current of the river is strong. Occasionally we spy little villages nestled among the rocks along the shore. The hills and swelling lands in the distance are mostly shorn of grass and trees.

Some thirty miles up the river, we see the hulk of a steamer which but a short time ago was burned, with five hundred Chinese. Strange that in waters no deeper or broader such a catastrophe should occur; but a people who are fatalists are prone to greatest mistakes in case of emergencies.

The scenery now becomes softer, the meadows stretch far away, and tropical fruits are abundant. Nature has done her part to render this region most inviting. The immigrants who first selected it for a dwelling-place

showed a wise choice. This diversity and enchantment of scenery ought to have been prolific in bringing forth poets and sages.

When within four miles of Canton the steamer runs aground. The tide is out, and the captain says his boat will be delayed for hours, waiting for the rise of waters. It is but a few moments before the sampans are as thick around the steamer as hacks about the Great Western Station of London when the train has just arrived. Their managers are bidding fast for passengers to ride up town. Soon bargains are struck, and into sampans all are loaded. The travellers belonging to the country have their beds with them. They know this is the only way to secure wholesome lodgings. Our boat is made of three wide boards, narrowed at the ends and bent together, and so fastened as to be water-tight. It has a covering of palmleaf over the centre to screen passengers from the sunlight. In the bow are two men and two small boys with long oars in hand; in the stern there are three women, — one, perhaps, eighty years old, another forty, and another eighteen, — who are working back and forth with a chug a sculling-oar. They are obliged to struggle with their might to push the boat up stream. It is too bad for that aged woman to strain as she does. Only think of it! This boat is the home of this family. It comprises all their possessions. In it children are born and the sick die.

In the course of an hour after leaving the steamer, we are nearing the only hotel in the city where Western travellers can be accommodated. Now the river is swarming with sampans. We have heard it stated that

a fourth of a million of people in this city alone dwell in them. We cannot now for a moment doubt it, for the river here is a hundred rods wide, and brimful of these dirty, greasy things, as far up the stream as we can see. The aristocracy of this boat population live in junks which are usually large enough to carry thirty or forty tons' burden. Frequently we pass fancy-looking crafts; these are called "flower-boats," and display brightest colors to allure the unwary within. Whited sepulchres surely they are! So here, as well as in London or New York, the devil indulges in bright colors.

As we are landed at the wharf in front of the hotel, we pass through a long basement passage and ascend a flight of creaking stairs, and behold! we are in the principal hotel of the largest city in China. Well, as inspection goes on, it does not remind one of the Parker House in Boston, nor the Palace in San Francisco. It appears as though we had got into a barn for drying tobacco. But something answering to rooms is decided on, baggage is disposed of, and now we are ready for more sights. This city of more than a million and a half of people is divided by the river, but the larger part is on the opposite side of the river from the hotel. For the remainder of the day we will wander about in the western portion. A guide is secured, for it is not safe for strangers to attempt to thread these labyrinthine streets without a guide. As we go forth into the principal street, we observe it is not more than six feet wide, and overtopped with buildings from two to four stories high, constructed of brick and mud. Verily, the Chinaman here is down in the dirt and smeared with

filth. He is dickering in knick-knacks and selling oranges, peanuts, and sweetmeats. We soon come to a rice-mill; let us step into it and see how they grind. Just see those long, naked, bow-legged fellows! They constitute the motive power. Four bowls of stone are set in the floor, each of which will hold half a bushel. These are nearly filled with rice, and over them are suspended large wooden mallets with long reaches, or handles. Now these grinders pull down on the short arm of the lever, lifting the head of the mallet three or four feet, and then letting it drop upon the grain, and thus they pound out the staff of Chinese life. To them the world has not stirred since Noah left the ark.

We next enter a coffin-shop, where some carpenters are pulling the saw and the plane toward themselves instead of pushing same from them. They are hollowing out thick hard-wood slabs, so that four of them fitted and put together will not only be strong, but roomy and air-tight. The coffin for an average-sized man, when done, resembles the trunk of a tree seven feet long and a foot and a half through. For the ordinary person it is left the natural color of the wood, but for the higher classes it is stained black and ornamented with gold and vermilion. The Chinese believe in straight caskets for the dead, that they may not return to the earth crooked.

Hosts of children crowd about strangers. They are neither comely nor polite, as in Japan. As you inspect them, you feel that it would be a great charity to take them to the river and give them a drenching and scrubbing.

Before long we arrive at the temple of Honam, which is said to be the finest in the land. We are a little too late to hear the priests in their intoning service. The audience, which consisted of a few poor wretches from the outside world and half-a-dozen priests, who belong to the temple, and who take part in beating the drum, rattling the gong, and drawling out prayers, is just leaving the auditorium. They do not appear as if they had been engaged in any very devout worship. The doves and spiders have undisturbed liberty in this temple. The images of Buddha look as though they had been made before man had any knowledge of art.

Leaving these shrines and dead gods, our attention is called to some religious hogs which are kept to do honor to Buddha; but we cannot discover that they are a bit superior to other swine. We now pass into a beautiful garden where flowers and plants thrive, whose leafage is trained into shapes of birds and beasts. On one side is a columbarium such as once existed in old Memphis or Pompeii, which holds the calcined bones of a multitude of priests that they may become purified. Nature is a beneficent agent, and has great pity for dirty humanity.

The shadows begin to fall, and we bid the guide take us back to the hotel. We cannot take a straight course if we would. The alleys, or roads, are more tortuous than the course of the Meander River. But the hotel is reached in safety. Here, in spite of rats and mosquitoes, night gives repose and recuperation. In the morning, breakfast eaten, lunch put up, guide ready, a sampan is secured, and we cross the river. Two

girls are the propellers. The dwellers in the boats are all astir. Most of them are dexterously applying the chopsticks. Rice and fish constitute their breakfast, dinner, and supper. We are rowed to the island where the English-speaking citizens are quartered. Here are inviting lawns and groves; turtledoves are cooing, and sweet-toned birds are singing. Dandelions are spotting the grass with gold. Here the foreign ministers and consuls reside. A short visit is paid to the American Legate, hoping to find letters to gladden the expectant heart. But after a brief and kindly interview, his office is left, the heart struggling to feel that no news is good news; but the adage is pronounced false, and hurled to the wind.

To know this city we must wander around and through it. It has a wall nine miles in extent round a portion of it, made of brick and from twelve to thirty feet high. As many dwell outside as within the walls. To make this trip in the quickest and easiest manner, let us take a sedan, which is the only vehicle that can pass through these narrow and incommodious streets. The sedans are selected, and three coolies for each sedan. Of course we take open sedans, and being seated and lifted upon the shoulders of the nearly naked carriers, off we ride to the Temple of Longevity, through streets not more than six feet wide, but brimful of fishmongers, roving swine, lounging dogs, dirty cobblers, and moving throngs of Cantonians. In fifteen minutes the temple is reached. After inspecting it somewhat closely, we know this is a farce, and decide that our longevity depends upon leaving it as soon as possible.

Now we proceed through no wider streets. Our coolies keep crying out at the top of their voices, and we wonder what they say, but conclude after a little meditation that they are bidding the crowds "get out of the way, for the stage is coming." Just at this point we meet a long line of bonnetless women who are walking very slowly. We see they are tottling and swinging about, as though gravitation were playing tricks with them. These are some of the tiny-footed women, whose feet are not one bit larger than those of a child four years old. The better class of men show special regard to them, but they hobble along as though they found this a hard way to appear charming to the male sex. For three hundred years, it is reported, the women of style have been doing this very thing in imitation of a club-footed queen that ruled over the Empire and was held in highest esteem; and so ever since her death the women of China have been determined on being club-footed. The best we can say of them is, they show a deal of grit to endure such torturing. But how is this condition brought about? By bending the toes of the infant under the sole of the foot and swathing them there till they grow together and adhere. The Manchu women do not suffer their feet to be compressed.

Soon our coolies drop us again right in the street, because there is no other place to unload, and we are obliged to scramble to prevent being run over. Our guide says, "Right in here to see the ox-mill;" and behold, it is a busy place, where twenty oxen are walking round sweeps, turning seventy stones and grinding out

wheat and rice. This is the climax of milling in this country, and the natives speak of it with as much pride as Corliss could of his magnificent engine.

Our next search is for the Flowery Pagoda. The name, at least, is pleasing. The streets are both rough and smooth, being paved with flat stones and cobbles. We rejoice that our coolies are sure-footed, especially when we are on their backs. Soon the cry is, "Here it is!" and down we go, and through a gate we pass, and with us more than forty boys. Now a priest steps in front of us, who looks as though he had been just dug from some ancient graveyard. He leads us round and round till the head begins to swim, and finally points up, and we can but exclaim, "Is *that* the Flowery Pagoda?" Why not call it by the right name? For it is nothing but a faded, dilapidated, old five-story tower that ought to have been burned a hundred years ago. A piece of silver is dropped into the hand of the old bonze, and away we go.

In the course of ten minutes, as we move on, we come to something real; it is a funeral procession. Two men are ahead, each bearing a huge Chinese lantern inscribed with the name of the family of the deceased; then follow two men with large gongs, which are beaten at intervals to give warning of what is approaching; then come musicians, who blow furiously while the wind holds out; close upon these is a man with a flag, accompanied by one who scatters every now and then bits of paper, supposed to represent silver and gold which will serve as passage-money to the deceased in the next world; then comes the empty sedan; after

this the son of the deceased; then the bier with the dead, on the shoulders of four bearers; and lastly, some twenty mourners. These appear as though their hearts were stricken. They are going outside of the city for burial. The dead must be buried outside of the city, according to the custom, and the body entombed at just such a point of the compass; and when deposited with precision, a quantity of mock money is burned close by to satisfy the demands of the departed. When this is done the mourners return to their homes.

We now hasten to the temple of Confucius, the only one in the city. Coming to the wall about it, we find the gate locked. The custodian is hunted up, who proves to be a woman with a large head and little feet. How she waddles and hobbles along! The gate is opened, and as we walk through the yard, the temple and surroundings appear neglected. The building is not spacious or handsome. Passing within, we find the auditorium without seats or furniture. In the centre there is a large wooden statue of the great deist and moralist. Should he behold this image, he could not feel flattered. This temple is seldom visited, and is less often used for religious purposes. Confucianism has seen its brightest day in this land.

We next come to the North Gate of the city; climbing to the top, we ascend still higher to the fifth story of a pagoda, where we have a fine outlook over the city and its environments. To the north is the White Clouded Hill, whose area is immense. No one can tell how many have been buried in that Silent City.

The graves of the poor are unmarked, but the ashes of mandarins and of the nobility rest in semicircular tombs. The poor man is soon forgotten here, and the poor woman still sooner.

Having surveyed the landscape and partaken of our tiffin, our steps are downward and downward for fifteen hundred feet, when we are again mounted upon the shoulders of the coolies, and away we move to the temple of the Five Hundred Genii. As the great door opens and we step within, surely before us there is a tremendous array of adipose bodies and fat red faces. In the centre of these portly fellows are three monstrous Buddhas, in a sitting posture and precisely alike. The guide points to one image, saying "Marco Paulo;" and others say it was intended to represent the sainted Xavier, who once nobly wrought here in behalf of Christianity.

After this we are taken to the place of the Holy Pigs, Ducks, and Fowls. One can have no disposition to linger here, unless he is a Chinaman. The filth and odors beggar description.

Hurrying on we soon hear an excruciating noise, and ask what that means. "Oh," the guide says, "that is a school;" and so into it we pass. The room is dark and horribly dismal. In it are twenty-five boys, from seven to twelve years of age. They are studying aloud just as hard as they can; they are doing it so powerfully as to turn their yellow faces red. They are studying the elementary classics of Confucius. The teacher is sitting in front of the boys, as stolid as a stone. He pays no attention to his visitors. We are

not disposed to endure this bedlam very long. If yelling will purchase knowledge, this school will become masterly wise.

Our guide says there is one other place of striking interest which we must not fail to visit. So we are hurried on till the Execution Grounds are reached. Here, we are told, three hundred criminals are yearly beheaded, and their heads are hung up on those stakes and pins to gratify the crowds that flock to witness these popular scenes. Another place which has strong attractions for the natives is the bastinado court, where the bamboo is applied to the backs of those given to petty crimes. It would seem that cruelty supplants mercy among the Chinese. Still they are not a warlike people, but they are strange; verily, they are Chinese from head to foot.

As we return to the river and inspect the vast population jostling up and down on the waves, we should not infer, from the prevalence of dirt, that they lived near the water. As we observe them at their meals, their equipment at the table consists of a cup, a bowl, chopsticks, and an iron pan for cooking the rice, fish, and cabbage, all in one mess. The children in the boats are mostly nude, and the men and women are clad in trousers and loose frocks.

As you study this people on shore or river, finding them in many respects so homogeneous, you can but ask where they originated. Listen to their answer, and they will try to convince you, from ancient inscriptions and odes, that they are the natural production of China. But recent investigations and ethnological

developments show that they belong to the yellow Turanian stock, and so came originally from the country south of the Caspian Sea. Their history goes back nearly three thousand years, representing them as being early acquainted with astronomy, agriculture, and various arts. It does not speak of them as advancing from a rude state, but pictures them as in a civilized condition to start with. This certainly implies that they had had training somewhere before they came to this land.

They are loosely built physically. The men are somewhat under the medium size. Their heads will average as large as the European, but their temperament tends to grossness. Their skin is the color of parchment. Their heads are rather flat; their cheek-bones high, and their eyes dark and set obliquely. They shave their heads, with the exception of a patch on the crown which furnishes the hair for the conspicuous queue. Though the queue was forced upon them through a conquest as late as 1635, and they realize that it is a troublesome appendage, nevertheless they dare not dispense with it. The women are small, having broad faces, stunted noses, and linear eyes. Their hair is combed straight back, and put into fantastic shapes upon the back of the head. The Manchu women do not indulge in the fashion of compressing their feet.

The government of this people is patriarchal, and always has been. In their national life there have been many changes in the patriarchal line. So at the present the common belief is that there must be a revolution as often as every two hundred years. The country has been subject to good and bad rulers. It is a fact that

much cruelty has been woven into the Chinese character. In the home the husband and father holds supreme authority. He must be first served at the table, and, if well-to-do, he must lie on a bed, while his wife and child sleep on the floor. The Chinese are not tender in their feelings, as is made manifest by their gruff and harsh voices; even the intoning of prayers by the priest is like the grating of a saw.

Would you know of their mercantile ability? Go into the main streets of a great city and you will find stores made of brick and roofed with tiling, two and three stories high; enter these and you will behold vast shelves of silks for sale. The merchants move slowly but surely. They are glad to serve you, and as a rule they have but one price for their goods. In making change, they pride themselves on being correct and honest. They are experts in manufacturing silks.

Next enter a lacquer-ware establishment, and in the front room you will meet with beautiful wares. Here they handle their goods with care, and extol them as the best made. To prove this they will wish you to go into a room in the rear of the store where you can see them manufacturing the genuine article.

From this store pass to an ivory shop, and here you will meet with all sorts of curious articles; and as you examine them, you will be ready to admit that the Chinese are geniuses.

In another quarter you come to dry-goods stores, which are numerous and small. The cotton tunic here has been donned instead of the silk. The traders are bare-armed and barefooted, and more active than those

you have seen. For miles and miles in Canton the streets are lined with these diminutive stores. You can but marvel how it is possible for merchants to live and grow old, when so packed together.

But what do these people eat? Inspect the meat-markets, and you will seldom see any beef; but slaughtered sheep, hogs, dogs, pigs, cats, and the like abound. In the fruit-market you will find grapes, oranges, prunellos, loquats, lemons, persimmons, tomatoes, radishes, onions, beans, peas, Irish and sweet potatoes. In the monger-stalls are a great variety of large and small fish. But, as already stated, the staple article here is rice, which is abundant and cheap. Wheat flour is used to some extent. Perhaps the most common article in the cuisine of this people is dirt. They cannot live long before they have disposed of their peck.

China is the most populous country in the world. Though the land, susceptible of improvement, is generally cultivated, still not enough is raised to support the people. The poor are beyond computation.

It is said that there are forty-four hundred walled cities in the land and as many thousand hamlets. Still, they do not build for the ages. Let one be absent from the country for ten years and then return, and he would scarcely know it. However, in spite of this transitoriness, the nation survives, but does not advance. It builds its houses, tills its soil, weaves its silk, cooks its food, as it did centuries ago. It is satisfied with its present condition, rejecting modern improvements.

The Chinese delight in boasting of what they have

done. They refer with pride to the great emperor, Shu-Hoang-Ti, who expelled the Moguls from the country and caused the Great Wall to be built two thousand years ago, extending fifteen hundred miles over the mountains. It is estimated that stones enough were put into this work to make a wall twice round the globe, six feet high, and two feet thick. They refer with pleasure to their canal, which extended two thousand miles, and was completed five hundred years ago. They claim to have printed with movable type and to have used the magnetic needle before the Christian era.

The Chinese date the commencement of their Empire forty-one thousand years before Christ, and mention philosophers and heroes who lived twenty-seven hundred years ago. They claim that America was visited in prehistoric times by explorers from their country. If this be true, it is plain they have lost ground; for it is reported that now not more than one man out of a hundred, and one woman out of a thousand, can read and write. In mental culture they are surely retrograding. When America was discovered by Columbus, they were studying astronomy and printing with block type. They were then, as now, an exclusive people. They would permit no stranger to land on their soil. They imagined that they had received universal wisdom from Confucius, whose writings, reduced to a kind of ancestral religion, they felt to be sufficient for all intellectual demands. They still cherish this idea, and so are anxious that their boys shall become adepts in the wisdom of their great sage. Though there is not a public school in the Empire, as we understand it, still they have schools in every city

and hamlet, sustained by subscription. As soon as the boy is born, his parents begin to plan his education. On his first birthday he is placed in a sieve, surrounded by money-scales, a pair of shears, a measure, a mirror, a pencil, ink, paper, an abacus and books, and then eagerly watched to see which he is inclined to take first. If he takes the scales, the pencil, or the measure, the parents are delighted, feeling this is an assurance that he will master the wisdom of Confucius, and experience a bright future. At six he is put into school, and there is kept till fourteen years of age. From six to eight hours daily he is drilled forty-five weeks annually in the first three classics, which are written in verse. As the Chinese language has no alphabet but four hundred and fifty symbols, which represent fifty thousand different meanings, he is required to learn characters and sounds first, or rather it is sound and memorizing altogether. The schoolrooms are noisy places. The pupils are inclined to be orderly; however, in every school the ruler and rattan have a conspicuous place. If these are applied, it is to teach filial obedience, as Confucius commanded. Let a boy be disrespectful to his father or teacher, and he must be punished with eight strokes of the rattan over his head, but for petty faults the ruler is applied to the palm of the hand.

If the boy is successful in mastering the classics written in sentences of three characters, then he takes up the thousand-character classics; then follow in order the odes, the high learning, the golden medium, the sayings of Mencius, the book of history, spring, autumn,

books of odes, and book of rites. These do not treat of grammar, mathematics, or science, and only in part of history; the rest concerns divination and the sayings of Confucius.

The boy's object is to become fitted as soon as possible to try his success in the competitive examinations which take place yearly in different districts. If he belongs to Canton, he will try his luck there, where ten thousand competitors enter the contest for one of ninety chances to secure a State appointment to some office.

Look into the grounds at Canton and see the arrangements for this time-honored custom, consisting of an area of some four or five acres, in the heart of the city, enclosed with a high wall of sunburnt brick. In the centre is the Examination Hall, not a spacious or beautiful structure. On the sides of the grounds are rows of brick stalls, each about three feet wide, five deep, and six high, open to the south, furnished with a board-seat and table. At the trial each student is assigned a stall, which he must not leave, under penalty, for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, according to the allotted task. Here he is required to write an ode or an essay, patterned after Confucius.

At a given signal the papers are collected, marked only with the number of the stall. After these have been looked over and assorted, the numbers of the successful are called and publicly crowned with honors, and often are feasted at public expense.

These graduates have the privilege of going on in the Confucian classics, and at appointed periods make three more trials in competitive examinations at Pekin for a

few possible degrees, or chances to be elected to high positions whenever vacancies shall occur.

But after the climax is reached, what do the young men really know? If they have become classic bookworms of Confucius, they have not gained any practical common-sense. They have never read any but Chinese books. Their minds have been forced into one unyielding mould, as much so as the feet of the Mandarin women. So this culture serves to keep them unchanged. The present generation is bound to do just as their ancestors did. The medicine the fathers took, they are going to take, kill or cure. The sons are no wiser than their sires. They are reading the same books and travelling the same mental road, but do not keep it in repair: it is no longer fringed with flowers, but hedged with jungle. Intellectual darkness is gradually settling upon this people, once famous for their learning. However, there are hopeful signs, resulting from foreign settlements in a few places, from missionary enterprises, and particularly from the establishment of the Tung-wen College at Pekin. This institution has been in operation six years, and has won popular favor in the capital of the Empire. As the Chinese are educated in it, becoming acquainted with science, philosophy, and literature, they break away from the *old* and lay hold of the *new*. Stimulate mind with thought and freedom, and it is certain to advance into more life and light.

The large number of temples and joss-houses imply that the Chinese are decidedly a religious people. Their feast-days are many, but are at present more

devoted to sport and jollity than to seriousness and worship. But what is their religion? Judging from the greater number of their temples, you would infer the masses must be Buddhists. Still you seldom find them disclosing themselves as such. Perhaps, if they have been passing through fiery ordeals they will be seen going to Buddhist shrines; or if they have some doubtful project in view and do not feel equal to the emergency, they may seek some temple for aid; yet, if it is not granted in due time, by their maledictions you would not judge them very near the kingdom of heaven.

At feast periods they frequently bear immense quantities of food to the altars of certain gods; but this seems to be done because they are aware the gods will consume none of it and they will have enough to satisfy their hunger for some time.

Enter the temple of the Genii at Canton and you will be greeted by close-shaven-pated priests who will lead you round among a mass of rubbish and finally present you to an enormous image of Buddha, and then you will be entreated for money with which to purchase joss-sticks to be consumed in honor of the prophet; or pass into the temple of the Five Hundred Wise Men, and, lo, you will behold five hundred sitting figures, representing the heroes of the land. If these are true to life, what a manifestation of adipose, what chops, what tigers' eyes, what greasy fellows! The offscouring of the earth would be handsome beside them. Here, as the climax of their statuary, are three monstrous representations of Buddha. Before these, poor wretches coming in for a moment bow with vacant

stare and then dodge out. This, they feel, is paying full honor to their god. The place itself is dirty, and hung with cobwebs.

If Buddhism ever had any spiritual life here, it appears to have lost it. Of course, it must have excited enthusiasm in the past, or else its almost countless temples never would have been built. However, but few are being constructed at present. The better informed are slow to own that they are Buddhists; nevertheless, they are fond of repeating the legend of Buddha's origin, telling how two lumps of clay were mixed with blood and placed in a jar, and in an hour a man and woman came forth who soon begot Gautama in India. In his childhood he was taught the Sanscrit language and the "Sixty-four Books of the Immortals." One day in early manhood, as he was sitting under a banyan-tree, great light was thrown upon him and he became the Buddha.

The sixth century before Christ was remarkable for producing sages who exercised great influence over the minds and religions of men. Pythagoras appeared in Greece, Zoroaster in Persia, Buddha in India, and Taotsze and Confucius in China.

The leading factor in Taotsze's doctrine was that everything has its spiritual counterpart in this and the next world; for this reason its chief service consisted in making offerings to the sainted, who would be delighted if they were properly made, or offended if they were neglected or improperly done.

Tao had a large following, and at present the Taoist priests outnumber in China all others. Their gods are

manifold. Like ancient Greece, the nooks of the land are peopled with divinities. Taoists describe the next world as the shadow of this; *real* bodies are here, and *ghosts* there. The priests of this sect now are mere fortune-tellers or jugglers. If trouble has come upon a Taoist, he sends without delay for a priest, who responds at once to the call, feeling he must drive from the sick or harassed man an evil spirit. So the priest grapples the demon; and if successful in mastering him, the sick or unfortunate one is restored; otherwise the evil spirit has him for his own. If one dies without having any such assistance, the priest rings a bell over the corpse, puts a piece of money in his mouth, and, like Charon, tries to take the dead across the Black River to the mystic shore. Taoism has degenerated into the grossest materialism and foolery.

Another religion that is met with here is Confucianism. Tradition says that in the first century some wise men of this country, having heard of the wondrous life of Christ, started for the far West to gain particulars of it, and on their way chanced to learn of Confucius, and took him to be the Christ, and imbibing his views, returned to introduce his doctrines among the people. They were gladly accepted by many. The Emperor and high officials were among the number, and the rulers have continued to be the followers of Confucius. The most magnificent temple in the Empire is the Kwotazekien at Pekin, which the present Emperor enters twice a year in state, and having twice knelt and six times bowed his head to the earth, invokes the

sage in these words: "Great art thou, O perfect Sage! Thy virtue is full, thy doctrine complete. Among mortal men there has not been thy equal! All kings honor thee! Thou art the pattern of this Imperial School. Full of awe, we sound our drums and bells to thee!"

On the same day in the spring and autumn the officials in every city of the land are expected to go to their temples and worship the great sage.

Confucius never denied the existence of God; still he did not vouch for him. His concern was for man, believing that he comes into this world so good and gifted that if he should do his best in the way of improvement, he would become "the equal of Heaven." He felt that man had innate powers by the right use of which he would reach the highest perfection. The pet idea or corner-stone of his doctrine is "Filial Piety," which means reverence to your human superiors. So this begins and ends with man; the highest being the most revered or adored. Accordingly, Confucius would be the one to be especially worshipped. Converse with those claiming to be his followers, and you will soon learn that they regard him as the wisest man that ever lived; and so what he said and sanctioned are alone worthy to be received and cherished.

So the Chinese of to-day are no more religious than were the Chinese of old. In fact, they have lost ground. Now it is religion with them to visit the tomb of Confucius at Kewfoo, or to gaze at a pagoda built to cover a bone or a hair of Buddha, or to perform a magical trick, or to throw a copper into the coffer of the

temple, or to hurl a paper gewgaw masticated into pulp at the face of a deity. The Chinese use their religion much as the diver does his bell, to venture into the depths of worldliness with safety, and then grope after sensual pearls. Their religion is a deal like their lanterns; when spread out they appear to be immense, but compress them and they collapse into insignificance.

The Chinese are an agricultural people, and seem to delight in working the soil, which is generally productive. In the south they take two and three crops from the ground each year, but in the north usually but one. Their beasts of burden are the buffalo ox, the pony, and donkey. Seldom are flocks or herds seen in the fields, or farmhouses scattered through the country. It is the nature of the Chinese to dwell in communities, for they are very social. When they meet one another, they fail not to give a kindly greeting; however, they shake their own hand, never that of another. They marry early; and it is understood that every man must have one son, either his own or one by adoption. They rejoice when a son is born, and are apt to lament at the birth of daughters. Their common amusement is gambling and cock-fighting. They have been much given to war. The present reigning dynasty is said to be the twenty-sixth of the Manchu origin, and was established in 1649. They claim to have a standing army of seven hundred thousand men, a navy of thirty-eight vessels, and a war-footing of one million two hundred thousand soldiers. In spite of such statements they are not well prepared for war. They are greatly behind the times as to firearms and

martial ordinances. They have little faith in modern improvements. Railroads are a terror to them, and opium swoons are their highest joy. It does seem too bad that one of the richest countries of the earth should be held by such bands of ignorance. The ruby and jasper and emerald and gold and silver and iron and coal and rosewood and camphor and ebony and ivory and cocoanut and pineapple and bamboo and rice and wheat, all imply that China should be one of the fairest and most civilized lands of the globe. But it is far otherwise, in spite of all that has been done by missionary effort, foreign instruction, or commercial intercourse.

CHAPTER V.

SINGAPORE AND CEYLON.

THE steamer "Preussen" has had a fine run from Hong Kong. The Chinese Sea has been exceedingly propitious during the past three days and a half; and as the steamer swings up to the wharf of Singapore all hearts are delighted, and glad to have the opportunity of going on shore to revel among the luxuries of this tropical clime. The port, or bay, of this city is exceedingly inviting. It is well protected by islands on the south and west. The lands rise into mountains, green with palms and bamboo trees. Now is the winter season, and showers are so frequent as to make vegetation smile in richest beauty.

As anchors are being dropped and the ship strongly moored, the passengers are amused and surprised at the Indian boys who come around the steamer in their canoes ready to dive or plunge into the sea for five or ten-cent bits, as they are thrown into the water. Seldom, if ever, do they come to the surface without bringing the piece of money cast into the sea. To say the least, it pays to spend some money in this way, if for nothing else than to discover what practice has done for these fellows. As they come up from the deep, their black skins glisten, the whites of their eyes are so strikingly

white, and their lips are so ruby, we pronounce them handsome. Then, as they stand in their boats at times, we admire their fine forms. These fellows in this way in the course of twenty minutes earn several dollars, and prove themselves experts in the water.

As we go on shore, we find the coolies and Indian men numerous and busy. Many of them have their little oxen in a long, straight yoke, fastened with ropes to the necks and hitched to a cart with big wheels. The driver goes between his cattle when moving off, and if the load is not properly balanced, he rides upon the tongue to balance it. The cattle are small, with humps just forward of the shoulders. They seem to work very kindly, and appear in good condition. The driver's whip is light, and seldom applied. He makes no noise in teaming. These natives are mostly naked, having on simply a strip of drilling about their loins. They are quite slim and tall, — really good-looking and graceful in movement.

The hacks, too, are numerous. This is something new in these Eastern lands. In Japan the carriage in general use is the jinrikisha; in China it is the sedan; but here, as in Paris or Boston, the hacks are on every hand. But the horses are ponies, though of a larger variety than the Shetland. These little horses are fleet and strong, and many of them are very handsome. The drivers are mostly coolies, and dressed with trousers, a loose tunic, and a turban of various bright colors. They are jolly chaps, most of them, with glistening eyes and pearly white teeth. They are sharp in driving bargains, and will get the better of you, if they can, every

time. Hackmen are known not so far from America, who are similarly inclined.

The city of Singapore is three miles from the port, connected with it by tramway. The road is smooth, and lined with abundant vegetation. The highway is filled with teams bearing burdens to and fro from the storehouses and vessels. This city of a hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants has grown up mostly since our war. It is true there was a village here as long ago as 1850. When Major Studer, our consul, came here twenty years ago, where the best part of the city stands, it was all a jungle, — the habitation of monkeys, wild beasts, and huge serpents. Now it has already become one of the most important seaports of the great East.

The island on which it stands is Malacca, twenty miles long and fourteen wide, separated by narrow straits from the productive island of Sumatra. It is an independent settlement, with a total population of some four hundred and fifty thousand, composed of Malays, Indians, and Chinese. In fact, it is one of England's possessions. Many English, German, and other Western foreigners are settled here, carrying on the commerce. The houses are mostly bungalows, presenting a fantastic appearance; still, there are many fine residences and inviting homes, reminding the Westerner of England and the United States.

The public buildings are truly English. The court-house, town-hall, post-office, and custom-house are substantial and beautiful. The commercial square looks out upon the sea, and is adorned with a stately statue.

The Buddhist temple and the mosque of Mohammed are here.

The stores of the natives are disorderly inside and outside, and the merchants act as though they had not yet learned the meaning of civilization. Barbers are doing their shaving on the sidewalks, and some of the women are washing their dishes and clothes in the ditches. Here we see what we have not seen elsewhere, — travelling restaurants. As we inspect them, we have no desire to taste or eat. As we are passing we see blacksmiths hard at work, tinsmiths soldering, cobblers drawing the wax-end, carpenters pushing the plane, tailors cutting and sewing, women spinning and weaving, policemen (white and black) patrolling the streets. You see merchants here from all the countries of the East. As a rule, the different nationalities are exceedingly clannish. There may be a necessity for this which does not appear on the face of things. However, this exclusiveness is almost certain to breed jealousies. Class ideas and feelings can never level up society; they pull in the wrong direction. This expressed itself in the police court, as we witnessed the examination of some sixty men, women, and boys, who had been arraigned within the last twenty-four hours, and most of them for petty violations of law: the larger number had been thieving; some had been driving fast, some indulging in sensuality; but not one was before the tribunal for drunkenness. During the examination the court-room was filled with visitors. As cases were heard and sentences and fines declared, it was plain that there is a disposition on the

part of those in authority to crowd upon the lower classes. The way things are done, tells. If the spirit is right, the rich and poor will be fairly dealt with, and the final results will prove satisfactory.

In the suburbs of the city and even miles out there are villas beautifully situated on hills and embowered in vines and trees. In places, as we are riding along, the atmosphere is laden with sweetest perfumes. The birds, too, are pouring out their sweetest strains. The plumage of some of these songsters is brilliant. Little monkeys are skipping about on every hand. The fruits are just in their prime; the cocoanuts, dates, bread-fruit, and oranges are hanging ripe in the top of trees. Tea and coffee plants are in blossom. Two miles from the city is a botanical garden. The grounds are handsomely laid out with roads and lawns. The plants in the conservatory are almost countless. The variety of ferns is very full, and many of them exquisitely fine. The garden has a great variety of surface, and is well furnished with water. In one of the lakes the Victoria lily is in full blossom, and several lotuses are in bloom. The tropical plants cannot help flourishing here, for as it is only eighty miles from the equator and close by the sea, its temperature is very even the year round. Here is a banyan-tree twenty feet in diameter through its trunk, but this is not so grand a tree as the redwood of the Sierra Nevadas. The locking together of the branches and the numerous bodies by roots growing down from the limbs for support affords a good rendezvous for serpents and scorpions.

It is a surprise to find so many of the natives speaking the English language. So it is all through the East. It would seem that this is soon to become the common tongue of the whole globe. Really, one needs no other now, to travel in all lands.

It is stated that the Christian religion is making rapid progress here. The leading Protestant church is the English, although the Presbyterian is strong; but of the Christian sects the Roman Catholic outnumbers all the others. Their forms seem to fascinate the natives. The Buddhist and Mohammedans are strong, if you judge from numbers; yet it is a fact that the former is fast becoming a dead letter; its followers believe in little or nothing but fate. They regard the priest as a sort of fortune-teller; and so when conscience is smiting them terribly, or they have some doubtful scheme in hand, they go to the altar or to the priest, hoping this may prove a lucky experiment, and promising, if they are successful, they will do great things for their religion; but if they fail in their project, then curses and blasphemies are showered upon church and priests without stint. The Mohammedans are far more honest and sincere in their religion, and very tenacious of their views. They are ready to give all they have, if they can only make a pilgrimage to Mecca. This they believe will fit them for paradise. Quite a deal of interest is expressed in education by the foreign population.

But now, after these outings and gathering up of facts, we are pleased to return to the noble "Preussen" and speed on through the straits of Sumatra. As the sun

glows and cooling breezes bring their tonics, the green hills and fair seas present a charming landscape. It would be difficult to find a more inviting picture. In the halls of memory will be hung henceforth fairest views of Singapore and its surroundings.

The Indian Ocean abounds in rich islands, but among the richest and greenest is Ceylon. It has been rightly christened "the gem of the Eastern Seas." From whatever direction you approach, it rises above the waters like a chief of fairest proportions swaying his sceptre aloft upon the insular height over the deep azure below.

The island is fringed with an emerald border, and carpeted with greenest palms and tropical plants. Tradition and history speak of it as the ancient Ophir and Tarshish. Who can guess, then, the deeds that have been wrought upon it, or the men that performed them? It is plain that when Wijags captured it in 543 B. C., it was known as Serendib, and was rich in rubies and pearls. Buddhism was introduced into it as early as 307 B. C., and at Anarayapoosa, the ancient capital, the Bo-tree, Buddha's, is shown and reported to have been planted 288 B. C.

It is said that the kings were early wont to send gems and pearls from this land to the princes of Hindostan. Because of its wealth, it has been coveted by different nationalities. The old Greeks and Romans sought it. The Arabs clutched at it. The Portuguese seized it in 1505, and held it for a hundred and forty years; and then the Dutch came this way and seized it, holding it for a hundred and fifty years; and after

this the English laid their hands upon it, and still hold it in their grasp.

Landing at Colombo, its capital and chief seaport, we discover ships in the harbor floating the flags of all parts of the world. Large blocks or storehouses line the shore for quite a distance. Before advancing far, we learn from the stir and the modern structures that this is no insignificant mart. It has a population of a hundred and twenty thousand. Scotch and English are the leading people, and look as they are wont in their own land, save that they are attired in white. But the natives attract special attention. Among them the Singalese constitute the aristocracy. Tall and lean they are, with copper-colored skins. The men are dressed in loose trousers and frocks, with bare feet, and heads thickly set with tortoise-shell combs. The coolies, who outnumber the rest and are the laborers and servants, are nearly nude, having only a strip of cloth about their hips. They are moving about with little oxen in a long yoke, attached to a big cart, or are driving "hackories," each drawn by a single bull, or are bearing burdens on their backs, or digging in the dirt.

The soldiers are conspicuous here, as they always are under the English flag. As you pass along the sidewalks, you will be entreated to enter this and that jewelry store to buy precious things. Stepping into the average one, you find many pretty articles made from tortoise shells and pearls, while the eye is almost dazzled with the brilliants. The sapphires, rubies, topazes, garnets, and amethysts set in gold are beyond counting, and they say that they are very cheap;

but on inquiring the price you will be told about six times what they expect to get for their merchandise. To say the least, it is difficult to leave these fascinating things without investing somewhat in them. The English tourists are sure to buy diamonds, but they seldom really get the genuine article; however, it is all the same, if they paid a large price.

Colombo is spread out over an extensive area, and most of the dwelling-houses are embowered in palm-trees. They are built of brick, mostly one story high and surrounded by verandas. In this hot climate the people wish to get as close to the ground as possible, so their houses are in the form of bungalows. Some of the villas are marked at their entrances with the most classic names. On a few of these streets one would almost imagine he had got into ancient Athens or the city of the Cæsars. The site on which the city stands is very level, and in its centre is a large artificial lake. So surrounded and divided by water, it is a very damp town.

The missionary is here, under the auspices of different churches. In numbers, the English Church takes the lead; but they will not have it much longer, if the Methodists continue to work as they have worked. The Presbyterians present a good showing, and the Baptists are doing a fair work. The Romans and Greeks are here, and the Salvationists as well. The latter are under able leaders, and are having surprising success among the natives. This is not only true of them in Ceylon, but in India and other lands of the East. The two men in charge of the work here are graduates from Oxford and Cambridge. They seem most devoutly

consecrated to their mission, being dressed like the natives and living as the natives do. They are Wesleyan in belief, and stanch temperance men.

We find three colleges here, which are well patronized. Public schools, however, are wanting. They have what they call Government schools, but these are tuition schools, aided somewhat by the State. The feeling is rife among the English subjects that the children of the natives are really better off without an education than they would be with it. What a mistake, what a wrong!

The climate is such as not to favor hard mental work; so the island can never be renowned for high scholarship, unless it is the result of immigration. The museum erected by Governor Gregory is a stately building, and well filled with a variety of specimens. The relics from the old capital are superb, showing a style of art different from that of the old Greeks or Egyptians.

But what interests a stranger most are the natural products. The variety of palms is complete. There are even forests of cocoa-nut palms. These are full of fruit now. Just look at that tree, which is a foot through at the butt and fifty feet tall, topped with its crown of wide leaves, close under which are some twenty large cocoanuts. This is the favorite tree among the natives; for it furnishes bread and milk for their tables, oil for their lamps, timber for their houses, wood for their fires, matting for their beds, and will exchange for all other essentials in life. The date-palms and banana-trees are hanging full of fruit.

A few miles from the town, the rice-fields are waving with a rich harvest, which is the staple of the natives. These occupy the lowest ground, for they must be covered with water while the crop is growing. Still farther on and up, we come to tea, coffee, cinchona, and cinnamon plantations.

The tea is produced on plants which have been growing three or more years. They have been pruned into bushes which are some three and four feet apart. The leaves are of a very dark green. Women are scattered through the plantation, culling and picking the leaves. They are careful not to take off too many. In this island they gather the leaves every day; that is, they begin on one side of a field working to the opposite, and so by the time they get round, the plants first picked are ready to be picked again. This is black tea; and so is all tea when picked; however, the tenderest leaves are gathered when they are to be so dried and chemically changed as to have a green color. The oldest plants produce the best tea; and here it grows even to an elevation of six thousand feet.

The coffee is produced from a larger plant, yielding fruit once a year, as our pears and apples do. But the coffee plants are failing here, from the fact that a fungus has attacked the stems, soon killing them. Great failures have taken place here on account of this pest.

The cinchona-trees are about the size of our small fruit-trees. These are not much revenue, because of the abundance produced here and elsewhere. Cinnamon grows in the form of bushes, and pays the gardener well.

The surface of Ceylon is greatly diversified. The outcropping stone is mostly granite. The hills and mountains are strangely piled up, representing every imaginable shape. In the rocks and along the rivers the precious stones are found. The only coarse mineral of commercial value is plumbago. Along the shores pearls and beautiful shells abound.

Not more than half of the land surface, as yet, is improved. Jungle holds sway over some of the richest portions. In these wild woods we may find very valuable trees, such as the ebony, sandal-wood, and calamander, used for cabinet and ornamental purposes; the India-rubber tree is also common. In these wild realms elephants, bears, lions, tigers, and deer roam at their pleasure. It seems strange it should be so, in a land about the size and shape of Ireland, having a population of three millions. While the island has many rivers and some high and large waterfalls, it has no natural lakes; those that do exist have been dammed back by artificial means.

The birds are plentiful and full of song. The notes of some of them are equal to those of the nightingale. It is said there are more than three hundred varieties in this island alone. In places where we have been in the morning and evening, it would seem almost as though we had got into a paradise, the air would be so full of sweetest strains.

But the phenomenon of animal life here is the periodical flight of butterflies, which takes place twice a year, at the beginning of the monsoons. In the spring the insects are yellow, and in the early winter they are

brown. From all over the land they come together; mounting up in one immense swarm, they fly against the monsoon. They are as extensive as the largest flocks of pigeons in the West, or the swarms of locusts in Palestine. The flight lasts for days, and then they are gone, and no one is able to tell where. But others are sure to come as the years roll round. They do no harm.

Ceylon abounds in reptiles. There are some sixty species of snakes. Some of these are large enough to crush elephants in their folds, and others have deadly fangs. So in this land of verdure and beauty there are drawbacks. Should you be here during one of their average thunder-storms you would be likely to feel the very heavens were being broken in pieces. The thunder is often terrific, and the lightning of the fiercest character. These showers, too, come often in the rainy season.

In paying a visit to Kandy, which is an old city up among the mountains, seventy miles from Colombo, we enjoy some of the most picturesque views, as the train climbs up and then descends. The lofty summits, the deep vales, the bared rocks, the green fields, the precipices, the rushing streams, the foaming waterfalls, the folding of the hills and mountains together, the craggy sides and serrated tops, the flickering shadows, the clear sunlight, the winding train, the going in and out of tunnels, all serve to present enchanting pictures, such as only the great Artist can paint.

In Kandy we find a quaint old town of some ten thou-

sand inhabitants, living much as their ancestors have lived for centuries. Here is one of the uninjured Buddhist temples. Ceylon is regarded as the most classic ground of this religion. Here and elsewhere are remains of temples from one hundred and fifty to four hundred feet high. The temple here was built to hold the tooth of Buddha. In the old capital one was constructed to hold Buddha's tooth; another his collar-bone; and another called the Brazen Palace, was nine stories high, standing upon sixteen hundred pillars.

It is estimated that one million seven hundred thousand of the inhabitants are Buddhists, and five hundred ninety-five thousand are Brahmans. Now these people have no Sabbaths, but festal days, at which time they may bow before some image, or throw a coin at the face of Buddha, and then turn away to sport and have a jolly time. The devil-dancers command more attention than the ordinary priests. Judging these religions by their fruits, we see they are failures, or rather they have dragged the people down instead of elevating them. The devil-dancers among these orders number some two thousand. These fellows become skilled in twisting themselves into all sorts of shapes, while beating themselves and making the most horrid grimaces. Conjurors and astrologers, too, thrive among these people. So while we may delight in the natural beauties of this land, and admit that it is a gem in azure setting, we are troubled and pained to find so many of its natives degraded. It would seem as if there were something in the climate enervating and destructive to religious growth.

The Protestant Missions count in their ranks sixty thousand converts in the whole island; but a large majority of these could not bear the Christian test. Still, it is a great blessing that the missionary is here, doing the best he can. He is deserving of our prayers and financial aid to speed him on in his exalted work. One thing is certain, this land can never become morally and mentally beautiful except through the power of Christianity. It can quicken mind and heart. It not only makes the face fair, but the heart sound to the very core. It is not enough for a country to produce precious stones, but it is sufficient for it to produce perfected characters.

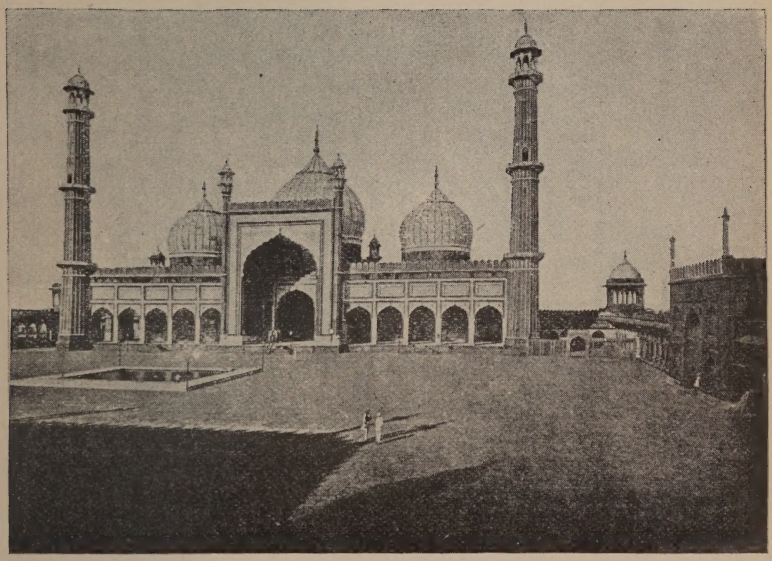
CHAPTER VI.

INDIA.

ALL on board the "Rosetta" are extremely happy; for we are leaving the Indian Sea, so often subject to typhoons that tear in pieces stanchest crafts. The voyage thus far from Ceylon has been propitious. Not a ripple is to be seen, save those made by the tiny flying-fish as they dart out of the water and spin over its surface, or by the floating turtles as they kick and dodge out of sight. The sun has just turned from his farthest southern sign and entered the constellation Pisces. It is that part of the solar year in which the people of India feel it is good to be born and blessed to die. This is the season to marry and make merry. The gates of Swarga are now wide open, and there is no waiting of souls in darkness before they pass into light. It would not be thus, if the sun were measuring his longest and hottest days. This is the time when the beads are placed upon the young Brahman's neck; when new clothes are donned, and friends mutually indulge in sweetmeats and sesame cakes.

We are sailing up the Hoogly River, which is one of the outlets of the great Ganges. Its waters are yellow with sediment, signifying that the Himalayas and highlands of India are gradually being borne on to the sea. So it is: change is the order of this world. On either

side of us now is the country in which Menes legislated 2188 B. C. Possibly he was the same monarch who had distinguished himself in Egypt. In 1772 B. C., the great Sesostris, King of the Nile, invaded it. After this Bactrian and Median kings possessed it. In 522 B. C. Darius Hystaspes subdued it. In 325 B. C. the mighty Alexander marched into it. In 170 B. C. Antiochus laid claim to it. Afterward history is nearly silent as to this land, until the Mohammedans invaded it in A. D. 1193. Thenceforward it has been subject to frequent changes. At one time John II. of Portugal possessed it. Afterward Tamerlane subdued it; and later the English came in possession of it, and still control it. As we now look out upon its surface, we see as far as the eye can reach only one extended plain. Were it not for the palms and bamboos, it would, indeed, be monotonous. Large areas are occupied by jungles, where the lion, tiger, and cobra reign. Reaching Diamond Harbor, twenty-one guns are fired on shore, according to the custom, which is a welcome to this land of many nationalities. At length James and Mary Bank is passed in safety. Officers and passengers rejoice when this is over, for many a vessel has been swallowed up in these whirling sands. Crafts of varied description are now floating on the river. Soon the eye is delighted with the gardens of Oudhs which run close down to the water. Next come the fine Oriental Steam Navigation buildings. Hamlets now dot the shores, nestled under knots of palmyra-trees. Now the dark groves of the Botanical Gardens are seen on the western bank. Soon our steamer is moored at a wharf



THE JUMNA MUSJID, DELHI.

before we reach the city of Calcutta, which is the Liverpool of the East. As we ride across its esplanade, in front of temples, palatial structures, an equestrian statue, and a lofty column, we are disposed to say, If the English found this a city of bamboo and mud huts, they have changed it to stone and beauty. But advancing into the old parts, it would seem they are still as they have been for ages. Looking at the crowds moving along the streets, we marvel whence they all came. There are Arabs from Muscat, Persians from the mouth of the Euphrates, Afghans from the northern frontier, coolies from Zanzibar, negroes from Malay; also Chinese, Fakirs, Sepoys, and Europeans. Though they are so unlike as to faces and forms, still they apparently move on without any jarring. As we witness the stirring multitudes, we can scarcely imagine how so much flesh and blood can be supplied with the necessaries of life. For the most part, they do not indicate a high state of living. The bare legs and arms of many of them show more bone and muscle than fat. This does not seem strange, as we are informed that but few of these men can command more than ten cents a day, or some four dollars a month.

The head-dresses and garments are of many and bright colors. Some of their foreheads are marked with red or white paint, to signify their class. The women are adorned with rings on their toes and fingers, in their noses and ears, and with bangles round their wrists and ankles. In places of business, wherever it is possible, the people are sitting on their legs and feet. It appears natural for them to squat. The Hindu life

is a fixed factor. The motley population do a thousand things as they always have been done. The unclad merchant still posts his accounts with a reed on a long roll of paper. The barber shaves his subjects wherever he finds them, even if it be in the ditch. The shampooer does his work of snapping the joints and greasing the back on the sidewalk. The Gura drones out his Sanskrit to the boys sitting in the sand; the Bansula-player pipes; the zither-singer twangs his wires; worshippers bathe in the Ganges and throw water at the sun, or deck Signus with flowers, as their ancestors did. The boy must work as his father wrought; were he a cobbler, so must the son be. Should he fail of this, then he loses his caste and must descend to some lower occupation. Even the children must eat what their parents did, and as they did. No Brahman can sit at the table with a European. The laws of caste here are as unyielding as those of the Medes and Persians; possibly they are the offshoots from them. The vehicles for transportation are sure to attract attention. The carts drawn by hump-backed, patient little oxen, or jingling Johnny steers trotting before the hackories, are certain to amuse the stranger. Then the palanquin, borne on the backs of four coolies, which is just large enough for a man to crawl into and remain in a lying position, is not likely to make you feel as though you would be pleased to ride in that manner. The hacks, buggies, and tramways remind you of home. The bare-limbed Indian girls glide along with baskets full of "bratties" of cow manure on their heads, with naked babies astride their hips; and the "Cheesties" go about

with water-skins sprinkling the streets. Bhangy coolies, with heavy burdens attached to the ends of bamboo rods and balanced on their shoulders, go trotting along as though stepping on eggs. The street scenes reveal as much of human nature as can anywhere else be learned. The street life in Calcutta is novel and often surprising to the foreigner.

In every open space, save on portions of the esplanade, the date-trees wave their fronded crowns, sheltering the squirrel and the parrot, and overtopping many a bungalow. The gray-necked crows are here in multitudes, ready to catch at every piece of food that is thrown into the street. The hawks, too, swing above the city, blowing their shrill whistles. There is abundance of life, aside from the human, in this great capital. Particularly in the night-time, if not properly guarded by nets and drugs, you are certain to be bled by insects with sharp and deep-penetrating blades.

One cannot remain here long without discovering that the cow is held in highest veneration. None but the Benjasas among the natives will allow this creature to labor. She is suffered to wander whither she will, even if it be into the shop or house. The Brahmans will go hungry themselves rather than not have the cows properly fed. Everything that comes from them is considered sacred. So girls follow them to gather up the droppings and plaster them on walls and in conspicuous places, using them for fuel in cooking, that the ashes may be mixed with coloring powders to mark the foreheads, necks, and arms of pious Hindus. India does not change, so far as the natives think and do. Their

castes bind them fast; and these are religious, or under the control of priests. Here, as elsewhere in India, the Brahmans take the lead; but the Jainas, who are Buddhists and noted for their costly temples, have strength; the Sikhs, whose religion is a mixture of Brahmanism and Islamism, have considerable influence; the Mussulmans are strong; the Thugs, who believe that robberies and murders are under divine direction, fill a niche here. These different sects are distinct, and have as little as possible to do with one another. Their costumes and the seals on their foreheads indicate their religion and rank.

The masses are grossly ignorant, and rely upon the priests for direction; and yet these are illiterate with few exceptions. Five times a day the Brahmans and Mohammedans repeat their prayers. The former bathe in the Ganges, or in tanks of water taken from the sacred river, once or twice, and many of them five times, between sunrise and sunset.

As we visit the principal Brahman temple at ten o'clock in the morning, we find it crowded with worshippers. Men and women of all ages and conditions are here. This temple has been dedicated to Siva, the god of destruction. It is really a cluster of buildings, made of stone, with steeples expressive of taste and beauty. But oh the jumble, the confusion, the wretchedness! We had little dreamed that such a state of things could still exist. Here we look through a dark avenue of stone, and, lo, there is the image of the god they worship. Its swinish chops and snakish eyes present a horrid aspect. Can it be possible that human

beings are bowing before that frightful object? Yes, by the thousands daily. In one of the courts forty kids have already been sacrificed this morning to atone for the sins of miserable wretches. Just now two more innocent creatures are led hither. The slayer is at hand, a swarthy-looking fellow. A woman takes the goat, and slips its neck down between two standards; and now the executioner lifts his heavy blade and severs the head from the body, looking around, as much as to say, "Was not that well done?" Upon this about twenty women scramble and clutch for the different parts. The dogs are here to lap up the blood. As we observe the sacrificers, their faces are serious, and their mien implies, "There, it is done; we are glad to be free from smiting consciences." Perchance these pilgrims have walked a hundred miles to secure this requital of some terrible wickedness. The blood of the kids will be mixed with sacred ashes, and the priest will put a daub of it on their foreheads, between the eyes, and then they will return home with joy and thanksgiving. Such is the experience almost every day of the year at this temple and at thousands of others in the land. Lepers and beggars are here in throngs. Some have come with their beds, it would seem, to stay. Why, look at the vermin on them! They do not believe in taking the life of any living thing, unless it be as an offering to Brahma or some of his deities. Only see the poor coolie on that bed in a nude state. He has been forced by one of a higher caste, who is the owner of the bed, to lie there for hours to feast and satisfy the hunger of the animal life, so that by and by the owner can retire and

remain at ease. How gracious and humane is such conduct! Still it is religious in this land.

As we go to one of the Ghat cremation-places we meet with a lot of hangers-on, who advance toward every new-comer with pieces of bone, hoping to obtain a *pice* or more for the same. This place has been supplied by the Government, with two others, to meet the demands of the city. Formerly the dead were thrown into the river; but as this practice was forbidden by the Government, the corpses were taken to the banks of the river and burned, the ashes being thrown into the sacred stream. But this proved to be a great nuisance; and so three buildings have been erected at the expense of the Government, requiring cremations within the city to take place in these. To our surprise, as we pass behind the building, we find two piles of wood burning in the open air and a human body being consumed on each. Burning in this way is barbarous in the extreme. We had expected to see kilns and grates for cremating; but instead, the bodies are handled by these roughs, and poked about as though they had served no high purpose. While observing these sights, a father brings in his arms the remains of his infant to be consumed. He seems very tender of the little body, and we are unable to understand how he can consign the same to these apparently indifferent coolies; but he does so, turning away in tears.

Under a porch close by is a young woman, said to be in a dying state by her priest, who has been hurried hither, so that as the breath should leave the body it might be all ready for burning.

Such are some of the scenes in this capital city, that show the condition of society. The bonds of caste are as of iron, firmly riveted upon the people.

Possibly the English Government, from the fact of its class idea, is not doing the work which ought to be done in regard to this great incubus.

In the line of public improvements great progress has been made, so that we can but wonder, as we look at the Post-Office building (which covers the "Black Hole" of Calcutta, where one hundred and fifty-six persons were nearly suffocated in 1756), the Governor's residence, the market, the museum, the telegraph building, the city building, the court-house, and the large merchandise blocks, that there should be such grand structures in the midst of such a population. Of the one million people less than twenty thousand are Europeans, illustrating the fact that it is brains, not hands, which rule the world. There is evidently here a king behind the throne, or business affairs would not move on as they do without any apparent friction.

The complaint is general that the times are dull and hard. The remark is often dropped, "You Americans played the mischief with us after your war in producing so much cotton. We cannot grow it as cheap as you, and so we are made to suffer at your hand." It is now very dry here, for no rain falls from the first of November to June. The seasons are three, — the cool, the rainy, and the hot, — but Americans would be likely to say there is but one, and that one hot; for now it is the cool season, and yet, in the middle of the day, it is like our hottest weather in August.

The English meet with great drawbacks on account of the castes and the languages; for the Hindi, Hindustani, Bengali, Tamil, Canarisi, and Marathi are all spoken, besides the English, German, French, and Spanish. This motley confusion of tongues works against the progress of education. While the English is gaining ground slowly, it must be a long while before it can be the language of the land. It is said that not more than one out of fifty among the natives can read and write. So mental darkness is still lingering here. It is true there are what are called government schools, which signify that they are in part only supported by the Government. There is no such thing as compulsory education here. Really the Government does not believe in it. It spurns the idea that educated labor is the cheapest in the end.

Labor is cheap; the carpenter, tinsmith, and bricklayer command about twenty-five cents a day.

Because of the cheapness of labor, manufactures are being rapidly introduced into the country. In the suburbs of this city there are several jute or paper mills and cotton factories. In the country there must be toward a hundred of the latter.

The Government, owning the soil, raises most of the revenue from the land. For a few years past the expenditures have exceeded the income. This makes many of the people restive and dejected. Even some of the natives declare that they are now taxed beyond endurance, and that, if there is not a change for the better, another rebellion, or mutiny, will be the result. The present Viceroy is endeavoring to increase the revenue

by increasing the sale of liquors. This is producing drunkenness to an alarming extent, rendering the natives poorer, and forcing a great drawback upon those engaged in manufacturing, for labor is not so reliable as it was before the introduction of alcohol to the country.

Two daily and several weekly papers are published in this city. However, outside of the white population, it is rare indeed that you will see one reading a book or paper.

The different club organizations are strong, but allow no natives to join them. It is surprising how far apart the different castes really live, though they dwell close together. Could this be broken down, India would have a bright future before her. But as it is, it is difficult to guess what twenty or thirty years may develop.

It is a fact that the population is rapidly increasing, but the natives are becoming poorer. This order of things cannot long continue without disastrous results.

If the soil is rich, the climate is too hot or too dry to allow the highest civilization to reign here. This metropolis would not compare favorably with Boston or Chicago as to thrift and enterprise. Talk with the business men and they will not express themselves as though they are here to stay from choice, but hope at length to return to their mother-land.

The botanical garden, the museum, the colleges, and benevolent institutions speak well for the city. The Protestant Church edifices, according to their number, are on a par with those of any Christian country. But

horse-races, not churches, draw here. Though the Government does what it can to have Sunday properly regarded, yet it is a business day and a holiday too.

However, since it is a fact that the strongest forces work in silence, and that ruling minds are those of whom the noisy world hears least, we can hope that a bright future awaits this land and this metropolis. Christian education alone can render this city of the plains most attractive and beautiful.

The polar star is dipping far down to the horizon as the train leaves Calcutta for Benares. The clock strikes the hour of nine before the whistle blows the signal for departure. It is full moon, and the night is almost as the brightest day. A soft vestment appears to be thrown over the face of Nature. It is really beautiful, as the cars wind along the Hoogly River. The monsoon is blowing strong from the northeast, tempering the heat of the day into a balmy tonic. Somehow Somnus early lulls and binds many of the passengers fast in sleep. In spite of the rattling and jerking of the train, refreshing rest is enjoyed, and as the morning comes roses and violets are strewn thick in the path of the sun. As the train halts near a grove of palms and banyans, the birds are vying with one another in sweetest orisons. A happy change has come; the dead level about the metropolis of India has given place to hills and mountains, the flanks of the vast Himalayas. Some of these heights are garnished with stately trees, and their bases enamelled with greenest meadows. Plains are waving with wheat and rice. Here and there shepherds are leading out their flocks of goats and herds of cattle, as the sun

rises over the hills. A hamlet is close at hand, fronted with a few respectable buildings and backed with a cluster of bamboo and mud huts. The dark skins and bared limbs of the thronging men and women add picturesqueness to the panorama. Surely this morning proffers splendid experience.

As the train rushes on, it is not long before the Ganges is reached, — the river so sacred to the Hindu, who finds it no task to travel a thousand miles to bathe in its waters, or to die on its banks that his mortality may be borne on its current into eternity. It must measure in width as much as fifteen hundred yards. It is a majestic river, running fifteen hundred miles from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal. It has its origin near sacred shrines, and so is called " Sacred Ganga." Now for a long distance the track is across wide-stretching plains, and for the most part they are cultivated, growing palms, wheat, rice, cotton, tobacco, and mangoes. Occasionally acres upon acres are red with poppy blossoms. Now and then jungles hold the supremacy. Some of these districts of wildness and savage luxuriance are terrible, covered with poisonous trees and brush, woven and matted into darkest shades, where serpents crawl, tigers sleep, and deathly diseases reign.

Then, again, tracts of inviting lands are seen, where the plough never has turned a furrow, waiting to be stirred by human hands that they may give forth abundantly of their hidden treasures. Frequently there are valleys hollowed out by inlets to the great river, whose banks are painted with the liveliest green, eddies fringed with white and blue lotuses, and waters rippled with swim-

ming birds. Just penetrate these wild retreats and they will be found crowded with life. Peacocks will rise from the tall grass, giving a splendid exhibition of shimmering green, purple, and gold; the sand-grouse will sound its signal and whir far away; the ibis and stork will be wading in the shallow waters; thrushes will twitter in the thickets; gazelles will skip across the open spaces; the ground squirrel will chatter and dodge into its hole, and jackals will yelp in the dusky air.

While we are prospecting, meditating, and marvelling, the day is fading, the train halts, and the cry is heard, "Benares!" This is the long looked for Mecca, the classic city and ancient seat of Brahmanism. So here we are on the site of the old city of Kasi, founded 1600 B. C. and situated along the banks of the Ganges. Here the shores of the river for three miles are lined with stairs, shrines, and temples, established by wealthy rajahs, bankers, and merchants, where throngs of worshippers are daily bathing.

It is early morning, and now we secure a boat, a guide, and oarsmen, that passage may be made up and down the river for some three miles, that we may gaze at temples, shrines, and strange religious freaks and performances. The river here is perhaps three hundred yards wide. Verily, this is the stream of which Brahman poets have sung, as Virgil sang of the Tiber, extolling its waters. As the rising sun gilds spire, dome, and river with gold, the picture is resplendent! Multitudes are already in the tide waist deep, or rushing down the steps, or thronging along the shore. It is a strange religious sight. The sexes are about equally

divided. They have come from far and near, decked in every conceivable variety of costume. Each caste has its own shrine and post for bathing. How they keep flocking down the embankment! Every one has his offering in hand to be cast into the Ganges; the sick, the lame, and the aged are being brought to the river's edge, that they may touch or be laid in its waters. All are anxious to get into the river; all are sure to immerse themselves. As they rise from the water, their faces are turned to the sun, their lips move, and they toss handfuls of the sacred water to it. Large umbrellas are erected in the mud where the water is shallow, inscribed with "Ram, Ram," under which are groups of devotees, repeating, no doubt, hymns and prayers from the Rig-Veda. The sick folk seem to be resting on the shore of the "Ganga" as though lying on the bosom of the tenderest mother. On one *ghat* is a pile of the dead who have been brought hither to be burned near the rippling tide, on a funeral pyre fired by the droppings of the cow. The mourners appear happy now, since their departed can cross the Ganga to the Gate of Swarga, the home of the blessed. As the flames char and devour the motionless flesh, there is no shrinking or shrieking of the kin. It is astonishing how these serious, contemplative Hindus bow to the trying providences of life!

As the guide points out the different sections and castes, and a closer inspection is made, almost every spot is marked by some reputed miracle. At the Rao Sahib Ghat is daily shown the effigy of Brahma, which is washed away annually and at once is restored. At

the Reclar Ghat is the miraculous "Well of Gauri," which is believed to cure all diseases. Here, too, is pointed out the strange "Mansarovar Stone," that enlarges to the size of a millet seed daily. At the Bhrairava Ghat peacock fans can be secured which are warranted to sweep away evil spirits. Then comes the silver-faced goddess who protects against the small-pox, and this leads to the "Well of Knowledge," which is crowded full of votive offerings. A little higher up is the chapel where wives earnestly pray for promising boys; after this comes the shrine of Annapurna, the goddess of plenty, who never allows famine to visit Benares. So it is a perfect wilderness of sacred places, objects, and services. To have a clear comprehension of them one must go among them. The whole is a conglomeration of Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist, and Jain temples, palaces, halls, and arches; some are ugly, and others are beautiful; a few are clean, but most of them are filthy.

As the performances are watched, the questions arise, Is this display the offshoot of Brahma, who was believed to have neither temples nor altars, and is far removed from the worship of men, remaining in calmest repose? Do the people still hold, as in Vedic times, that Brahma created men to be divided into castes, — that priests came from his mouth, soldiers from his arm, traders and peasants from his thigh, and the conquered races from his foot? Do they address themselves to the same gods, — fire, storm, earth, dawn, sun, moon, and sky? Do they still believe that the priests alone know what food to eat, what air to breathe, what clothes to wear,

and what is just the size of the ladle out of which to drink? Do they regard Vishnu as the preserver, and Siva as the destroyer of life?

We now ascend long flights of stairs, through dirty, narrow, thronged avenues, into temples and palaces, listening to myths and traditions connected with this and that place, till at length the Cow Temple is reached, where there is the greatest uproar; and as a peep is taken within, what a sight! Behold half a dozen cows, a hundred women and men, the floor covered with offal, hands and faces daubed with the same. The women are the most enthusiastic devotees. One can have no disposition to tarry long here. From this stall we proceed to the Monkey Temple, where are found half a hundred of these cunning, capering creatures, acting no more religiously than other monkeys, though occupying this temple consecrated to their supposed divinity. An entrance fee is demanded at the door, which is at once exchanged for some sweetmeats to be given to these exalted creatures; accordingly, on entering, the monkeys are found waiting and expecting a feast; as the bag of condiments is emptied, what bounding, clutching, fighting, and squealing for the greater share! The fray having subsided somewhat, two women bow before a shrine as in prayer. This service is in secret; but whether it is to Brahma, the monkey, or its ancestors, will remain a mystery.

In this city there are more than five thousand temples and pagodas built by native princes, besides two hundred and seventy mosques erected by the emperors of Delhi in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

On an average, one hundred human bodies are burned here daily, and their ashes thrown into the Ganges. Many of these remains are brought from afar.

Benares is rich because aged and wealthy Brahmans have been wont to come hither with their gold and silver to spend their last days. The best Brahman scholars dwell in this city. It is their Oxford or Heidelberg. Here Kapila expounded Sakya-Muni's philosophy, Gautama the Pali system, and Panini wrote his Sanscrit grammar. History has been made here, and so it will continue to be sought and revered.

As the narrow streets are traversed and the people carefully observed, it soon becomes apparent that the modern Brahmans fall far short of those who formerly dwelt in this city. The idea that the departed are to live passing through the monkey, the cobra, and the cow, to be ultimately absorbed into Brahma, is not calculated to speed souls on to the highest civilization and spiritual life.

The order of development seems to be the lower orders first, and the higher last. Mosses were fashioned before roses, Brahmanism before Christianity. Out of the ruins of the old springs the new.

A Sanscrit College is in active operation here, founded in 1792; a Government Normal School, established in 1856, is doing well; a Church Missionary College, started in 1814, is thriving; and a Baptist Mission has just dedicated a new chapel. These are the silver linings to the dark clouds; they are the bow of promise arching the dark river.

A day's ride farther and higher into the country lands

us at Lucknow, — the Concord or Lexington of India. It stands on a plain reaching far and wide, overtopped with domes, minarets, and towers. It shows little signs of antiquity. It was founded at the time our independence was declared. The soil is rich, and the country around is most productive. The stranger on entering the city must be struck with the smooth roomy roads. The dwellings are set far back from the street, with beds of flowers in front and fenced by thriving hedges. It is evident at once that the English mind has conceived and wrought here. How true it is that every nation has its signs and symbols!

One of the first objects to attract attention is Cæsar's Garden. A wonderful gate opens into it, inscribed with the arms and name of Wajd Ali Shah, who caused it and the pile of buildings about it to be constructed. Indeed, the king was lavish with his money in making an outward show. Now the whole is in ruins because of the meeting of inimical forces in 1857–1858. The palace and mosque were riddled by shot and shell, and finally taken by the English and used for a hospital. Here it was the brave Havelock breathed his last, and his ashes rest in the rear of these splendid ruins.

Another remarkable building is the Imaumbarra, dedicated to the founder of the city and styled by Bishop Heber "a cathedral." It is a picturesque series of courts and tessellated structures after the Saracenic order. It contains a hall a hundred and sixty feet long, which was once adorned with a silver throne, but now is used as a jail. What work war is sure to

produce! How it wastes and mutilates the costly and the beautiful!

Another striking building is the Chutter Munzil, with its curious domes. It was once a harem, but is now used for a club-house. Its reception-room, with marble floor, figured arcades, and glittering chandeliers, is enough to prove that it was unique and elegant. Half a mile to the west from the Munzil is the Residency, to which the English repaired at the breaking out of the rebellion in 1857. It stands on the highest ground in the city, and consists of a collection of stone structures intended for a fortification. Here for weeks and weeks the English women and children were obliged to remain in the cellars, while the men did the best they could to withstand the daily attacks made upon them. Here the brave Lawrence was killed by a shell on the 4th of July, and here Major Banks fell on the 25th of September. The Residency now is a mass of ruins. Many a nook and corner bears record of bravest deeds. Could the stones only speak, what stories they would tell of noblest heroes and heroines! Near by is a silent city of the dead, where officers and privates of the English forces lie buried. At present, where the earth was torn up with shot and shell, parterres of flowers are smiling and trees are waving branches of peace.

Not far from the Residency is a museum filled with Indian relics and new inventions, doing honor to the city. The colleges, banks, government-schools, and Protestant churches lend strong attractions to Lucknow. As you pass through the streets of the old city,

you find them narrow, with the shops crowded together. The chief business is confined to working in brass. The many curious manufactures imply that the workmen may possibly be descendants from Tubal Cain. The caste idea is rife here, as elsewhere in the land. This expresses itself by the white, red, or blue mark on the forehead. This people scorn to believe "in the survival of the fittest." The women are loaded down with rings and bangles on their hands and feet. The English settlers are taking the lead in the affairs of this city of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. There are no indications now that there will ever be another mutiny in the city of Lucknow.

At mid-afternoon the train is taken for Cawnpore, some forty miles in a westerly direction. The railroads are owned by the Government, and run by English officers; so in style and management they are English. The speed is seldom more than twenty-five miles an hour. The villages passed are made of sunburned brick and mud. The people at the stations are quiet, and not given to much talk, or improprieties of any sort. Water is carried round and sold at every station, and in some instances sweetmeats and refreshments.

Towards sunset our way lies through a broken country sparsely covered with tamarinds, peepuls, banyans, and camel-thorns. As the train glides along, wild peacocks are seen flying from copse to copse, and in the opening gulches water-birds rush out of sight. Approaching the Ganges again, oleanders perfume the breezes, and the last rays of the sun drop gold and rubies in showers upon the water; and the

announcement is heard, "Cawnpore!" This is another city that suffered terribly in the late mutiny. Its population numbers one hundred and fifty thousand, and is so much given to cotton manufactures as to be called the Lowell or Manchester of India. It is a stirring town, but not a beautiful city. In the south part is a memorial church marking the site where many English soldiers were enticed to death by Nana Sahib, the captain of the mutinous Sepoys. The church is an elegant stone structure, whose walls within are hung with mural tablets inscribed with the names of daring soldiers who stood in Wheeler's entrenchment for days, defending the British flag, till nearly every man fell a victim to Nana's treachery. This church is a fit monument to patriotic and loyal lives.

A mile to the eastward is the famous and fatal Suttee Ghat, on the banks of the Ganges, whither Nana induced a host of English men and women to come and take boats for Allahabad, where they would be certain to find security. But when they had all arrived and were in the boats ready to start down the river, a secret force of Nana's soldiers opened fire upon them and all were killed save four officers. The place is now desolate, and Nature is apparently resenting the awful slaughter committed there.

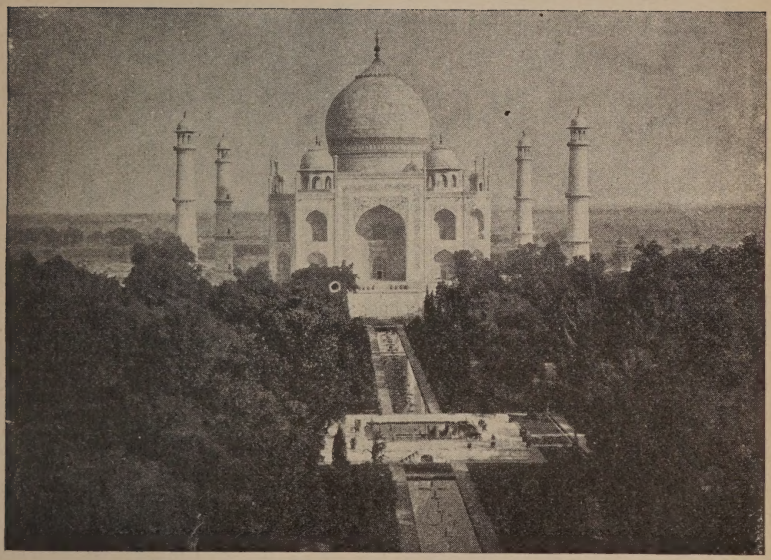
Near the centre of the city is Memorial Garden. Upon first entering its grounds one is ready to exclaim, "Charming! Beautiful!" The garden is divided up by walks and roads, and adorned with the greatest variety of flowers, shrubs, and trees. Near the centre on a broad mound stands a marble monument, consisting

of a circular wall thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet high, mounted with serrated and finely cut trimmings. As the door is opened, lo! within is a statue of a woman whose attitude and countenance are most expressive of submission and heartfelt regret. The artist who conceived that must have been familiar with grief and the inner working of the human soul; spirit must have been far more to him than matter. It is a touching elegy in stone. This monument marks the well into which Nana caused more than a hundred women and children to be thrown, as he heard that a recruit of English soldiers was approaching, thinking by such savage cruelty to intimidate the incoming braves. Ah, he did not know them then as he did afterwards! The horrors of that mutiny can never be fully described. The English own these grounds and keep them in order, as a memorial of heroic suffering and valiant deeds.

A part of a night's ride under the blazing stars lands us at the fair dawn in the city of Agra, the favorite city of Islam, or the Mecca of India. At once the Taj is sought, which is two miles from the station. It is a feast to ride when the morning air is fresh and bracing. The distance is overcome almost too soon, and we are in front of the Taj Mahal, the unique sight of the city, — a mausoleum built by Shah Jehan in honor of his lovely queen, Moomtaza Zumanee, whom he considered the light of the world. Seen from a distance it is a graceful structure of polished marble, as fresh as though built but yesterday, and yet it is two hundred and fifty years old. It is said twenty thousand Italian artists worked upon it twenty years to make it complete.

The grounds and tomb add charms to each other, and the words over the doorway are in the highest degree appropriate, — "The pure of heart shall enter the Gardens of God."

Place this mausoleum on the desert and it would render the surroundings beautiful. Walk about it and inspect its parts and it seems immense; some of its stones are ten, twenty, and thirty feet in length. As the portal opens you read on the threshold, "To undying love;" and as you step within, what tracery, what columns of alabaster, what arcades, what jewellery meet the eye! The screens, panels, and tracery are inlaid with the most precious stones, forming flowers, leaves, branches, and scrolls inscribed with passages from the Koran. There is nothing dark or doleful about it; verily, it savors more of life than of death. Let your speech be soft and melodious and it is caught up and echoed back to you in sweeter harmony than it went forth, as though Israfil, who is the sweetest intoner of Allah's choir, had responded, "Come up higher." Under the exquisitely wrought screen is the marble casket of the beloved "Queen of the Palace." Her ashes occupy the centre. Close by is the marble casket of Shah Jehan, marked by more prominent stones, because he was emperor and lover. He built this tomb, not for himself, but for his devoted and sainted wife, whom he could not retain on earth, but whom he could immortalize in the midst of things most beautiful; and because of his devotion to the noble woman, his courtiers tenderly placed his remains close to those of his beloved. Thus rest the ashes of Nur and



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

Shah Jehan in the whitest and most translucent tomb of all the earth. Yes, here it stands on a terrace of marble four hundred feet square and sixty feet high, with a temple a hundred and ninety feet square, having a minaret at each corner a hundred feet in altitude, and a dome over the dead two hundred and sixty feet high and seventy feet in diameter, made of the rarest marble and the most precious stones, at a cost of fifteen millions of dollars. It is kept so still, so clean, so white, being fringed with the fairest of gardens, that as we stand admiring it in silence, we half feel it is not of earth, but celestial.

There are other splendid tombs in Agra. That of Akbar would attract and be greatly admired were it far away from the Taj Mahal. The same is true of the mausoleum of Itmad-ood-Dowlah. The Moslem resting-places of the distinguished dead are what render Agra fascinating not only to the Mohammedan, but to all lovers of cultured art.

This city stands on the Jumna River, a large branch of the Ganges; and as this stream is followed northward, it is found to be bordered by some of the richest lands, abounding in sugar-plantations, thrifty mango-groves, extensive wheat-fields, orchards of palms and oranges, and countless acres of poppies. In the lowlands are to be seen any number of ibises, swans, pelicans, and rice-birds. As one journeys in this country he can realize its grandeur and vastness as he surveys it from north to south, from east to west. It is larger than all the Pacific States and Territories, and contains four times as many people as our whole Republic. Many indica-

tions on every hand give assurance it is an ancient land. Its history reaches back fourteen hundred years before the Christian era, asserting that it was settled by Aryans speaking the Sanscrit language. Its surface varies from the lowest to the highest altitude. It is largely divided into table-lands from one to four thousand feet above the sea. In the north granite is exposed; in the middle, trap, slate, and sandstone. Where the soil is good, it is very good; and where it is poor, it is very poor. Dense forests and jungles are common. Its highest and lowest portions are destitute of animal and vegetable life. The lines mapping out the richest harvest and the charms of spring and summer are lower than the Himalayas and higher than the desert of the Indus River. Midway between these extremes are the flowery plains and the vine-clad hills and mountains. Here is where the bees cup the honey and the sleek herds feed, and these are places the Muses and Graces haunt. Parnassus is not one half as high as Olympus; nevertheless, the fig-tree dots its sides and the heather crowns its top, while everlasting cold broods over the summit where it was believed the great Jupiter had his abode. So human life is not found in the marshes by the sea nor on the heights of Everest, but on the table-lands midway between ocean and sky.

But now we are eight hundred miles from Calcutta and seven hundred miles from Bombay, in the city of Delhi, where once stood the largest city of Hindostan, the capital of the great Mogul Empire. In its glory it numbered two millions of human souls, and had a circuit of twenty miles, while the modern city has a popu-

lation of only two hundred and fifty thousand; and its walls of red sandstone are seven miles in extent, forty feet high, and four feet in thickness. The new city is quaint. The main streets are stirring with business at high noon. The windows of the shops are filled with silks, jewelry, and paintings on ivory. The costumes are of the brightest colors of cotton and silk. The people are tall and slim; divided into many classes, though moving in the same highway, still they keep as separate as possible. Their dress, movements, and work show them to be fond of art. *Tanga dawks*, drawn by little oxen, are numerous; these are the vehicles in which the commonalty ride. Throngs of poor women with bags of dried *brash* of the cow are hurrying about to supply the demands of the Brahmans, who will do their cooking only with this sacred fuel. There is a strange commingling of white and tawny faces in the open square, but everything moves on in perfect order. Strong English forces are encamped within and without the city.

But the object of special attraction is the Palace of the Great Mogul, the most unique structure in India. It was built by Shah Jehan in the seventeenth century, on the banks of the Jumna River, being, grounds and all, one and a half miles in circumference. In its Audience Hall formerly stood the throne, which cost thirty millions of dollars. It was composed of two peacocks of gold with spread tails filled with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, having a parrot cut out of a solid emerald suspended over it; and overtopping the whole was a canopy of beaten gold supported by twelve

columns of solid gold. Nothing in old Rome or Athens could have equalled this palace. Over one of the archways are written these verses in Persian, —

> " If on the earth there be a bower of bliss,
> That place is this, is this, is this, is this."

Near the hall is the Pearl Mosque, an exquisite shrine in which the great Moguls were wont to worship Allah. There the Baths of Akab are a curiosity as well as a wonder. But no longer do Moguls bask in the splendors of this marble paradise. Its gold and precious stones have disappeared, and the last occupant died a prisoner at Rangoon; and at present Victoria's ensign is floating over the cupolas of the principal gateway.

The most prominent building in Delhi to-day is the magnificent mosque, Jumna Musjid, the largest mosque among all the nations of Islam. This was the delight of Shah Jehan, and was believed to contain the Prophet's slipper and a hair of his mustache. Its towers, domes, minarets, and tracery are of a high order.

As you pass through the gates of the city, you are impressed with a feeling of grandeur. Go to the east and south and you are in a district thickly sown with wasting mosques, tombs, and arches. As the eye looks through the branches of the trees, it discovers wildernesses of broken domes and columns, telling of departed splendor. Monkeys are dodging about in the trees or chasing one another on the ground. Parrots are flying hither and yon, talking loudly, as though revealing the tales of a wondrous past. Four miles out and your attention is called to some fellows on the roof-

top ready, for a few assoras, to leap forty feet into a pool of filthy water. You may purchase the plunge once, but you would turn away from the second with pity, regretting that poor mortals are forced to secure a living in such a manner. Turn aside a little, and you can enter the tomb of Jehanara, made of the whitest marble. The screen around the sarcophagus is as beautiful as one could wish. From this silent place you must not fail of passing to the tomb of the poet Khosrau, greatly admired for his "Majnun and Leila." Worshipper after worshipper comes in and lays an offering of flowers on his alabaster casket. How true it is that the real poet lives, though his form has mouldered to dust! Still farther on, there is the monument of Safdar Jung, a grand memorial to human greatness.

Now turning to the south you come to the observatory of Jey Singh, with massive gnomons and astrolabes of masonry. This is no mean work, and possibly speaks of star-gazers before Homer sung or Moses legislated. Onward you move among broken shafts and crumbling tombs till you arrive at the Kutub Minar, a fluted pillar that rises aloft two hundred and forty feet, constructed of the whitest marble and the reddest sandstone. The second story of this marvellous work is belted with "The Ninety-nine Beautiful Names of Allah." It is said, Sultan Altamsh caused it to be built, that his daughter might daily ascend to its top and enjoy an outlook over Delhi which she greatly admired. As you observe its conical shape, soaring rose-red and lily-white into the deep blue, you can but exclaim, "Wonderfully beautiful!" Hard by is an iron pillar, twenty-two

feet above the ground and twenty-eight below, which is related to have been set up to pin an imaginary serpent, King of the Nogos, to the earth. Here too, is a mosque of Kutbu 'l Islam, which is described as having been built out of twenty-seven Hindu and Brahmanical fanes of old Delhi. This temple affords a strange combination of mythology and Moslemism, of polytheism and monotheism. Apparently there is no end to these ruins; you may walk or ride among them for days and even weeks, and old things will keep springing to sight. Thousands of stately structures must have been scattered over this plain. Five or six successive cities have risen and fallen on these grounds. The ruins of Delhi report a long line of fallen dynasties and wasted empires.

Now our course is west and southward. If Punjaub and Oude are the classic provinces of India, Rajpootana is the district of romance and chivalry. In passing through the latter, the traveller finds things quite unlike what he has experienced in the former. There are wildness and heraldry here that did not express themselves there. How singular such striking differences should exist, even in adjoining counties! But India is a land of oddities and contrasts. There are as many as a dozen distinct languages spoken in the country. The people differ widely in looks, size, and manners.

Rajpootana is rich for the most part, the surface broken and in sections mountainous. Occasionally antelopes may be seen wandering in herds, and cranes wading in the shallows. In the vicinity of nearly every village peacocks are spreading their burnished trail.

Slinger-boys are posted on elevations to frighten away the parrots from the ripening grain. The men are larger and the women handsomer than those we have been wont to see in India. Possibly these are direct descendants of the noble Persians and daring Medes. The five great Pandu brothers were Rajputs who wandered across these plains and over these marble hills. It is said the first ancestor of the Rajput kings reigning over these lands was the Sun himself, who was the father of Rama Chundra, an incarnation of Vishnu. So perhaps these dusky folks whom we have been inspecting are the "descendants of the Sun." The legend represents the Rajput of more than royal blood; and when his daughter married even a great Mogul, it was a humbling cross and likely to result in corruption of blood. It was this ancestral feeling that caused so many mothers of this land to slaughter their infant daughters because they believed husbands of sufficiently high rank could nowhere be found to wed them, and for them to live a single life would be a still greater curse. Accordingly, they would put the poisoned juice from the milk-bush upon the nurse's breast, that the girl-infant might early suck in the seeds of sure death. It is pleasant to know that this practice is among the things of the past.

As the train nears the fairest city of Rajpootana, yes, of all India, the eye in searching discovers naught marvellously striking. As the traveller leaves the station, he is half disposed to think there has been a mistake made; this cannot be Jeypoor. The station is a mile distant from the town. The road thitherward is wide

and smooth. Spacious bungalows are scattered along the way, shaded by palms and peepul trees. Huge cactuses fence off the lots. At length you turn toward the high wall which girdles the city. Camels and ox-teams are stopping here, being loaded or relieved of heavy burdens. You pass through the Amber Gate, and under the shadows of a strong fort, and by sentries clad in black, who are equal to emergencies judging from their size and mien. Lo! there is before you, as the eye looks eastward, a fabled picture of roseate and alabaster villas, palaces, and majestic structures as if just dropped before you! Why, here is a street, two miles in length and a hundred and eleven feet wide, bordered thickly with rose-colored fronts of spacious buildings, consisting of dwellings, palaces, institutions of art and culture, shops whose fronts are in exact line, adorned with columns, tessellated works, and pictorial figures. Then, as the eye looks upward, there is the grandest breastwork of hills and mountains topped with fortifications, which half encircle the town. This view is charming, magnificent, and sublime. The whole is bathed in a flood of sunlight, rendering it like the fairy cities of which you have read and dreamed. A closer inspection shows that the houses are made of brick and stone and coated over with rough plaster, which is stained with rose and pink. The effect in the distance is the same as though made of pinkish alabaster.

Throngs of people are moving through the streets, as though it were a feast-day, but you learn it is thus every day. Most persons covet excitement and are bound to be with the crowd. Having advanced about

a third of a mile, you come to a cross street of the same width as the main street and half as long, with fine-looking buildings on each side. Here begins on the north side of the main street the corner of the palace, whose front extends to another cross street of the same dimensions as the one just mentioned. The palace covers over a seventh of the area of the city, whose walls must be six miles in extent. In one part of it rises a beautiful tower. Some of the apartments of the Rajah's house are richly adorned. As you wander through the labyrinth of rooms, you can but ask, Has not all this taken necessary bread and clothing from the poor? How can a king enjoy such luxury when he knows it must cause many of his subjects to suffer? In the Rajah's stables you will see three hundred rare-bred horses, which are driven daily for exercise and the owner's gratification, as he sits under a veranda to witness the movements and speed of his fine animals.

Across the street to the east is the Hall of the Winds, that towers, tier above tier, dainty and daring, nine stories, thickly set with windows, balconies, arches, and screens. Its sides slant upward pyramidically. Even Aladdin's ladder could scarcely have excelled it. Inspecting the shops along the streets, you find hands busy in beating out brass and moulding it into rings and bangles by the cart-load; you see lapidarians grinding garnets, and jewellers setting them in silver and gold. The common women glitter in brass, and those of the higher castes are adorned with precious gems. There is an independence here and throughout Rajpootana, such as cannot be found elsewhere in India. In fact, the queen allows

the people to manage their own affairs by paying a certain revenue to the United Kingdom. It is natural for a people to desire to govern themselves; and when they have this liberty, they are more enterprising and ambitious.

But almost every picture has its dark side; so, as you traverse the back streets, or more properly alleys of this city, you find indolence and greatest poverty. Every hovel swarms with children. As you enter one, you meet the husband, his wife, five daughters, and three sons; the oldest of the children is fourteen, and she is married, and two younger sisters also, and the mother is pleased to inform you that the next younger, only seven years old, is soon to be wedded; the child has a large ring in her nose, as an assurance of her intentions. The parents, especially among the lower castes, are delighted to get their daughters married off as soon as possible. But the Rajput beauty is faded and old at thirty. In these by-ways you will be certain to meet with more or less half-insane men who profess to cure all diseases. The ignorant people who are in any manner afflicted will be huddled about the lunatic doctors for examination, receiving medicine of the crudest kind. But they are likely to take it all on strongest faith, and so remarkable cures follow.

Passing out of Ruby Gate at four o'clock, you will see a thousand prisoners marching from the quarries, where they have been laboring since eight in the morning, to the penitentiary. They are strong, healthy-appearing men, most of them more than forty years old and imprisoned for larceny. Their faces do not indi-

cate that they are the worst of men. Could we know the causes that placed them within stone walls, we might have more sympathy for them, and pity, not censure them.

As you visit the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, you discover the grounds to be spacious, and tastefully laid out, and kept in perfect order. The roses are all in bloom. The tropical plants are largely represented. Several fountains are playing. The trees seem to be full of sweet-singing birds. In the centre of the Botanical Garden is the Zoological, which abounds in birds of all sizes from the humming-bird to the black ostrich. Monkeys are not wanting, and tigers and lions are ready to eat the flesh of beast or man. Upon the south side of these inviting grounds stands Albert Hall, not yet completed. It is a grand structure, in good keeping with the city. It reminds you externally of some of the castellated buildings of England and France. Within are rooms and corridors in which are treasured the antiquities and representations of the Indian productions. It is being built by Maharajah in honor of Prince Albert, who did so much in the way of encouraging this people to treasure up the things of the past, appreciate the things of the present, and strive for the noblest things of the future.

Besides the bulwarks crowning the hills already referred to, there is upon one of the most prominent points a Temple of the Sun, to which multitudes climb, that they may worship in the purest air the Greatest Light. Certainly they toil hard enough to enjoy their religion, to appreciate it. This temple ought to be a

beacon to shed the true light broadcast over the city and out into the world. The Presbyterian Scotch Mission is doing an excellent work here in the way of enlightening the people and teaching them to think. Its proselyting consists mainly in educating. This method overcomes opposition, and is quite sure to win in the end.

A day's experience in Jeypoor will hang many a fair picture on the walls of memory to shed its rosy hues and cheer the heart as the years roll on. God has written beauty everywhere; and when men build a beautiful town, it should be admired and honored.

One can but rejoice in passing from the interior of India to the great commercial city of Bombay, fast becoming in trade the most important mart of the East. It is a favored city as to port and surroundings. It would seem Nature intended it to be admired for its situation. The many diversified hills, lifted into mountains on the east; the open lands, running out to the north, thickly dotted with great varieties of tropical plants and trees; the lofty Malabar Hill and the encircling bay on the west and south, render it alluring and picturesque.

Then, as you visit the Esplanade and the new part of the town, you feel as though you were in portions of London or Boston. The fine structures are in style Gothic, Doric, and Saracenic. The Great Western Hotel, the University, the General Post-Office, Court of Justice, the new depot, the club-houses, the Times Building, and others are on a magnificent scale. While making this survey you almost imagine you have

reached a city of marble and of wondrous beauty. But as you turn from the new to the old, the scene is decidedly changed; you find yourself no longer in Europe, but in India. As you pass along the Bhendi street of bazaars, the throngs of Asiatic population are immense. The Hindu, Guyerati, Mahratta, Malay, Mongolian, China-man, Japanese, and many from nearly every nation under the sun are here. The carts, drawn by docile, sleepy-eyed oxen, are beyond counting. The shops are so open as to exhibit their business to the gaze of passers-by. In spite of the crowds much of the work is done on the sidewalk and in the ditch. Here the barber is busy making bare the pate and smooth the face. The shampooer, too, is cracking joints and oil-ing backs. The unclad merchant sums up his accounts of pice and annas on the drab sheet with the sharpened stick, just as his fathers did. In places the Guru, in some recess, surrounded by his forty little boys, mostly nude, is laboring hard to teach the wee bits to drone out the Sanscrit Shlokes, that they may grow up to love Brahma. Every now and then a cow is standing among the crowds or leisurely moving along the way undisturbed, for she is still held in highest reverence by multitudes in this land. Coolies are swinging along with skins of water on their back, sprinkling the streets.

So it is: the followers of Brahma and Mohammed appear to cling to the past, braced with their might against the onward sweep of the nineteenth century. But not so with the Europeans here, nor especially with the Parsees, who have won the right to be called Indian

citizens. The latter are distinguished at once by their peculiar costume. As you see them stirring about on the streets, or witness them in law offices, in counting-rooms, in places of business, or riding for pleasure, you soon are convinced they are enterprising and resolved on progress. The very expression of their faces shows that they are prompted by honest and high motives. No other natives are so generally educated as they. Nearly all of them can speak well, not only the languages of India, but the English and the Sanscrit. They believe in the home, and therefore in the education of woman. Accordingly, they provide good schools for the girls as well as for the boys. As you see the Zoroastrian maidens in school, with their black tresses and flowing dresses of bright colors, having fair, happy faces, you can but rejoice to find such an oasis or promise for woman in these desert lands, where she is, and has been, terribly enslaved for centuries.

All the Parsee boys are in schools of some grade, and remain until they can graduate with honor and fitness for business or some profession.

The Parsees originated in Persia, and are the disciples of Zoroaster, who lived more than three thousand years ago. To him they believed was given the message of one who is Lord of all and who is not to Zoroaster a being like unto man. This One was Ahura-Mazda, Spiritual Mighty One, Creator of all. Zoroaster believed that the most striking manifestation of this All-Creative One is the sun or light, and so he used fire as a symbol of this Highest One; and thus have his followers continued to do, and therefore falsely have been

called fire-worshippers; while the truth is they have adored the one God, as much as the Jews. Their religion, as expressed in their Bible, the Zend-Avesta, is embraced in these terse sayings, "good thoughts, good words, good deeds," of which the disciple is constantly reminded by his triple coil of white woollen girdle of seventy-two threads, denoting the number of chapters of his Sacred Book, with two tassels of twelve knots marking the months of the year.

Though the Parsees do not number more than ninety thousand souls, and half of them are in Bombay, they are wielding a decided influence in the modern civilization of the East. They were long a persecuted race, driven from their native country eleven hundred years ago by the Moslems and settled in Sugat, and from that point have become scattered through India. By their fruits they are making themselves known as worthy and efficient members of society. The Queen of England has no more honorable and patriotic subjects in India. They must have a deal of that noble blood of the ancient Persian coursing in their veins. They own and occupy some of the best residences in Bombay. It is refreshing to visit their homes after seeing so many wretched ones in this country.

We are fortunate to witness a wedding party just at sunset, led by a band of music to the temple in which the ceremony is to take place. There are as many as a hundred in all. The men are attired in their white, loose togas, and the women in their rich silks of striking colors, with the snowy band round the head, crowned with the sari of violet or rose, sea-green or sapphire.

The Zoroastrian youths are present, with bright faces and glossiest black flowing hair. The whole ceremony cannot be finished till four o'clock in the morning. The wedding-knot should be strongly tied by that time. Divorces seldom occur among the Parsees.

In Bombay this religious sect is known, especially to travellers, by their Tower of Silence, which occupies the crown of Malabar Hill.

Through the kindness of Parsee authorities we are privileged to visit this sacred place in company with two Parsee gentlemen of culture. It is mid-afternoon as we ride forth. The morning and noon have been excessively hot, but now a cooling breeze is wafted from the sea. The ride is very enjoyable. Places of note and interest on the street are pointed out, and bits of history happily recited. As we come into the Parsee and English quarters of the city, the houses seem inviting. The grounds and yards abound in flowers and cocoanut-trees. In half an hour we come to rising ground, where the carriage is left. Soon the ascent is gradually steep, and so paved with stones as to prevent any slipping or falling. The passage is broad, and by flights of steps and inclined planes the summit is gained after a walk of fifteen minutes. Here we come to Praying Temples, where prayers are wont to be offered up as the dead are borne hither on their way for burial. In the principal temple is the sacred fire, fed night and day with incense and sacred sandalwood. From this spot there is a most delightful view of the city, sea, and surrounding country. Perhaps a more charming landscape picture cannot anywhere else be found. It is so still

here that it may well be called silent, and yet it is enchantingly beautiful. Passing on in the funereal road, we are immediately in the midst of beds of flowers, plants, cedars, and cypresses, through whose branches the breezes are whispering soft, plaintive requiems and the birds are singing sweet vespers. Beyond this pleasant retreat, among groves of palms and pines, are five stone cylindrical towers, from sixty to ninety feet in diameter and thirty feet high. These have been most thoroughly built, costing some forty thousand dollars each. The oldest has existed for two hundred years, another for more than a hundred, and the others have been built the present century. In the centre of each there is an open space, forty feet in diameter, but above and around this are three tiers of seventy-two troughs on a surface inclined to the centre. The first tier is for the remains of children, the second for those of women, and the third for those of men. These are all constructed in keeping with the best sanitary measures. The dead are always borne here on the heads of bearers who are employed especially for this purpose; and the mourners always walk, however far away, in following the silent form of their beloved to this resting-place. They are dressed in white, and walk two by two, the corpse preceding them in front by some thirty feet; when they approach the tower in which the dead is to be deposited, they stop thirty feet away, as the form is placed on the steps. Then the mourners retreat to the sacred temple, where they offer up prayers that the departed may be safely transported to the final peaceful dwelling-place. At the same time the bearers transfer the corpse to its

appropriate place, removing the clothing, in keeping with the idea that as man comes into this world naked, so naked he should go out of it. Neither the mourners nor the priests, nor any but these appointed men ever go into these tombs. These bodies are lovingly left to the keeping of God, that through his agencies the putrid matter may become purified as soon as possible. The friends feel they have placed it high up in the keeping of the All-Creator; and if he sends birds to devour the flesh at once, as is generally the case, it is well. Then the living cannot be contaminated by the dead. In the course of two weeks those in charge of these towers enter and remove the skeleton to the vault or centre, so that the bones of the fathers and children may rest together. Now the motives prompting this people to dispose of their dead in this manner cannot be pronounced crude or impure. Certainly they would not be by those knowing them. This burial service is solemn, simple, and beautiful. They do not talk of their departed as dead, but as living; and so on the nineteenth day of the new year they hold a special memorial service on this hill, bringing offerings to the shrines for their sainted, not with the feeling that they covet such things, but that they are delighted with the spirit which bestows, and holds their love in remembrance. The offerings that become thus consecrated they bear to their homes, and treat them as having served a spiritual purpose. The ninth day of the month is also given, more or less, to special worship in their temples. But five times every day the sheims have seasons of prayer before the holy fire.

From what has been said it is evident that the Parsees are a religious people and that they manifest the Christian spirit in their lives.

Should any take exceptions to the disposal of their dead, it would be well for such, if from the West, to ask themselves, Is our method free from criticism? It seems much worse to the Parsee to place the body in the grave to become putrid and eaten up gradually by worms than for it to be disposed of in an hour by vultures and other birds. Should they be deprived of this method, then they would prefer cremation, as do the Brahmans, to burying their dead in the ground. Our Auburns, Greenwoods, and other beautiful cemeteries are sacred places to us, and from the force of education we choose our method of interring the bodies of our departed; still, when we realize why and how the Parsees lovingly and solemnly dispose of the forms that have been so dear to them, and cling to the life that has become infinitely more precious and according to their faith is to live on forever, we acknowledge that Christians have not attained unto that state beyond which there is no improvement. So far as extravagance, heavy burdens forced upon the poor, and protection to the health of the living are concerned, the Parsees certainly have the advantage over us. Their poor have decent burial without impoverishing the living. They believe in the immortality of the soul; that man is a free moral agent, responsible to his Creator for his thoughts and deeds; that he will be rewarded in the next world according to his good or bad acts; that the virtuous will be happy and the sinful miserable.

There is nothing obnoxious or hideous in this place of interment. The receptacles of the dead are scattered among trees and builded high into the bending sky, so that they have no taint of the charnel-house. There is nothing in sight that savors in the least of the taint of death. But the roses throw out their perfumes, leaf and petal hold forth their beauty, and the birds have homes in the trees. Malabar Hill is warmed by the sun, fanned by the breeze, and brooded over by the stars. It may well be called the Tower of Silence, for God lifted it high above the noise of the world, and the Zoroastrians received it from his hands, beautified it, and have glorified it as the resting-place of their dead. To them it is a most sacred retreat for prayer and communion with the translated.

But you must not leave this commercial city of nearly a million of inhabitants without crossing the bay to the island of Elephanta to inspect the caverns cut out of the rocks and the Hindu images and pillars carved in them to express the worship that formerly took place there. They are surely worth a visit, particularly the sculptured statue of Ardhamarishwara, which stands on the black hillside. The name is said to signify, "The Lord who is male and female." One half of it from head to foot is male, and the other female. The knotted hair and braided tresses, the heavy limbs and delicate form sharply define the sex. As you turn away from it you are disposed to say, "It is nothing but a fabled monster." As you are wandering about you are quite sure to be cautioned against the cobras that lurk in these ledges. In imagination, no doubt,

many a traveller sees the monster. But the surpassing experience of all on this island is the landscape presented from the highest point. God's blending of sunlight and sky and sea and land is marvellously beautiful. When you find in the midst of these a great city, the picture becomes ecstatically grand and beautiful.

But when the Elephantan caves are described as more wonderful than the ruins of Thebes or Nineveh or Babylon, a great mistake is made. It is like attempting to make the moon outdo the sun.

Bombay is a religious city, if judged by its sects. The Brahmans are strong, the Moslems are numerous, the Zoroastrians are influential, the Catholics boast of their numbers, and the Protestants hold a sure footing.

Were it not for the history of India, the traveller would hardly feel compensated in going through the country, for it is quite certain to be either too hot or too cold. From the fact of excessive heat, it is a question whether this land can ever prosper like England or the United States. One thing is certain, people here cannot endure work as they do in cooler latitudes. Either heat or indolence has forced them into the sitting posture when forging at the anvil, framing a building, weeding the garden, or paving the street. The natives in public places, whenever it is possible, are sure to be prostrate at full length or to be squatting on the ground. England is not realizing what she anticipated when the country first came into her possession. Europeans cannot endure the climate for many successive years.

Since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Great Britain has kept getting a stronger and stronger hold in India,

until now it holds the supremacy, having some nine hundred English appointed officers in the government. The people generally do not speak hopefully of India. They realize it has a past, at times heroic and full of romance, and again dark and ominous. They assign various causes for this state of things. Many are inclined to believe it is owing largely to the religions. But Brahmanism is on the decline, and Muslimism has lost its grip. Accordingly, these hindrances are not in the way as formerly. Still the feeling of caste is as strong as ever. This is a tremendous incubus about the neck of the nation. Education and Christianity alone can remedy this trouble. Very important steps have already been taken in behalf of education. However, it would seem that this work was begun at the wrong end, establishing first the college and private school; but the Mission Schools are changing this order of things, doing a grand service for the common classes, and lifting the masses upward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PERSIAN GULF, AND THE EUPHRATES AND TIGRIS TO THE NILE.

IT is burning hot as the "Satara" steams out of the harbor of Bombay for the Persian Gulf; however, one of the most inviting landscapes is presented. Sea, plain, hill, mountain, sky, and sunlight so commingle as to fashion a lovely picture. For two days we are sailing along the Indian coast till anchors are dropped in the port of Kurrachee, a city that has sprung up on a level of sand and is fast becoming a centre of trade, because almost in a direct line from Aden to Calcutta. It is believed this will soon be an important town on the shortest mail-route to the far East.

The coast now, as the steamer pushes on, becomes abrupt and then level. For the most part it is sterile. We no longer think it strange that Beloochistan should not figure more prominently among the countries of the globe. As the eye scans far inland, it sees one stretch of desolation. After days of sailing the Straits of Ormuz are reached, leading from the Arabian Sea to the Persian Gulf. A few hours later, and we are passing the Isle of Ormuz. Word-pictures of the poet are recalled, describing this as an island of emerald, abounding in silver, gold, rubies, and diamonds. Hither came many a poor man who would soon return home rich

as Crœsus, or like Jason, with a golden fleece. But at present how changed! The island is composed of naked rock, massed into bunches and folds of lava. No tree or grass is visible. With the glass are to be seen remnants of the light-house and water-tanks built more than two hundred years ago by the Portuguese. Some two hundred persons inhabit it, who eke out a living by fishing and working a salt-mine. The real throws a pall over the ideal.

Ahead and to the east loom up the Persian Mountains. How they tower and stretch along the coast! Close down to the water the ridges resemble snow, becoming white with a nitrous formation. Higher and still higher are ranges upon ranges without any vegetation, while away in the distance are loftier heights crowned with snow. As these mountains are surveyed you can single out domes, cathedrals, bulwarks, and nearly every conceivable architectural shape. Now comes in view the village of Bundar Abbas. Its houses look like a mass of square boxes piled together. Here and there are a few palm-trees growing. No indications are discovered that ploughs, hoes, or spades are used. In fact, all the people are congregated on the strand. Going on shore, the men and women are in large groups and of Titanic size. Xenophon's description of the huge Persians seems to be verified. Still, as you watch their movements and study their characteristics, you soon decide they cannot be much like the followers of Cyrus. They are the exponents of dirt. They have monstrous bundles on their heads, coarse garments next to their skin girded with a tight tunic, and in

the winter time most of them have on a shaggy cloak. Their legs below the knees are bare, and their feet are protected by rude sandals. The women here wear pants, with coarse loose wraps about the shoulders. The children are encased in mud, and so dispense with clothing.

This proves to be their market-day. Wheat, rice, beans, carrots, radishes, oranges, and black walnuts are heaped up along the shore. In the stalls are West India goods from England, and tobacco from America. Strolling among the bazaars, we find them full of darkness, but lacking merchandise.

This is one of the principal seaports of Persia, and is guarded by a regiment of the Shah's soldiers, who need watching to keep them out of the cellars and henneries. Persia is poor, and so are her soldiers. The Shah has absolute authority over his subjects. No stranger will doubt this who sees the places where he walls them in and strings them up, putting them to death in the most cruel manner. There are no indications of schools in this town of four thousand people. Several inferior mosques are visible; the religious faith is Mohammedan. Most of the men are armed with guns made before flintlocks were invented. It must be that they wear these to be in fashion, for they would be able to fire them but a few times in an age.

The whistle gives the signal for all to come on board the "Satara," to see more of Persia farther up the gulf. Twenty-four hours' experience at Linga is much the same as at Bundar Abbas. Though the inhabitants reside on the seashore, their faces do not appear to be familiar with water.

Two days later the steamer lies in the bay of Bushire, a city of sixty thousand human beings, composed of Persians, Armenians, and Arabs. This is the great mart of the country. The houses are fort-like in structure, and the better class are overtopped with wind-catchers. It is hot here the year round. Several gunboats are moored in the harbor, implying that the olive branch of peace does not always wave here.

On visiting the city, the streets are found to be tortuous and filthy. It is a wonder the people do not all die with some plague. Woman is degraded, and man is not elevated. It is exceedingly pleasant to fall in here with some English families, who have beautiful homes, just outside of the city, in the midst of flowers. These are serving the government and establishing schools.

The Elamites, who were descendants of Shem, anciently dwelt in this region. Stone coffins and other relics are being discovered.

In a few hours from Bushire, we are steaming up the Shat-el-Arab River. Close on the Arabian side the Turks are constructing a strong fortification for the defence of the gulf and the river. On either side the land is as level as a house floor. Evidently the Turks surmise that the Russians may come down of a sudden from the north, or the English sail from the south, declaring that this land is theirs, and so they intend to be ready for either, saluting them with shot and shell, commanding, "Hands off!" Soon Fau is gained, a newly established telegraphic station in this sparsely settled land. By and by Mohamera is passed on the Persian side, which is now a rude village, but was for-

merly an influential town. In twelve hours from the time the river was entered, the steamer is anchored in front of Bussorah, eighty miles up the Shat-el-Arab River. Several spacious buildings are located on either side of the river, which is a third of a mile wide at this point. Englishmen and Scotchmen are here carrying on trade in dates, hides, and other commodities. It is surprising what Great Britain is achieving in different lands of the globe. Last year five hundred thousand tons of dates were shipped from this place, besides vast quantities of hides and wool.

Bussorah is a city of sixty thousand souls, — Arabic and Mohammedan, — situated somewhat back from the river, boasting itself to be an influential town in this region where wild hogs and wolves roam.

Close by this spot once stood the famous city of Eridu, on the shores of the Persian Gulf. Great changes have taken place since then, producing eighty miles of land, or removing the gulf that distance off. The relics found show that Ea, the god of the sea, ruled over the city. Fifty miles up the river is the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris. Just between these are the ruins of Ereck, whose history has told upon the advancement of civilization. Tradition says this was the home of the unfortunate Cain. Ana, the god of the sky, was its presiding deity, assisted by Istas, the goddess of the evening. This is said to have been a city of priests and festivals. It is reported that the Garden of Eden lay to the north of it, between the rivers. At present there are few signs of a garden. However, there is a solitary acacia that has been severely plucked,

as if supposed to be akin to the tree of knowledge. It is a fact that the soil is very rich and deep. Were it properly cultivated, it would yield three hundred fold. Bricks and pottery are found in large quantities, proving that an advanced people once dwelt here. Then, too, there are dunes of dirt and many ditches, showing how the surface was cut up by canals. This must have been somewhat of an inland city.

Crossing the Euphrates, which is eight hundred yards wide, and ascending perhaps forty miles, on the west bank are found masses of wasting brick and broken pottery. This was the site of Ur. Ah! here was the home of Abraham. Here it was, as he was taught to worship Sin, the god of the moon, he conceived the idea of the one living God. Here it was that Sarah, Leah, and Rachel were wont to bring water from the Euphrates, as women are doing to-day. Richest associations cluster around this spot, because heroes and heroines have been made here. Fullest liberty of conscience has grown from the soil of the most trying sacrifices. Palms are growing now close around this spot, and in places the grass is green and starred with fairest flowers. In the night owls hoot in the trees and jackals bark. Still, the old city of Ur through imagination is seen as most lovely because it produced beautiful characters.

Farther up the river, and a few miles south from it, is the rude village of Keffil. This is sought from the fact that it is a great resort for Hebrews. The people living here would not be likely to attract, unless it were for uncouthness. But here is the tomb of Ezekiel, built

out of hardest burnt brick and kept in a good state of preservation. A light is constantly burning on the sarcophagus. Thousands of Israelites visit this sacred shrine yearly. Were it not for these memorials thickly sown over the earth, how the past would be severed from the present! Let the ashes of the sainted be forever consecrated!

Returning to the river and still going up the stream for miles, we arrive at Kufa. From the debris it would seem that there must have been a great city here. Some writings found state that it was forty-five miles square. Here report says Noah entered the ark. Let that be as it may, the writings on tablets describe it as a beautiful city; but the present mud-hovels are quite to the contrary. As far as the eye can reach, it is one extended level country. Were it not for the artificial mounds and the palm-trees, there would be naught to intercept the sight.

Some four hundred and fifty miles from the union of the two great rivers, the site of old Babylon is reached. The piles of debris are vast and numerous. The old city extended some twelve miles north and south, having an area of two hundred and sixteen square miles, encompassed by walls three hundred feet high, a hundred feet thick at the base, and so wide on the top that three chariots could race abreast, and was sixty-seven miles in extent. The walls were made out of brick fourteen inches square and four thick. It is difficult to conceive how it could be possible to produce so many. Within the walls to the north is an enormous mound of brick, which it would seem must be the ruins of a

palace and citadel. But little has been done in the way of exploring and examining the mysterious structures; at present they are the haunts of vultures and jackals. Two miles to the south is another immense pile, called the Kasr. This has been dug over to some extent, so that heavy brick walls and the figure of a huge lion made from dolorite are exposed. Across a channel is a still larger mass, occupying acres. This is supposed to have been connected with the Kasr, or Palace, and may have been part of the wondrous Hanging Gardens. Here Nebuchadnezzar ruled in luxury till he fell into abject ruin. After this inglorious fall, here it was that his grandson Belshazzar revelled till one night, the waters of the Euphrates having been turned from their course, Cyrus the Great marched down the bed of the river under the light of the stars, and striking down the hundred brazen gates, quickly entered the city and captured the king and his subjects. The river still runs close by the Kasr, and on its banks the osiers grow; possibly it was here that Cyrus found the captive Jews hanging their harps on the willows and weeping for their native land, and promised to return them to their beloved Jerusalem.

Two miles farther south we cross the Euphrates on a bridge of boats. This does not remind one of the Tay in Scotland or of the Brooklyn Bridge. A coach and four, or even a hack and one, would not get on in trying to cross it, but the horses in single file succeed fairly well in going down, up, and over. Reaching the opposite side, crowds of natives press upon the strangers, having come out of the streets and houses of

Hillah, which is a city of forty thousand Arabs, Jews, and Coolies, perched on the bank of the river. Women in long blue gowns and ragged veils are hastening to and fro with pitchers of water on their heads, dipped from the Euphrates. The boys crowd round, bawling out "Backsheesh!" Countless dogs yelp and then slink away. English sparrows are flying about the roofs and twittering precisely as they do in London. The buildings are huddled together, exhibiting nothing like the order that exists in a settlement of beavers or a colony of ants. The city presents a gray, gloomy aspect. It would seem as if the people were all out of doors to get the news, which is conveyed by the mouth; for there is no paper published in the city, and if there were, probably not twenty in the city could read it. Of course the women cannot read, for public opinion does not permit them to learn. They are considered inferior when they enter this world, and are kept so till they go out of it. The khan is the hotel in this land, and strangers are seeking one in which to stop at night while in the city. Several are examined before one is found that is fit for animals, much less for the endurance of human beings. In the khan man and his beast are expected to tarry close together. But fortunately a side-room is obtained, through which, though near the animals, the westerly breezes blow, proffering at least so much that is clean and fresh. The dragoman serves meals of corned beef from Chicago, jelly from London, cocoa from Ceylon, goat's milk, bread, and boiled eggs from Hillah.

Strangers are often hailed by Jews declaring them-

selves the offspring of the Captives. Well, there can be no question that they are Jews. They have tablets and seals for sale, but when you tell them they are offering counterfeits, they scorn you; nevertheless, they deal largely in the bogus. But let the modern pass for the present, and we will ride southward among piles of ruin for six miles, until we reach the location of ancient Sippira, later Borsippa, and still later the Tower of Babel, which is believed to be the oldest ruin in the world, and is now known as Birs Nimroud. Niebuhr says: "Other ruins of Babylon are to be seen, but this is one of the grandest and probably the oldest human work in the world." It is a vast collection of brick, more than two thousand feet in circuit and nearly two hundred feet in height. Half of this bulk has become vitrified into one solid mass. How this change was effected is a mystery. The Tower was made in stages, rising seven stories, each one varying from the others in altitude, and the whole being more than six hundred feet high. There were courts running out from the centre, on which stood temples dedicated to different deities. Each story of the Tower was consecrated to some heavenly body, and colored according to the imagined reflection of the star worshipped. The first story was black for Saturn; the second orange for Jupiter; the third red for Mars; the fourth green for Venus; the fifth blue for Mercury; the sixth white for the moon; and the seventh was yellow for the sun, in which was a golden statue of Merodach, forty feet high, in a sitting posture. Herodotus and Strabo have given an account of this Tower, but particulars have been ascer-

STONE INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME OF SARGON I.,
KING OF SIPPIRA, B.C. 3800.

tained from recently discovered tablets and cylinders. The upper story of the Tower in the time of Nebuchadnezzar was a pantheon, in which were gathered the gods from all the leading cities of the land. The king was bound to make Babylon *the city* of the whole earth. So he brought the gods, the wealth, and the people from the chief towns to Babylon, filling it with three millions of human beings. It was then a grand and wealthy city. After it was captured by Cyrus, it flourished for a while; then it was ruled by Cambyses, and by Darius, and afterwards by Alexander, Antigonus, Demetrius, and finally by the Parthians. When Xerxes was on his forlorn retreat from Greece, he sacked it, bearing off the golden statue of Belus and other treasures to the amount of one hundred millions of dollars. At last its bricks were borne away to build Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Kufa, Kerbella, and other cities. The idols transferred from the city are said to have weighed four hundred pounds in gold. Babylon might with propriety have been called the "golden city" at its zenith; but its glory and splendor are gone, and naught is left of it but its inscribed brick, its tablets and cylinders, to tell of its past. A large number of tablets have just been discovered, and no doubt many more will be, for the Babylonians were very particular to have their transactions recorded. As yet but little has been done in examining these ruins. From these tablets it is ascertained that there were libraries at Calnah and Accad, cities on the Tigris, whose volumes were numbered; and these were removed to Nineveh by Assur-bi-ni-pal, where all were invited to come and read. The oldest

date found extends back thirty-eight hundred years before the Christian era, giving the reign of Sargon I. and his son. These writings are in the cuneiform style, or old Assyrian language. Within three years a large number of these tablets have been discovered in Egypt, proving that the Semites emigrated not only to Palestine but to the banks of the Nile. It is now fully believed by some of our most cultured archæologists that it will be yet fully demonstrated by these cuneiform writings that the human race did originate by the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers, and went out in tribes peopling the earth.

It is now known that the Babylonians were a religious people. They made many and costly sacrifices to their gods. They divided the week into seven days, and the year into twelve months. They understood the motion of the heavenly bodies; they used the sun-dial and the water-clock to mark the time. It would seem that they must have had the telescope, because the Sabæan astronomers speak of the spots on the sun. These tablets give an account of the flood. They are showing that antediluvians and post-diluvians dwelt where now are found the ruins of Kufa, Accad, Eridu, and Borsippa. These discoveries are making plain many things in the Old Testament which have been obscure and inexplicable. The prayer of the inquiring mind is, as expressed in the dying words of Goethe, "Give me more light." As the new light comes, we see where was darkness before. As the tree, cut down and fired, gives out the sunshine long ago stored up; so, as these Babylonish mounds are upturned and the recesses explored, the hidden mental light of long ago is being cast afresh

upon the world. Is it not immortality to live in the light? Ask Moses, Paul, Humboldt, Newton, and Franklin. It is refreshing to stand where so many millions of feet have trodden the soil, but how thrilling to have minds long since separated from the flesh speak to you in songs and prayers right from the heart! Eternal sameness would untune the soul and unfit it for the delights of heaven. The truthfulness of this is felt as the monotonous, plodding life of the East is seen to-day. Novelty, surprise, and change of scene wake up the mind, giving it footing for greater things. These explorations and discoveries are feeding minds with fresh inspiration, and causing them to be satisfied with nothing short of the whole truth. Souls thus conditioned are bound to find the "gates ajar," and new light all the while streaming in from some other shore.

We sail up the river forty miles to Kerbella, where lie the ashes of Hussein, the grandson of Allah, who gave his life for the sake of the Faithful, and so his tomb has become a sacred shrine to the Moslems. Hither two hundred thousand pilgrims annually come on foot or on horse and camel. When this pilgrimage from Persia, India, and more distant lands is once accomplished, the devotees feel quite sure of entering paradise whenever they shall cross the darkling river. Hither they bring their dead for burial by the thousands.

A few miles on is Cunaxa, where Cyrus the younger, with his hundred thousand barbarians and thirteen thousand Greeks after forced marches met his brother Artaxerxes, with his nine hundred thousand soldiers. The odds were too great. Cyrus was left dead on the field, and his army made an inglorious retreat.

Leaving the Euphrates, we cross the country on horseback nearly four hundred miles. The evidences that this region was formerly densely populated are numerous. The soil is everywhere rich. It is plain to be seen that between the Euphrates and the Tigris the land has been cut up by canals. Frequently droves of cattle, herds of horses, and flocks of sheep are seen. The horses are sleek and very cheap. In the Kurd country vast grassy meadows are crossed, on which thousands of antelopes are feeding and flocks of wild turkeys are flying about. This journey is made under an escort of zaptiehs, or guardsmen. At Kerkook the tomb of the prophet Daniel is visited. Back from the rivers the country is shorn of trees. No doubt it was once heavily wooded. No more fertile lands exist than these; for the most part they are well watered, being supplied with frequent rains. Furthermore, the land is rich in mines, quarries, and mineral oils. But so far as it is inhabited, the people are barbarians, dressed in cotton and skins and devoted to rudest warfare.

We have returned to the Tigris River nine hundred miles from the gulf. The Scriptures speak of the Tigris as the second great river. Daniel experienced some of his prophetic visions on its banks; Xenophon retreated along its tortuous course; Alexander crossed its tide at different points; Heraclius defeated the fifty thousand golden spears of Chosroes. On its banks have been built some of the most famous cities. Here at the head of navigation we are on memorable ground. To the north are mountains fronded and snowy; to the east, south, and west are grassy plains. Before history began to be recorded in books, a great city was builded here

by Ninus, the founder of the Assyrian monarchy, two thousand and fifty-nine years before Christ. Under Asshur it had more than a million of people. It had gardens, parks, brazen gates, groves, hosts of merchants, and cattle upon the plains. This was Nineveh, which was long the mistress of the East. It was twenty miles long and nine wide, and sixty-seven miles in circuit, and its wall was a hundred feet high. Before Zoroaster taught or Plato philosophized, it was in its splendor. It was older than the Vedas of Para Brahm or the Sutras of Buddha. It was old before the Iran emigrated to Greece or Germany, or the Semite departed into Arabia or Egypt. As the classical writers began to refer to it, they were somewhat bewildered, for Ctesias, Diodorus, and Siculus speak of it as being situated on the Euphrates. Though Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, and Ptolemy treat of it as being upon the Tigris, they impart but little information concerning it. So it had passed away, and Alexander marched over its site and did not recognize it. It slept in oblivion until Botta, Layard, Rawlinson, and Rassam stirred its slumbering ashes, opening up palaces, temples, obelisks, and tombs, on whose façades the exploits of kings and nobles were carved, and in the niches were found brick tablets telling of Ninus and thirty other kings who succeeded him. In the centre of the ruins a mound is pointed out as the grave of Jonah. To the north of this is a vast pile of debris fifty feet high and eight thousand feet in circumference. This has been somewhat explored, revealing chains of gold, vessels of silver, winged bulls, slabs of marble strangely and curiously

inscribed. Many tablets and cylinders have been found giving information of the city. But the half has not yet been revealed. Portions of the walls can be traced. The ruins ought to be thoroughly examined; but the Turkish Government does not care to do it, and is unwilling that others should. It is beautiful among the ruins. The grass is green, and thickly set with orange and purple blossoms. Larks and chats abound, and sing merrily. Now and then a native may be seen strolling about as though he were lost. How true it is that great cities as well as great men become buried in the dust, yet the character of the former survives as well as that of the latter. The views of Nineveh as presented by Ezekiel, Jonah, and Nahum are darkly shaded, showing that it is always dangerous to supplant principle by wealth, pride, and passion. The end of such is certain to be bitter.

All that has been disclosed tends to show that the plough turned the first furrow and the first harvest was gleaned between the Great Rivers. Accordingly, no other ruins than those of Babylon, Nineveh, and other cities near these rivers can be of more interest to the enlightened world.

Opposite from these ruins is the city of Mosul. Here in the bazaars, among other strange things for sale, is manna. It is of a yellowish green color, and of the consistency of hard butter. It is gathered from the fields daily, and is regarded as a luxury.

A raft is here made of one hundred and forty goat-skins, tied together and covered with small sticks of timber, on which is placed a little house covered with

sacking and roofed with canvas. This is to be the means of transport to Bagdad. The Tigris is high, and its current strong. The passengers consist of one American, his dragoman, three natives, and a steersman. As the moorage is cut away, off goes the float. In five days, which have been given to rest, novelties, striking adventures in a terrible thunder-storm, and much new knowledge of geography, geology, and astronomy, the raft is anchored at Bagdad; luggage and all are transferred to a tub-boat and whirled ashore. Here the Tigris is six hundred yards wide. Looking for the first time upon this city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, situated on both sides of the river, embowered in palms and orange groves, we feel it to be exceedingly attractive. Its architecture makes no pretension to beauty, but the main object is to keep cool. Some of the residences along the embankments are spacious. The houses are made of brick and mud, and are from one to three stories high. The minarets to the mosques, being numerous, present the nearest approach to beauty. A glamour of romance broods over this city from the fact that it has passed through so many revolutions and been in the hands of so many different nationalities. It has been styled "the city of the Caliphs" and "the city of peace." But as you see daggers strapped to the belts of the men and guns upon their backs, you cannot see the force of this appellation. Then you can but shudder as you recall that caliph Tamerlane, who piled seventy-five thousand human skulls into a monument outside the walls, that he might indicate the fate of all who should oppose his reign.

But why should the city be called Bagdad? There is a tradition that a Christian hermit whose name was Dad was the first settler here; and as he delighted in his fine garden, which in Arabic means "bag," it was therefore called the "Garden of Dad," or Bagdad. In the "Arabian Nights" there is many a reference to this city.

From sunrise to sunset the main street, lined with bazaars, is brimful of people. You will not advance far on it without meeting with Turks, Jews, Arabs, Tartars, Armenians, and Persians. When they come to a standstill, they are almost certain to drop into a sitting posture. In the coffee-rooms, which are conspicuous at the corners of the streets, the men of leisure are assembled, and are full of talk, sipping the coffee and taking whiffs from the narghileh. Most of them are attired in a fez, shirt, tunic, and belt, with a string of red beads. Some of them have rings in the tops of their ears as well as in the lower part. Their wealth is largely invested in animals. A man owning one camel is poor; owning ten, he is well off; owning sixty, he is rich. The bazaars seem crowded with goods from all parts of the world. Passing along, you see persons weaving silk and linen, moulding gold, silver, and brass, and converting leather into many shapes. As the hour of prayer is signalled by the muezzin, the people are sure to remember Allah. The fervor of the Prophet's disciples is so ardent and prevailing that it is said that if you cry "Allah" under storks flying about the Minar, an old minaret, they will out of reverence fall to the earth.

We can learn but little of the women as we meet them on the street, for they are completely hidden by

flowing garments and veils. However, they manage to exhibit huge rings in their noses and bangles about their ankles. Friday is their Sabbath and marriage day. Their funerals occur usually at sunset. Looking into the ordinary home, you will find but few apartments. The husband sleeps on raised brick-work; but the wife, or wives, and children sleep on the floor. On rising, the husband first performs his devotions, and then a wife furnishes him with his chibouk and coffee. While he is enjoying these by himself, his wife is expected to be praying for his success.

If there was a famous college here in the thirteenth century, no such institution is to be found at present. However, it is just to say that the Roman Catholics are doing a good work in the way of education.

Kasmain is a suburb of Bagdad, noted for its tombs of two Imaums, near descendants of Mohammed. This sacred retreat is connected with the city by a tramway, to accommodate pilgrims in visiting these tombs. The horse-railroad seems almost out of place in this city, which is more oriental than Cairo or Damascus. The Bagdadans extol the city as magnificent, and the chief of cities; however, they cannot refrain from crying it down during the months of July and August, but the rest of the year they are bound to overcome this drawback by magnifying its charms. Let them dote upon their long line of caliphs, and especially upon that one described as a planet amid a galaxy of stars, whose palace floors were covered with twenty-two thousand rich carpets, and whose garden was adorned with a golden tree filled with artificial birds flying among its branches.

Four hours' ride down the Tigris on a steamer brings you to the ruins of Seleucia, which was founded soon after the downfall of Babylon by a general of Alexander. It was made out of brick, and peopled by captives from that city. For a considerable time it was the metropolis of Mesopotamia. At length the Parthians and Persians builded Ctesiphon, a rival city on the opposite bank. Civil strife raged between these cities. Each was trying to gain the ascendency by tearing the other down. In the course of things Ctesiphon became the victor, sacking Seleucia of her immense treasures. Only mounds of dirt mark the site of the latter; but at the former heaps of brick, walls of the palace, and an immense arch of brick remain to designate the place of its grandeur.

The embankments of the river are high in this part of the country, so that, unless it be flood-time, which occurs in June and September, passengers have but little chance to overlook the wide acres of most fertile soil. Frequent glimpses of Bedouin villages are seen, where nomadic tribes are watching their herds and flocks. It is too bad that such lands should remain in such hands. In the course of two or three days you will pass several villages close upon the river. As the steamer halts at these settlements, all the men, women, and children flock to the landing. These are motley crowds, not more than half civilized. Still, they seem kindly disposed to strangers. A few miles before arriving at the junction of the great rivers, the tomb of Ezra is seen upon the right bank. This is to the Israelites a sacred shrine. It is made out of brick, with a blue dome and red sides. How true it is that the good and noble are

never forgotten! Though this whole land has many natural beauties and attractions, though the ruins of its cities are stupendous and thrilling, still these all pall and dim, as the lives of prophets and holy men and women rise before you, who wrought here sublimely for God and the progress of the race. It is not strange that the Bible speaks of the Euphrates and the Tigris as the Great Rivers. They are great in physical results; they are great in history. Because of human associations the flowers fringing their borders are particularly sweet, the palm-groves are beautiful, and the over-arching skies are exceedingly rich in sunshine, distilling dews, and radiant stars.

When it is winter here, the thermometer stands at eighty, ninety, and even a hundred degrees of heat. Verily, this is summer enough for those of New England birth. The Tigris is a swifter river than the Euphrates, and bears as much water to the gulf.

A few missionary lights are beginning to shine in this land. Let them flame out and onward, dispelling the long night of ignorance and gloom and ushering in an unclouded day of joy and wisdom.

Again we are steaming through the Persian Gulf and round the coast of Arabia. Care is required not to run upon coral reefs. The polyps have been, and are, busy bodies in these waters. At Bahrein, which is a village upon an island of the same name, are seen a host of men who follow pearl-fishing during the hottest months, and for the rest of the year are idlers. The past season they secured pearls to the value of a million and a half dollars. Most of them were sold to merchants in

Bombay. Though the pearl-seekers secure so many treasures, still they can barely live.

Near the lower part of the gulf the coast of Arabia begins to be abrupt; and as the Arabian Sea is entered the land surface is lifted into hills and mountains. Approaching the city of Muscat, the traveller can but marvel as he beholds more than the romance of the Rhine or the weirdness of the Scotch Highlands. The rocks are lifted into heights from a few feet to six thousand, being conical, serrated, twisted, scoriated, billowy, and barren. Not a tree or green object is anywhere to be discovered. Soon the steamer turns into a small bay encircled by rocks whose sides and tops present forts and frowning guns. The oldest of these forts were constructed by the Portuguese two hundred years ago. In the defile of the rocks a few houses are to be seen. But where is the city? Going on shore in a boat resembling the Venetian gondola, you are led — for you must be led — through the custom-house, post-office, shipping buildings, and over stoniest paths to bazaars and dwellings, and to the palace of the Sheik. Muscat is a city of forty thousand living beings dwelling among the rocks. There is nowhere to be seen soil enough to bury the dead. The inhabitants must walk or ride over stones for some three miles before they can find land enough for a garden. The natives appear wild, yet they are hospitable. Many of them own slaves brought from Zanzibar. Muscat is the capital of a district about the size of England, and ruled by a sheik who would not be able to hold his own against the Turks, were there no British gunboats floating in these

waters. It is a mystery how a people can be content to dwell in such a desolate region. None but Arabs would. Somehow they delight in the desert and waste places. Muscat is *the city among the rocks.* Its foundations and battlements are certain to endure while the earth lasts.

Still rounding the Arabian coast, you find it to be rimmed largely with hills and mountains of bare rock. It is strange that the Arab should love and cleave to a land of sand within and rocks without. Before entering the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb high bluffs and mountains are seen rising far aloft. These are masses of basalt and quartzose rock, thrown into their present shape by volcanic force. The name of the straits signifies "Gate of tears," implying that many lives have been lost in these waters. By and by the vessel rounds a projection and swings into the port of Aden, which is safe and commodious, fronted with another formidable mass of rock. The city of twenty thousand inhabitants is five miles back from the coast, but among the stones.

Aden is a coaling-station for steamers, affording its chief business. Jews are also here, making a specialty of selling ostrich feathers to voyagers. They are as keen here as everywhere else, seldom losing the best of the bargain. On the rocks are seen barracks where a regiment of English soldiers are quartered to defend the straits. It is intensely hot here, and most difficult to obtain drinking water. The soldiers and the inhabitants who are obliged to dwell in the midst of such heated desolation are to be pitied. The natives, tall and but partially clad, are ready to take the advantage of strangers whenever they can.

As the Red Sea is entered, the query arises, Whence the name? The first answer suggested is that it springs from the fact of its red-hot heat; but on further examination it is found to be derived from the fact of its abounding in red coral. In the last of April the sun sends down melting rays; what must the temperature be in August? This sea is long and narrow, bounded by sandy plains and irregular, distorted, barren hills and mountains. Birds and porpoises abound in these waters.

Midway of the Arabian coast is Jeddah, another city founded on the rocks. This is the seaport to Mecca, and also traditionally famous as being the burial-place of Eve. Adam is said to have been interred in Ceylon. If the reports of their home be true, it would not seem strange that their graves should be so far apart. In passing, good views are enjoyed of the Sinai Mountains, rising five and eight thousand feet above the sea, composed of basaltic rock and destitute of vegetation. From its name you would judge that in olden days emigrants from the Euphrates, who worshipped Sin, the god of the moon, must have settled here. The associations brooding about these heights will be as lasting as the stones themselves. The seacoast all the way is strangely wild, fenced high with volcanic hills and naked rocks, as though just thrown from a fiery furnace. Arabia is a weird country, in which the lion roars, the panther cries, the jackal barks, the ostrich runs, the gazelle darts about, the chameleon changes its color, and locusts swarm. It appears as though this land was never intended to become the abode of man. But the legend says, "God gave this waste of sand and

stone to the Arab;" and when the poor man complained of his lot, the Mighty One pitied and said, "Be of good cheer!" The Arab heard, gave thanks, and was sent forth to find new blessings. In the heart of the waste he discovered some green islands on which were feeding camels and horses; and, lo! these were his possessions, and he was perfectly happy, and has delighted in the country ever since.

At the head of the Gulf of Suez is a city of the same name, composed of thousands of Arabs, Turks, French, Italians, and Germans. It is a city remarkable for dirt and cleanliness, huts and comfortable homes, ignorance and culture; in summer it is a furnace and in winter an oven; still, it is an important shipping-port.

But the object of absorbing interest here is the Suez Canal, which is eighty-six miles long, three hundred and twenty-seven feet wide at the surface, seventy-two feet at the bottom, and twenty-eight feet deep. Its total cost, when first opened, was $100,000,000. Every steamer passing through it pays one dollar and a half on every net ton and two dollars on every passenger. At present the tonnage per month is upwards of six hundred thousand, and the receipts are more than a million dollars. By means of this canal five thousand miles are saved in making a trip from London to Bombay. The world is greatly indebted to M. de Lesseps, who planned it and was instrumental, in spite of the direst opposition, in constructing it. The original stock was divided into four hundred shares; one hundred and seventy-six were taken by Ismail Pasha, and the balance by the French. At present the English control the shares of the Pasha.

There are traces of an old canal running somewhat in the same direction as the new one, built by Pharaoh Necho and the Ptolemies, and called the "Canal of the Kings," which, filling with sand, was cleared out and restored in the seventh century by Caliph Omar as the "Canal of the Faithful."

This isthmus has long been famous ground; for near it Abraham and his descendants tended their flocks and led them to drink of the waters of the Nile. While the present canal was being constructed, near the half-way station a monolith of red granite was found, cut in the form of an armchair, on which were sitting three Egyptian figures of a priestly order. As its hieroglyphics have been deciphered, they reveal the fact that the figures represent Rameses II. sitting between two sun-gods, Ra and Tum. These, with other ruins discovered, serve to substantiate the records of Moses. This is the land in which the descendants of Abraham dwelt for four hundred and fifty years; the last two hundred years they were made menial slaves by the Pharaohs. In the northeastern part of Egypt was Goshen. Here were the cities of Rameses and Pithon, whence Moses started, with perhaps two million Israelites, for the fatherland.

Coming to the lower part of the Nile, we find it an extended plain, intercepted only by dunes, or mud deposits of the river. Because of the damming up of the water, the delta is formed, dividing the river into many streams some eighty miles from the Mediterranean Sea. One cannot be long in this region without coming to the conclusion that the Nile is the mother of Egypt. In

CARAVAN CROSSING THE ARABIAN DESERT.

studying geography the learner is usually led to infer that this country is about the size of Russia in Europe. But the truth is, Egypt proper is about five hundred and fifty miles long, and from five to twelve miles wide, lying close upon the Nile, having an area about the size of Maryland. All the rest of the country is desert. For the ages it has been a struggle between the river and the desert, to see which should bear off the palm. The one signifies life, and the other death. The Nile has held its own. At the point where the delta begins to form, the river is half a mile wide. It is the longest and most mysterious river of the globe. For the last eighteen hundred miles it falls only seven inches to the mile. The first of June, and at very nearly the same hour, it begins to rise, and continues till into September, when, usually on the same day of the month, it begins to fall. At high water all the arable land is under the flood, which is twenty-five feet deep a hundred miles from the sea. While the water is withdrawing from the land, the first crop is sown without ploughing. The seed is virtually cast upon the water. They plough for the second sowing, and also for the third. Three crops are raised yearly. For the second and third planting the soil requires to be watered. This necessitates work, whether it is done by the ox turning the windlass, or by man operating the shadoof, or by two coolies scooping up the water with the swinging basket. The soil is exceedingly prolific. Though the annual deposit is slight, making only three and a half inches in a century, it is sufficient to keep the land rich. The banks of the river are likely to be green and beautiful during low

water. The country produces enough to support its seven millions of people. Long has it been a country of corn. Six hundred years before Christ there were twenty-two thousand cities along the banks of the Nile, and the country produced enough to support them, having corn to spare. Why should we wonder that this river has been worshipped as a god?

Going up the river, and a few miles back from it on the east, we arrive at Heliopolis, which was On in the reign of the Pharaohs. This was the Oxford of Egypt. Here Moses was educated; here Eudoxus and Plato remained for thirteen years as students; here Joseph married his beloved Asenath; here Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations; and tradition says that Mary and Joseph with the child Jesus were here for a short time. Once numerous statues and monuments graced the city; but now its sole relic is an obelisk of red porphyry, sixty-seven feet high, inscribed with the name of Osertisen I., the great king of the XII. Dynasty.

Six miles to the south is Cairo. Stand on its citadel and look upon the city. You are reminded of a Gothic temple having thousands of turrets rising above it. On the east side the barren hills hug close the walls, while on the west and beyond its limits are greenest fields, and farther on the desolate Libyan Mountains. Its four hundred and fifty mosques are conspicuous, overtopped with more than two thousand minarets. The most beautiful mosque is Sultan Hassan, costing three thousand dollars a day for three years to build it. Tradition reports that the Sultan caused the architect's hands to be cut off, to keep the edifice unique. It

THE HEAD OF RAMESES II.

was on this citadel that Mehemet Ali gained his signal victory over the Mamelukes. The elegant alabaster mosque on its crown was built in honor of that triumph. The city is thoroughly Oriental and Moslem. On the streets the donkeys are dodging about like bees in front of a hive just before swarming. Really they are the feet and the hack of the Cairenes. Caravans of camels go swinging along, like ships just sailing into harbor from the great desert. A multitude of dusky faces are in the thoroughfares from sunrise to sunset, and among them are sure to be beggars *ad infinitum*. As you inspect these creatures, you conclude that they are grown, not made.

Of all places of resort in this city of half a million souls there is no other so attractive to one seeking knowledge, as the Boulak Museum, which is the most valuable treasury of antiquities in the world. Here we find many busts of kings, mummies of heroes, coffins, sarcophagi, papyri, vases, jewels, bracelets of gold and pearls. Here is a statue of Cephrene, purporting to have been made nearly six thousand years ago. In one room are the mummy of Seti I., whose daughter saved the child Moses as he was set afloat upon the Nile; the mummy of Rameses II., who proved himself the greatest Pharaoh of all; and that of his son Menephtah, who was the Pharaoh at the time of the Exodus. Here is the Stone of Three Inscriptions, which has proved the key to the hieroglyphics. Here, also, are two statues of Apepi, the Pharaoh of Joseph's time. This museum is the work largely of M. Merriette, M. Maspero, and M. Naville. In another department are

the five hundred skulls collected to illustrate the ethnology of Egypt.

This is a religious city; however, no bells signify the hours of worship, but muezzins from the minarets send out calls for prayers five times each day. The present Khedive has but one wife, and she delights in her home and husband. But such homes are few in this city of the grandest bazaars, of funniest scenes and most barbarous deeds. A kind of romance hangs about the city. The air is tinged with a peculiar color, being gray rather than blue; however, the day is usually ushered in with brightness, and departs in splendor. Evidently great changes are to come to this city of marvellous story through the soldier on duty, the missionary portraying the love for the Gospel, and the dramatic pictures of the long past. Let Vernet paint the real things of the citadel and hang them in the Louvre; let the traveller still come hither and gather up facts of the new and the old, to enlarge and ennoble character.

Twelve miles up the river and across to the westerly side are the pyramids of Gizeh. Sand is piled around them. They are built out of stone quarried from the ledges on which they stand and from syenite brought from far up the Nile. Cheops, the largest one, covers over thirteen acres of ground. Its sides correspond with the points of the compass, and measure just as many cubits on each side as there are days and parts of a day in a year. The mortuary cellar, Queen's Chamber, and King's Chamber are sufficient to prove that this pyramid was built for a tomb. Its altitude, which was five hundred feet, bears the same relation to the

perimeter of the base that the radius of the circle does to its circumference.

The Sphinx, which is near by, is another prodigy, cut out of the native rock, one hundred and forty-three feet long and sixty-three feet high, having the body of a lion and the head of a man. It is indeed a symbol of strength. The altar in front of it, and the temples close at hand give it a religious significance. The underlying thought of these huge works is religious. Men built thus grandly with the view of living forever. A Pharaoh, as soon as he began to rule, given to retirement and meditation, began to build his temple and tomb so that they would last. He believed that if his body should not be preserved after death there would be no possibility of his spirit living again; therefore can you marvel that he should build his sepulchre in the solid rock? He believed that after five or fifty thousand years of transmigration his soul would return to the body, if the latter were preserved. This renders it easy to see how Cheops could summon to his service a hundred thousand men, and hold them for twenty years splitting, hewing, and piling stones into a pyramid that should commemorate his life and faith.

Within a range of twenty miles there are seventy-two pyramids. All are on the west side of the Nile. But the Egyptians preferred to dwell on the east side, that, when they should die, their bodies might be ferried across the Nilus by Anubis, their god of souls, that they might at once have pleasant experiences in the silent land.

For eleven miles to the south, was once a beautiful

street bordered with sphinxes. On the west side was the artificial Acherusian Lake; beyond this was the Memphian Necropolis, where mortals descended to Amenthes. All of these at present are buried out of sight by Libyan sand. At the terminus of this splendid highway stood the city of Memphis, and around it within its walls, as guards, stood eleven pyramids. These are in sight to-day. The chief and the oldest, it is believed, of all the pyramids is the Pyramid of Steps, built by Chochome Side for a tomb to the god Ti. It covers over eight acres of surface. Sand is piled high about the pyramids here, as well as at Gizeh. An avenue has been opened up not far from the Step-pyramid, leading down under the sand into the Temple of Ti. Here are seen chapels made of whitest stones and carved with exquisite skill, exhibiting land and sea, — figures of men, women, beasts, birds, ships, and fruit. Portions of it are very ancient, while other parts bear marks of the Grecian chisel. Beyond and below this we come to the Serapeum. Here we find ourselves in a broad passage walled and arched with huge stones; still farther on and lower, we are in the Apeum; here is the Temple of the Apis, where he was tenderly guarded and fondly adored as the true symbol of Osiris; still proceeding, we soon come to vast sarcophagi of red and black granite in deep vaults on either side of the passage. As we are going round and round, we count twenty-four out of the seventy-two discovered by M. Merriette. There is enough to be seen here, to show that Memphis was a gorgeous city long before Rome or Athens had a being. In its palmiest days it was the home of regal assemblies

and the seat of science and philosophy. Here Cambyses received glittering embassies that came from old Babylon. Moses no doubt walked its streets and wondered at its magnificent works. Hither Alexander came and traversed its Apeum, and then admiring floated down the Nile in his golden galley. Even as late as the Ptolemies it was an imposing city, ranking only second to Alexandria.

We have advanced more than four hundred miles up the Nile by rail and boat. Out of the south is wafted a halcyon day. The sky flashes out beauties like precious stones. The very atmosphere comes laden with sweetness from Araby and Nubian plains. Birds sing, it would seem, for the whole earth. A fairer land and sky could scarcely be imagined. Right here in the midst of these richest gifts of Nature once stood the Hundred-gated Thebes; yes, it was the central setting in the largest and richest plain of Egypt.

The Pharaohs had done their great work at On, Gizeh, and Memphis; the Shepherd Kings had ruled the land, doing their best and worst; the glory of a wonderful civilization was fast dying out from the banks of the Nile. As gloom was settling over Lower Egypt, a call came from Upper Egypt, bidding hearts revive and build anew where summer is sure to reign, where the soil is rich and the stone is enduring. So hither came a people, kingly and priestly, believing in gods visible and invisible. Osiris, Isis, and Horus they adored, worshipping as their symbols the apis, the ibis, and the hawk. They believed that while they were in this world they must prepare for death, — that

they must build their own tombs in order to preserve the flesh while their spirits might be voyaging through beasts and birds and silent abodes. With them the flesh was first.

To this spot came such a people, and did patient and persistent work. They aimed to take advantage of the fortunes and mishaps of the past. The Nile was already fringed from the Delta for six hundred miles with noblest structures and grandest ruins. Here they resolved to build so as to surpass them all. Here the king commanded his subjects to dig, quarry, shape, and pile up. For centuries they wrought. Kings died and kings were born, and the building went on, until what is now Luxor, Karnak, and Thebes were one, constituting the proudest city that had ever graced the Nile. It was from Ahmes I. to Rameses II. in reaching its zenith, or from 2400 to 1400 B. C. When Rameses II. pronounced it complete, what a city of temples, palaces, columns, pillars, statues, and sphinxes it was! The ruins are verily sublime! The perfect work, how magnificent it must have been!

The city was thirty-six miles in circuit. The houses are all gone, but temples and tombs are to an extent preserved. The city was divided by the Nile. Palaces and temples fronted one another on elevations. Tombs were dug deep into the solid rock; and as they are opened up, their carvings and paintings in many instances are as fresh as though done but yesterday. The Colossi; the Rameseum, with its tremendous statue of Rameses II.; the temple at Karnak, which requires an hour to walk about it, with its hall three

hundred feet long and two hundred wide, supported by a hundred and thirty-four pillars, from forty to sixty feet high and from nine to twelve feet in diameter, — were stupendous works. Days and weeks are required to see these ruins. For the most part stillness broods over them. A few human beings are crawling among them, or sleeping in the dirt, who are little more in thought or act than the donkeys they ride or the goats they milk. The fellahs who cultivate the soil and live in the villages are of a higher type; they are evidently descendants from the Semites. But the former life of Thebes is gone; it is being fast buried in dust. We know it was grand, on a grand site, and surrounded by a grand country. It is now grand in ruins.

Alexandria, founded 332 B. C., became a famous city in the course of a hundred years. It stood on the ground which the legend says fickle Proteus claimed as his abode. On the sandy shore, it is said, he was wont to be consulted, as he ruled over sea-monsters; and when consulted, he was certain to evade giving definite answers by suddenly changing into a tiger or a lion, or disappearing in a flame of fire or a whirlwind or a destructive storm. To say the least, it has been a precarious city. The modern is quite unlike the ancient. The street-scenes almost every day are novel and exciting. Just take an outing of half an hour on the central avenue. Those high-capped and black-coated men whom you see, are Copts; those mounted on horses and in uniform are Turkish officials; that red-eyed chap, dressed in white and skipping about

like a cricket, is an Albanian; those young fellows bobbing up and down on those diminutive donkeys are midshipmen fresh from England; those fellows with big lips and crisp hair are Nubians; then you discover French dandies, Italian beauties, Hindu wonders, Bedouins from the Jordan, brigands from Spain, women in trousers, men in petticoats. Ah! it is a mongrel population. Who ever saw the like elsewhere? One moment you might feel yourself to be in Paradise, and the next in Pandemonium. It has a population of more than three hundred thousand. Its prosperity has depended largely upon the fact that it is the half-way post between London and Calcutta.

In the new city there is but little to be discovered of the old. Pompey's Pillar and the Catacombs are about all. These are sufficient, however, to give evidence that a grand city once existed here. It must have been such when the lighthouse of Pharos towered five hundred feet, and the artificial lake Mareotis was brimful of the Nile water, and the spacious main street extended from Pharos to Mareotis. In the centre of this street stood the museum founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus. Here it was that thirty thousand students were wont to assemble to listen to the lectures of Origen, Athenasius, Euclid, and Hypatia. Here Philo at the head of seventy-two wise Jews translated the Old Testament from Hebrew to Greek, giving the world the Septuagint edition. It is said the translators were shut up by pairs in cells, each pair required to translate the whole; and when comparison came to be made, it was surprising to find how few the discrepancies were.

Here, too, was that wondrous library having four hundred thousand volumes in the museum and three hundred thousand volumes in the library of the Serapean Temple. The former was destroyed when Julius Cæsar set fire to Alexandria 47 B. C. The latter having been increased by the successors of Ptolemy Philadelphus to the number of seven thousand manuscripts, it was destroyed by the Saracens, who heated their baths for six months by burning the books, according to the command of Caliph Omar, 642 A. D.

Egypt is a remarkable country, look at it and study it as you will. Its history is far-reaching. Its original stock, it would seem, from some recent discoveries and early names, must have come from Chaldea, or the north. Under the Pharaohs for twenty-six dynasties it prospered, and then was overcome by the Persians in 1525 B. C. and was held by them till 525 B. C. From 323 B. C. to 30 B. C. it was ruled by the Ptolemies. From 30 B. C. to A. D. 362 it was under the Romans. In A. D. 640 it was captured by Omar I.; it remained in the hands of the Arabs until conquered by the Turks in 1517, and is still under the jurisdiction of the latter. Its hieroglyphics and cuneiform tablets are revealing most interesting facts of its marvellous history and grand past. Its ancient industries and recreations are represented in sculptures and paintings on the walls of the tombs. But the pyramids of Gizeh and Sakara, the splendid cities Memphis, Rameses, and Heliopolis, the tombs of Beni-hassan and the Hundred-gated City, the temples of Karnak, Edfau, and Assouan, and vastly more, are all, as well as the rich lands of Egypt, the

gifts of the Nile. So with great force it may be designated the mother of this land, — yea, the mother of the highest ancient civilization whose course has been westward. As its bright fortunes rose on the banks of the Nile, would it not seem that its setting glory is to be on the borders of the Mississippi? Surely, civilization has been marching westward. It advanced from the Nile to Palestine, to Greece, over the Alps, through Gaul to England, and, finally, across the Atlantic to America. The accumulated light and increasing knowledge of the centuries ought to produce here the highest type of civilization. These forces will give us noblest results if Americans are only true to their opportunities.

GETHSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES, AND ROADS TO BETHANY.

CHAPTER VIII.

PALESTINE.

AFTER listening for weeks to the silence of the desert and the rippling of the Nile as its waves wash the shore or the steamer cuts its waters, it seems refreshing to hear once more the moan and the roar of the sea, — yes, the sea of romance and thrilling story. Of its marvels Homer sung; near its shores stood Tyre, Sidon, Alexandria, and Carthage. Over its surface sailed Ulysses, and the heroes who rolled the wooden horse into old Troy. It was the sea of Darius and Saint Paul and brave knights and noble adventurers. Across its calm waters Syrians and Hellenes sent sweetest music.

Having sailed for half a day and a night from Alexandria, as the dawn comes, the orient is aglow with richest dyes and captivating loveliness. All at once anchors are dropped, and behold! we are in the roadstead of Joppa. Half a mile off is the city on a hill, so renowned for notable deeds. Somehow goodness never grows old; so Joppa still attracts. It was here Simon the tanner dwelt, and Tabitha "did what she could," and Peter had his wondrous vision and mysteriously called Dorcas from the silent land.

Going on shore and mingling with the Semitic people, we are immediately made conscious that woman is

degraded. Her pitch of voice is on a minor key; and if married, she is required on the street to keep her face veiled. Lepers are here as of old, praying to be healed. The sunny side of this city is beheld, as visits are made to Miss Arnott's school of a hundred native girls, to the Boys' School of Mrs. Hays, and to Miss Baldwin's Hospital, where thousands of the sick are yearly blessed. In these latter days as surely as in the ancient, a divine brooding appears to be over this quaint city.

But we are soon away, and over the country to Jerusalem. We have looked upon this land in autumn and spring. How striking the contrast of the two seasons! The one thrills with life, and the other chills with death. Now the air is perfumed with odors from orchards and gardens and flowers sown copiously over the plain of Sharon. Larks are singing and sparrows twittering in bush and tree-top. The plain of Sharon is long and wide. Ramleh is reached, which is reported to have been Arimathea, the abiding-place of Joseph, in whose tomb at Jerusalem the body of our Saviour was laid. There is naught visible now to tell of the past but the ruins of a Saracenic tower and massive vaults which were destroyed in the time of the Crusades. A detour of five miles to the north brings us into the village of Lydda, or the site of ancient Lud. Here two women are grinding at the mill, as in former times. Probably they have not seen more than thirty summers, yet they look old enough to be sisters of Methuselah. Here are the ruins of the Church of St. George, the patron saint of England.

Returning to Ramleh, on we push across the plain

and at length to the foot of the mountains. Now the carriage-road is up and over rocky spurs and into stony wadies. The rose of Sharon is often seen and plucked by the way. Every crest and nook where there is any soil, is starred with flowers. Just over a summit stands a little village, with the least imaginable attraction till tradition reveals Emmaus. A halo of light seems to fall upon it at once, and all Nature appears to repeat the refrain, "Abide with us, for the day is far spent." As the heights are gained, the mountain-tops are beyond counting. It would be difficult on map or canvas to display all the elevations and depressions. The prevailing rock is lime, and as it becomes pulverized by heat and cold and gas, it makes just the soil to grow corn and flowers. As the sun is declining, of a sudden we turn to the eastward, and lo! there stands modern Jerusalem, marking the spot of ancient Jerusalem. Entranced the emotions seem to be, as the slanting sunlight glints lofty walls, battlements, domes, and minarets. The view is glorious! How enraptured must have been the hearts of those who looked from this point upon the city of Solomon! That city was more than Athens, or Rome, or Thebes with its hundred gates, or Babylon with its Babel-tower. It is surprising that a city should have stood so far inland on mountains, and surrounded by higher mountains, which should have had such an influence, religiously and politically, in shaping and deciding the destinies of nations and races. Ah! this is the spot where Abraham bowed in perfect submission; where David chanted sweetest lays; where Christ uttered that sublimest prayer, "Father,

forgive them, for they know not what they do;" and where he rose from the dead, bringing life and immortality to light. Why, this is enough to render the very dust of that city forever memorable, — yea, "the very joy of the whole earth"!

But the spell is broken as the glow of the sun is withdrawn from tower and minaret, and we hasten down and into the city before the stars shine out.

The distance traversed to-day has been thirty-five miles.

The modern city is surrounded by walls two and one fourth English miles in extent and from thirty to fifty feet high. It is situated some twenty-three hundred feet above the sea. Its latitude corresponds to that of Charleston, S. C. It has always been regarded as having a healthy and beautiful location. It stands on the debris of some twenty other cities; so to get at the original site, it would be necessary to go down twenty, thirty, sixty, and even a hundred feet.

The city now is said to have more than forty-five thousand inhabitants. More than half of these are Jews, and the rest are Greeks, Italians, Arabs, Turks, Copts, Armenians, and Protestants. The city has more than doubled its population within the last twenty years. In 1870 there were but a few buildings without the walls, now nearly half of the people live outside of them. The religiousness of the city is what draws. It is divided into four quarters as of old, but not separated as the ancient was by walls. Mount Zion is the highest quarter. Perhaps no other word has animated and saddened so many hearts as that of "Zion." The Jew loves it;

the Christian cherishes it; even the world finds in it the sweetest euphony. It is expressive of the highest joys and deepest sorrows. "Zion!"—who can fathom its full significance? We have walked round and over Mount Zion. It certainly is full of enchantment. Valleys encompass it, and hills cluster close to it. Its outlook to the east is upon Olivet, towering two hundred and twenty feet above it. Hither came David, and builded a splendid palace and made a grand abiding-place for the Ark. Because of this, Mount Zion became very dear to Israel, and the Psalmist was inspired to sing "Mount Zion is the joy of the whole earth!" Here his tomb was cut into the solid rock; and as his spirit ascended, his body was laid therein. The history of Mount Zion is more than drama; it is truly tragedy. When in its complete state, why should it not remain so? It was captured by the King of Egypt; a second time it was taken by the Philistines; a third time it was demolished by Joash; a fourth time by the Assyrians; a fifth and sixth time by Nebuchadnezzar; so it was destroyed and restored, till in Herod's day, when it was thought to be too strong to be thrown down; but the Roman legions came upon it, and it fell. Where the towers stood and the palaces reflected beauty, the Arab rides his steed and the Bedouin watches for his prey.

But Mount Zion is not forgotten. Eighteen hundred years have elapsed since Jerusalem's terrible overthrow, yet it now appears as though the time is not far off when it will be restored. The Jews are flocking to it and kissing its very stones, as a promise that it is to rise in glory again. Here they have two synagogues, not

gorgeous, but crowded to overflowing on the Sabbath with earnest worshippers, reading the Scriptures and chanting Psalms. You see them in their wailing on Friday afternoon at the foot of Mount Zion to the rear of the wall that stood behind the Temple, and you would judge them endued afresh with the Holy Ghost. There are indications that Christ as the Messiah is coming to be recognized by them. Christian bells now send their peals to all parts of Mount Zion. Its gates are open all the night, and under the starlight we have walked about it in perfect safety; but when here twenty years ago nothing of the kind could have been done. Now the friars of St. John have full freedom to nurse the sick, and the Sisters of charity to bless the poor. There is need of Christianity here, for lepers are common and the afflicted go about the streets finding no comfort. Let the banner of Christianity wave on its summit; and if gilded domes and spires do not glisten, the joys of Mount Zion will be but the reflection of the joys of Zion on high.

Mount Moriah is still adorned with the most perfect structure in the city, the Mosque of Omar. No doubt it stands over the foundations of Solomon's Temple, which cost more than thirty billion five hundred million dollars. A little to the west was the Temple of the Knights of St. John in the age of the Crusades, but now is the Mosque of Achsa, beneath which are numerous arches made of vast blocks of stone. These are called the Stalls of Solomon, where were kept four thousand horses. In another part of Moriah is the Pool of Bethesda, so noted for its healing waters, but at present its

tides no longer rise and fall. Near by is a large harem where hosts of wives belonging to a few Turkish officers reside. As these go forth at early morning or late in the afternoon to the Moslem cemetery to pray for their departed husbands, they look like ghosts, being completely hooded and dressed in white.

Bezetha, signifying the new city, is the name applied to the northeast quarter, and is occupied largely by Mohammedans. Through it runs the "Street of Sorrows," along which it is said our Saviour was led to crucifixion.

Akra is the northwest portion, and received the name from the citadel which once stood here. This is the Christian quarter, where Protestants, Catholics, and those of the Greek Church dwell. Here is the Pool of Hezekiah, connected by an aqueduct with the Upper Pool of Gihon outside of the city, and connected by an open channel with the Pools of Solomon, nine miles distant, which are three in number, some five hundred feet long, three hundred wide, and sixty deep. All these monstrous works were made in the time of Solomon. There are now five gates to the city. Near the Jaffa Gate is the Tower of Hippicus. This was built by Herod, and named after a friend. For largeness, beauty, and strength he judged it to surpass all other structures of the globe. By the Damascus Gate we descend into an immense quarry under the city, where the stones were split out and shaped for the Temple. Huge blocks are still here, half finished. As we see these and this cavern, we can understand how the stones might all have been put in shape for the Temple so as to have been laid without any noise of the hammer.

A day is spent with an engineer in wandering through avenues opened up beneath the city and outside of it. Great discoveries have already been made, and greater remain to be disclosed. Were the Government not hostile to foreigners and opposed to archæological examinations, strangest things would soon be disclosed. The Turkish rule is so conservative it keeps the city from making much progress. Were it enterprising, certain kinds of business might become very successful, but now everything drags. It takes three men, as affairs move, to shoe a horse. Within the last few years more than a hundred Protestant schools have been closed in the land by the order of the Sultan.

The Jews who are flocking hither are mostly poor, and rely on foreign aid for homes and support. Still, Jerusalem is bound to continue, and the region around to become thoroughly explored, because this will be for the interest of the world.

After walking and riding round the city, visiting the Cave of Jeremiah, the tombs of the Kings, the supposed tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, the Valley of Hinnom, the Field of Aceldama, the Pool of Siloam, the Kedron, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the spot where Stephen was stoned to death, we are conscious that the real is more than the imagined, and that to understand many things in the Old and New Testaments you must read them on these very spots. The more we study Jerusalem, the grander and more mysterious it becomes. It is *the city* of cities. The fact that Prophets have wrought in it, that Apostles have preached in it, and most of all,

that Christ suffered and rose from the dead in it, is sufficient to render it the chief of cities.

From the brow of Olivet, in the clearest light to the eastward, we catch glimpses of Nebo and Pisgah; still nearer does the eye observe the valley of the Jordan, and a patch of the glistening waters of the Dead Sea, thirty-five hundred feet below this summit; hill upon hill throughout the wilderness of Judæa arrests the vision. Just a Sabbath-day's journey from us is the little city of Bethany, where Jesus so often rested, and where he turned the great sorrow of Mary and Martha into ecstatic joy. Six miles to the south of Jerusalem is Bethlehem, or where Bethlehem was when the stars shone out so entrancingly, and angels sang, "Peace on earth and good will to men," so enchanting the shepherds on the plains just below the city that they could but sing for joy, glorifying God.

Now we journey over the hills and through the vales on horseback, tenting out for twenty-four days from Jerusalem to Damascus and Beyroot. To the left is Mizpeh, where Samuel was buried, and Saul was chosen king. Its name signifies "a place of lookout." Under its shadow is Gibeon, where once stood a royal city, but the royalty is not now visible. To the right is Gibeah, on the hill-top, where Saul was born; at present it is a mass of stones. Proceeding northward, the loneliness of the country becomes oppressive. On sunny slopes among the rocks, grapes, figs, and olives are thriving, but no houses are to be seen. The stones keep multiplying, and are separated into massive blocks, so numerous that the horses are obliged to pick their way. For

miles only a few straggling human figures enter into the landscape. Of a sudden the attention is arrested by cries and shrieks from the hillside, and behold! forty men, women, and children are hobbling over the rough pasture, apparently in greatest distress. It is soon made manifest that this is a funeral, and that the corpse is being borne across the country for burial. The women who are screeching and combing their snarled hair with their fingers are hired to act in just that way. Really, they show themselves experts at the business.

We pass Shiloh, but discover no Benjaminites concealed among the vines, springing out to capture two hundred fair damsels. There is now nothing but beautiful flowers to mark the spot. Still, the fact that Eli died here will make it attractive while stones shall endure. Onward for three hours, and Gerizim and Ebal are lifted above us. In fancy we see Abraham just entering this valley-plain from far-off Ur, pitching his tent under a terebinth, and erecting perchance the first altar to the one living God. Then it was here that Jacob had a home; for there, only a few feet from us, is the well he dug, of whose waters he and his family and flocks drank. Here it was that Jesus held that surprising interview with the Samaritan woman. A short distance on, and we are by the tomb of Joseph. When he came to die in Egypt, his thoughts turned to the old home, and he prayed that he might be buried there; and love tenderly interred him in this spot.

Nablous occupies the site of Shechem, between Gerizim and Ebal. The city is overhung with bushy foli-

age. Here is the only Samaritan synagogue in the world. It is a small structure, without any attempt at display. We cannot gain entrance to it, but are permitted to stand at the door and look in. The high-priest is a young man, exhibiting little of the patriarchal dignity; he has two associate priests, and one hundred and thirty-five followers. While we are waiting at the door, the high-priest passes to the holy of holies, and takes out a venerable parchment in a silver case, reported to be a copy of the Law, making it more than thirty-five hundred years old. It certainly has the appearance of extreme age.

We climb from this city to the summit of Gerizim, which is twenty-six hundred feet high. As the top is reached, we have in the clear light of the morning a splendid outlook over sea, hills, vales, and villages. The whole land seems baptized with a flood of light and beauty. Here are the remains of buildings and the ruins of the old temple of Gerizim. On the north side are pointed out ten stones which a white-headed Samaritan says were brought by the order of Joshua from the Jordan to Gilgal and afterward to Gerizim. Here it was that Joshua gathered the Israelites, and read to them the Laws of Moses. Indeed, this is historic ground; and as the natural beauty is blended with the ancient annals, it becomes resplendently glorious.

On leaving Nablous, which is a city of ten thousand inhabitants, for a long distance we are riding through orchards of olives and pomegranates. As the city is left, we pass fields of rank wheat and timothy grass. Soon we see flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and

horses scattered over the thousand hills. The flowers become more countless than the stars. At Samaria we see where Jonah failed of fulfilling duty, where Elijah gained a victory over the King of Damascus, and where Herod had a splendid city. In the heat of the day we cross the Plain of Esdraelon. We drink from the Kishon, where Barak with his ten thousand men overcame the hundred thousand footmen and nine hundred chariots of Sisera. We eat our luncheon in a garden of Shunam. We cross the flank of Little Hermon, and pass through the city of Nain. We ride through fields of grain and over broad meadows sweet scented with thyme and myrrh, and climb steepest hillsides, till we have the broadest view over lands and seas, while close under us is Nazareth nestled in the mountain-top. It is indeed isolated, but offers the greatest diversity of scenery. The air, light, and water are unsurpassed. In the quiet of these highlands Christ spent his childhood, youth, and manhood. Here Joseph and Mary watched over and blessed their beloved. Here Jesus pushed the plane and saw, and astonished the Rabbis in the synagogue. Naught is left of Mary's home or Joseph's shop. The present city looks new and prosperous, having a population of six thousand. Nature made the place beautiful, and Heaven has made it divine.

A two hours' ride brings us to the summit of Tabor, and four hours more to the Mount of Beatitudes. The scenery all the way is most delightful. Nature appears to have striven to group the greatest variety of vegetation, by blending all the zones into one through a diversity of latitudes. So walnuts, sycamores, olives, figs,

and palms, melons and citrons, wheat, barley, and grassy meadows enamelled with myriads of tulips, hyacinths, anemones, lilies, daisies, and buttercups, are to be seen. From this elevation we can look upon the Sea of Galilee, the sites of Magdala, Capernaum, and Bethsaida in connection with other places where Christ performed most of his mighty works. It is a joy to read Christ's Sermon on the spot where it was first delivered. Going down to the sea, it is found to be surrounded with enchantments. The music of its waves, the lilies along its shores, the legends of its fallen cities are of special interest; still, these are of trifling moment, when the words are recalled as they first dropped from his lips: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Days have passed, and many exciting scenes have been experienced, and now we are resting for a little upon another hill, and lo! in the distance is Damascus, — "the Pearl of the East," "the Mother of the World," as the Syrian expresses it. Miles away and close up under the mountains is a cluster of towering trees intermingled with minarets and spires. As we ride on, the picture becomes fairer. The Arcadian or the Elysian Fields dim in contrast with what is just ahead. We have arrived at the cross-roads where Paul halted and for the first time heard the voice of Jesus, and he became a new man at once, — so changed in motives; he now loved everybody. This plain henceforth has additional attractions because Paul journeyed hither; the flowers are fairer and sweeter.

At last we are threading the streets of Damascus.

The paving-stones are uneven, and polished smooth by the tread of many feet. We can but chide the high walls that shut in the richest perfumes and hide from view the fairest gardens. Soon women are beyond counting, with jars of water on their heads; caravans of camels are swaying along; donkeys are dodging about; Arabic steeds with elegantly costumed riders are stepping short and quick. Soon the bazaars nearly dazzle the eye, as glimpses are caught of Damascus blades and glistening silks. Now the hordes of dogs and human beings are immense. At length we turn into a narrow passage, and soon a door through the wall opens. Dismounting, we step into a court with fountains playing and trees golden with oranges; this is the introduction to our hotel. Here we are in a superlatively Oriental city, reaching back in history perhaps four thousand years. No doubt it is the best-watered city in the world, having the branches of the Barada River coursing through its midst.

The city has its surprises, so we are made to feel, as we see in coffee-houses and club-rooms stalwart men in variegated colors, sipping their coffee, or smoking their chibouks, or cursing the Christians. We discover that they watch their wives with jealousy and manifest extreme tenderness to the dogs lying in the streets. Their very faces, as they gaze at Christian pilgrims, wear a seriousness which convinces you that they would enjoy another massacre like that of 1860. As you study them in public or private places, you are led to believe that the Damascenes are not so anxious for national prosperity as for Moslem supremacy. Islam-

ism can flourish only under the clash of arms and the excitement of the battlefield.

The street called Straight is the one Paul walked, and is the street of bazaars, which are abundantly supplied with scarfs, table-spreads, kaffiyehs, signet-rings, attar of roses from Bagdad and Canton, and everything else; and if you buy and do not pay more than a third of the first price, you are certain to pay twice what you should. One cannot endure Damascus without a deal of toleration. In Rome the Pope holds sway, in Cairo the pasha, in England Victoria; but in Damascus it is Mohammed, though he has been dead a thousand years.

Our last look at this city is like a fairy picture. The air is balmy and the light as clearest crystal. We have climbed high up the side of Salaheeyah to the west, and as we turn our horses, we have the famous view of Damascus; and the first sweep of the eye leads us to exclaim that we have seen nothing like this from Olivet, Carmel, or Tabor! As the slender tops of poplars and osiers blend with minarets in the sunlight, we are reminded of delicate lacework hung in the sky, or of precious stones reflecting curious shapes and environed with liveliest emeralds and deepest azure. No language can paint such a picture. It is not strange, as the legend reports, that the Prophet standing on this height with his eye fastened on the city should have said, "I cannot enter it, for I can enter Paradise but once."

Two days' ride from this point brings us to the City of the Sun, — Baalbek. Its walls are less than a mile

in extent, but most of the stones in it are gigantic. One of the largest, which is twenty feet from the ground, is sixty-five feet long, twelve wide, and thirteen feet high. Passing within the walls, the ruins surviving the shock of war and earthquake are extremely grand and beautiful. The builders must have been religious and cultured. The columns, entablatures, friezes, capitals, pilasters, cornices, and other decorations are expressive of genius, taste, skill, and power. Its history reaches far back into the unknown. As we listen to the siren of the past, we hear the hum of this city in the reign of Solomon, and as Moses was leading the Israelites toward the Promised Land; later we hear the tread of Grecian feet and the rattle of Augustan arms; and still nearer the plaintive prayer of the Islamite, terminating in the refrain, "Live forever." Finally, the last glimpse of Baalbek was lost in the distance as we rode down the rich valley cradled between the Great and Little Lebanon Mountains, and the snowy peaks dropped upon us the costliest glow of amethyst, vermilion, and gold, giving the assurance that if man's works crumble and fade, the works of God will endure and increase in glory.

CHAPTER IX.

EPHESUS.

FOR days we coast along Asia Minor. We enjoy a fine view of Rhodes, with its vales and mountains, which was anciently thickly settled and noted for its liberty and culture, and in modern times has been the field of bravest deeds wrought by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. We sail along the coast of rocky Patmos, and recall how that desolate shore was once traversed by Saint John as he was banished thither by Domitian. There he had visions of the New Jerusalem, and wrote his Revelation. Beautiful Samos smiles upon us, and flings out to us sweetest odors. As we see its natural beauties, we can scarcely doubt the statement of mythology that man first gazed upon mortal things here. Then, too, history affirms that Pythagoras was born here, who has moved the world by his philosophy; and hither came Herodotus and dwelt while he wrote most of his History. We sight fair Lesbos, which was once the rival of Athens in art and song, and the home of Sappho, who touched the lyre and sweetest music dropped from its strings. As we view Tenedos, we think of the old Greeks when rallying here for the siege of Troy.

As our steamer sails out of Ionian waters, we enter the Bay of Smyrna. In this May night the scene is

beautiful. Hills and mountains extend far around; the placid waters are mirroring from the depths every object of the land. Villages are fringing the shore, while in front and in the centre is the city, backed by a lofty hill, crowned with a huge castle, within whose walls once stood one of the Seven Churches where the noble Polycarp ministered to hungering hearts, and where his ashes now rest on the slope of the hill. This is one of the cities which claims to be the birthplace of Homer, and the grotto where he wrote most of his Iliad is pointed out. It is now largely a Greek city, of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is, and long has been, a commercial city. The country around is rich in soil, producing rankest vegetation. But like most of the cities of the Levant, it is more charming in the distance than close at hand. Still, it is possessed of many good buildings and pleasant homes. No city could have a more fascinating site; even in some respects Athens and Edinburgh do not equal it. However, it has experienced severe drawbacks through frequent earthquakes; nevertheless the people love it, and cling to it, as one of the finest spots of the globe.

We come to this city mainly for the purpose of visiting Ephesus, which is about fifty miles in a southerly course by rail. The day selected for the visit is ushered in with brightest promise. At seven in the morning we take the train, whose engine and cars are of English construction. Our course is out among highlands and lowlands, past gardens and fields and ruins, and through morasses and pastures and wildest lands, where the fox and wolf and eagle have their haunts for the most part

undisturbed. After two hours' ride at moderate speed, we come into the midst of mountains with wooded sides and bald summits. Some of the outcropping stones are abrupt and ragged. Thus far we have passed only a few small settlements. Now, as we look from the car window, on a hill rising in the valley we can see a huge fortification, and across the plain are stretching the ruins of an ancient aqueduct. Soon we are at a halt, and at the station of Ayasaluk, or Ephesus. Yes, here we are landed in not exactly a solitude, but in a desolate place to all appearance. It is true there are a few habitations where a low order of human beings lives, and as we survey the visible facts we ask, Can this be the place where once a great city stood, having in it six hundred thousand souls and a temple which was counted among the Seven Wonders of the world? Verily we are on a picturesque plain; hills and mountains rise above us to the east, north, and west; to the south is an opening to the sea which is miles away. The valley in which we find ourselves is irregular and oblong, extending from the northeast to the southwest, through whose centre course the Cayster and Selinus Rivers, as of yore. Scanning and meditating, we can but ask, Is it possible that "The Light of Asia" once stood here, the capital of Ionia, dating from the times of fable and myth? According to Homer, it was on the Cayster, not far from the Ionian Sea, among the reeds where the swans were wont to scream, and whose docks were alive with buzzing traffic. According to report, the children of Israel resorted hither for trade. Here, too, Paul came, and in the synagogue taught of the one living and true God,

and of the resurrection from the dead. Here he was persecuted by infuriated idolaters. Here in the suburb of the great city, it is said, he established a little church, where Timothy ministered, and which Saint John and Saint Luke visited.

As we look around, we see now no signs of that splendid temple which took two hundred and twenty-five years to complete. It was the grandest of all extant, being four hundred and twenty-five feet long, two hundred and twenty feet wide, sixty feet high, and supported by one hundred and twenty-seven columns, from seven to nine feet in diameter. Chersiphron was the architect; Praxiteles chiselled the altar; Scopus cut the pillars; and Apelles painted and hung in it a picture of the great Alexander, who had offered to rebuild the temple when it was burned by Erastratus, if the Ephesians would permit him to inscribe his name on the façade. Within stood the great statue of Diana, the goddess of the Ephesians. Is it possible that all this has been obliterated? How true it is that men come and go, like the ebb and flow of the sea! Is it always to be thus on the earth, — this incoming and outgoing?

But let us now survey somewhat carefully the place, and ascertain what is left of old Ephesus. From the east our way is towards the west. From the mountain to our rear for many rods extends a Roman aqueduct, resting upon piers from twenty to forty feet high. We can now count twenty or more storks roosting upon the highest portions. As we advance, we pass several Islam mosques, small in size, but Oriental in style. A third of a mile hence we come into the thickest part

of the little village, whose diminutive houses are made of brick and stone which evidently have been used for some other purpose. We find the briers and brambles rank and thick. We turn to the right and ascend the castle hill over piles of debris, under an archway whose decaying sculptures speak of beauty and antiquity. The old fortification on the top of the hill is of mediæval times, but we find marbles of various descriptions scattered about, which have had a place in some public building. Descending from the fort and keeping our course to the west a hundred rods, we come to the foundations of the Temple of Diana. Here are to be seen some of the piers on which the immense columns stood, and remnants of the walls of the three different temples built upon the same site, also the foundations of the great altar, and more than two hundred drums of the columns placed around the temple. The grounds have been opened up, so that its walls or fencing can be easily traced. It would seem that the temple stood between the two most thickly settled portions of the city, though the larger population must have been to the west, on the sides of Mount Coressus, whose inclination is to the temple. At the base of this mount, which rises up several hundred feet, and backed by Mount Prion, whose summit must be fifteen hundred feet above the plain on which the temple stood, we find many cavities which were cut into the solid rock evidently for tombs. At its base are the remains of a monument which is supposed to mark the tomb of Androcles, who founded a city at Ephesus eleven centuries before the Christian era. In some of these openings

have been discovered sarcophagi, in one of which were fourteen skeletons. Proceeding along this elevation, we come to the Magnesian Gate; it has three openings, two for chariots and one for foot-passengers. Entering within, we soon are in the Gymnasium, which is so preserved that we can trace out all its parts. From the Gymnasium we can see along the side of Mount Prion the fortified wall built by Lysimachus. Advancing, we soon come to the ruins of a basilica which is believed to have been converted into a church and dedicated to Saint Luke; and near by is a circular structure which is regarded by some as the tomb of Saint Luke, — for he is believed to have died here, as well as Saints John and Timothy; possibly their ashes mingle together in this desolate tomb. In another spot, and farther to the west, we come to the Odeon, or Opera House, whose proscenium, stage, and orchestra can be seen. In another part is the Theatre, which was capable of holding twenty-five thousand persons; here are many Greek and Latin inscriptions. We next come to the Forum with its Agora, and then to the Great Gymnasium, which stood at the head of the Port. After this survey we are ready to admit that Ephesus in the time of Paul must have been a splendid city. Then its inhabitants could have little thought that it was to perish and many of its treasures were to be borne to other cities to adorn temples and churches. It was beautiful for situation and fortunate in its builders. In its zenith it was one of the most famous cities of the earth. It was a centre of scholarship, philosophy, and religion. The Ephesians were, however, living rather

TEMPLE OF THESEUS AND ACROPOLIS.

for show than substance. They were worshipping mainly Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Diana, and minor deities. Of course the Israelites then were as the Israelites are now, given to the worship of one God. But when Paul entered the city, he desired to lead scholar and religionist to a higher plane of thinking and living. So for three years at different periods he wrought here, preaching "Christ and the resurrection from the dead." Here he labored in the synagogue, refuted false philosophies, taught in the school of Tyrranus, and wrote a letter to the Corinthians, which is one of the most remarkable intellectual and spiritual productions. In it he treats of the earthly and the heavenly, so using the material as to throw the clearest light upon the immortal. Here, too, he composed his Epistle to the Galatians, defining the relations of Jews and Gentiles to the Church of Christ. It is a privilege to walk among the ruins of an opulent city, but a far greater one to stand where Paul wrote some of the grandest sentiments ever given to humanity, and where he established a Christian Church in the age of moral darkness, to which he sent from Rome a quickening epistle, the grammar of which is complete, the logic strong, and the thought profound. Ah! if the material crumbles away, the spiritual lives.

Ephesus had an Acropolis in the eastern part and one in the western. It must have been one of the fairest cities when the Apostle dwelt in it. Its natural advantages were great. The meadows, rocks, hills, mountains, woods, and skies, all conspired to fill it with special interest.

As we look around, and see the ruins in their wasted

condition among the greatest variety of most beautiful flowers, we are moved to inquire, What must it have been in its most improved state? It has peculiar attractions now, though the eagle screams above it, the storks nest upon its walls, and jackals burrow among its ruins. If it is the home of outward desolation, it is the abiding-place of richest associations and divine suggestions. No one can exhaust all the lessons it can impart. If it is the grave of boasted greatness, light falls upon it from that other shore, and the voice of the sainted is still saying, "As we have borne the image of the earthy, so we shall bear the image of the heavenly." If it no longer can be said here, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," with joy it can be affirmed, "If our earthly house be dissolved, we have a building of God, eternal in the heavens!"

CHAPTER X.

ATHENS.

ONCE more in the Ægean Sea, we are sailing past the island of Chios, which claims Homer as her own son, asserting that here he first recited his epic songs. No wonder the Ionians delighted to sail over these waters and dwell upon these islands, which look so inviting and are sending to us on the breezes the sweetest perfumes. Almost too soon we are approaching the mainland on the west, and a voice whispers, "This is classic Greece," — the country that dips down into the sea and rises up, touching the sky in more points than any other land of equal area. Nature plainly intended it to be the home of the calm and the austere, the beautiful and the sublime. It presents the greatest possible diversity blended into perfect unity. It is not strange that its earliest inhabitants, whether Hellenes or Pelasgians, or both, should have believed in fairies and fates; for as you tread its soil, you realize there is something peculiar here in the land, sea, and sky. Somehow an inevitable mystery broods over it. Mythical tales and legendary songs are so indigenous to the soil, and so crowded with fiction and facts, as to fascinate scholars all along the centuries. Who does not like to read the stories relating how Cecrops, sailing from Egypt, founded Cecropia; how Pelops, emigrating

from Phrygia, settled Sparta; and how Cadmus, deserting Phœnicia, built up Mycenæ? Is it not pleasing to peruse the traditional accounts of Theseus remodelling the Constitution of Athens, making it the centre of justice after slaying Minotaur, who had devoured a shipload of Athenian young men and maidens; of Jason's ransacking the Euxine Sea in his Argosian craft, searching after the Golden Fleece, and in the successful voyage capturing the daughter of the King of Colchis, making himself happy by rendering others miserable; of Menelaus, whose Helen was treacherously seized by Paris and borne far off to Troy, causing the Trojan war, thus affording a theme for the heroic poems of Homer?

Many are the pleasures that are sure to be experienced by seekers after Grecian thought and life. Enough springs from fable to prove that the Hellenic race was particularly fond of the beautiful, as expressed in poetry, painting, sculpture, and music. No doubt those early lays they sang and the epics they recited at length developed into the finished drama and the perfected tragedy. This pristine singing and reciting may have enabled Homer to produce his immortal poems. Looking upon the relics, we are forced to the conclusion that religion was at the bottom of all this peculiar life. Possibly this is the secret something that imparts such a spell, and enwraps hearts with such devotion to the Grecian land and literature.

From the time Herodotus wrote, this country has been largely given to matters of fact; and as we travel over it, things seem real. We visit the plain of Mar-

athon, and this can be no other than the field on which Miltiades led his daring ten thousand against the Persian myriads, and nobly won the day. Go to Thermopylæ, and this is verily the Narrow Pass where brave Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans withstood for days the terrible pressure of Xerxes' mighty force.

As we sail into the Bay of Salamis or walk along the shore, imagination pictures the Persian king as having fired Athens and, fleeing five miles away, seated himself on the lofty mound that rises from the shore of the bay. The Athenians have taken refuge on the island of Salamis, a short distance off. Persian infantry are marching overland, and Persian galleys are sailing into the bay. Xerxes is full of hope on his sublime throne. The night passes; the day dawns. Themistocles sails out from behind the island with a few triremes. The fight begins; it is the few against the many. High noon pours down its scorching light upon the flashing blades, but no victory is won; yet as the stars shine out, Xerxes is a vanquished king, and Themistocles an honored hero.

Inspect the bay to-day, and how different it is from what it was four hundred and eighty years before the Christian era! Now no triremes or galleys are floating on its waters, but instead may be seen a hundred sailing-vessels and nearly half that number of merchant steamers.

History and imagination enable us to behold ancient Athens restored. Themistocles is surrounding it with walls reaching down to the sea. The gifted Pericles

is soon at the head of the government. He endeavors to carry out the work already begun. Huge blocks of marble are being brought from Pentelicus and Paros. The chisels of Phidias and Callicrates are ringing. The former is cutting statues of Athene, and the latter is building the Parthenon. Callimachus, Corœbus, and Xenocles are called to their assistance. In a few years the Acropolis is crowned with the most exquisitely beautiful temples and elegant works of art.

We climb Mars Hill, and here is the ledge on which the Athenian Tribunal was wont to be held. Here Socrates was tried and condemned. Here it was Saint Paul made one of his profoundest and most convincing arguments.

Crossing the Agora, we come to the Pnyx Hill, on whose rocky *bema* Pericles stood when he pronounced his orations, and where Demosthenes delivered his inspiring philippics. On the south side of the Acropolis we survey the remains of the first theatre of which history speaks, where Thespis presented the first comedy and went upon the stage himself as an actor. Here Æschylus was published to the world in his trochaic and iambic measures. Here Sophocles' Antigone and Œdipus were played, delighting and instructing the *élite* of the city. Here Euripides brought out practical truths in poetical lines, making himself the Shakspeare of that old period. A little to the west is the Odeum, where vast audiences used to be seated, listening to sweetest music. Thus, as one looks through the eye of history, he discovers a cultured life swarming in these

romantic spots. He searches out Aristotle's Garden and Plato's Academy, and these speak through logic and philosophy of abiding principles. Examining this ancient life and its refinement, we can but query, Why should it have become wasted? As its history is followed through the centuries, it is ascertained that it was accomplished not through Persian might, but by internal strife and dissensions. It was Sparta against Athens, and Corinth against both. Sin and corruption took on refined shapes, and so were all the more dangerous and disintegrating.

At length Peloponnesus invited Rome to assist her; and she, like the lion, was willing, with the chance of taking the bigger half herself. So, when the West thought she had conquered the East, Rome just took them both, and at once the glory of Sparta vanished, and the art beauty of Athens was broken into fragments. The Roman Mummius bore off the most magnificent sculptures from Corinth and Athens to adorn his own city. Thus the fair land of Hellas from that date to the present century was swallowed up by the Roman sovereignty and the Turkish dominion. Though a captive, Greece has conquered her captors through her arts, poetry, and philosophy. These have expressed themselves throughout the wide world, and are still declaring the greatness and glory of ancient Greece.

What would civilization be, if deprived of Athenian poetry, philosophy, proverbs, and aphorisms? At least there would be experienced an irreparable loss. This fact is encouraging, however, that at present Attica and the whole of Greece are reviving. The new Athens of

a hundred thousand people is an attractive city. It would seem that much of the old Spartan and Athenian blood is still coursing human veins. Though the citizens are disposed to let the Acropolis and other ruins stand in their sublime silence, yet they are portraying the beautiful in the style of their houses and public buildings. These are being made out of marble and adorned with exquisitely cut statues of ancient savans. Pantheism is no longer rife here, but Christianity as manifested through the Greek and Protestant churches. Should Paul return to the new city, he would discover nowhere the inscription, "To the unknown God," but instead he would see church edifices pointing to the one living God, and schoolhouses speaking for the education of the whole people.

The scenery here is just as varied and enchanting as when Socrates moralized and Pericles ruled. If it should continue to grow as it has since we were here in 1870, it will not be long before modern Athens will be a most imposing city, — yes, a classic city, if the cause of education moves on as it has for the last twenty years. Her university of two thousand students, her normal school of five hundred young women, and her public schools filled with all her children from six to fourteen years of age, are unfailing assurances of prosperity and enlightenment. Let her go on, and the Attic Plain will become more alive than ever before. The modern emulates the past. In the Athenian homes Xenophon, Plutarch, Herodotus, and Homer are read as we read Bancroft, Emerson, Whittier, and Mrs. Stowe. The modern Greek language is one of the

most euphonic, and is becoming highly perfected through the study of the Greek classics.

Twenty years ago brigands were the scourge of the country, but they have all disappeared. The people are active and polite in their shops, stores, and public places. Most of them are industrious and hopeful. They feel that their country has suffered most unjustly by Turkish greed, and they are resolved upon redress through brains and arms. To say the least, the Greeks are a peculiar and remarkable people. They love their country and its history. Who knows but, with their present tendencies and great natural advantages, they will make the Greece of the future surpass the Greece of the past?

CHAPTER XI.

ITALY AND MALTA.

A STEAMER lands us next at Brindisi, Italy. What a change has come over this city within a few years! Not long ago it was so filthy that the cholera seemed bound to stay in it. In this spring-time it has donned its best attire. The oak, myrtle, chestnut, olive, and mulberry are putting on their freshest foliage; the arbutus, lilac, and jessamine are burdening the winds with their perfume. The villas scattered around the bay, embowered among thick shade-trees, appear winsome and wooing. The deepest blue sky drops to the horizon, holding all in its embrace. We find it is market-day on shore. On the sale-grounds are beautiful bouquets, fruits in large quantities, loaves of bread piled high, pie-plants, melons, and potatoes in heaps, fish fresh from the sea, and meats direct from the slaughter-house. Hither and thither the people are flocking, — some selling and others buying. Some faces are handsome, and others ugly. Coming from the far East, where the worst possible condition of civilized and uncivilized life is presented, this city seems like an Elysium. But the modern cannot equal the ancient. Brindisi is not Brundisium. In the reign of the Cæsars one of the *great roads* of Rome terminated here. Some of its paving-stones are still visible. Then

VESUVIUS AND RUINS OF POMPEII.

Brundisium was an important town. But, like Rome, it waned at last, and became a mass of ruins. However, a sad charm clings to the ancient city, bringing many a pilgrim hither, because it was here the sweet singer of Mantua closed his eyes on mortal things. Who that has read the Bucolics, wherein are pictured the fields, vines, bees, kine, and great white oxen, and the best methods of tilling the soil are shown, can marvel that Virgil should still live and be admired? Then the Georgics, which have been pronounced the most perfect of Latin compositions, can but fascinate more and more, as the flowing measures are studied and the deep thoughts treasured up. They are like a polished stone most beautiful, which when opened reveals a diamond within. Then, too, the Æneid, which has been read for nearly a score of centuries, is admired more than ever. How many minds have been quickened by it, and how much inspiration has been breathed into souls through its euphonic metres and perfect descriptions of heroes and heroines! The spot where such a one breathed his last savors of the heavenly. In thought we are taken over the Apennines to the city of Naples, where we have wandered at different times among a people who seem to live outdoors from choice; the broad Chiaja stranding the bay; the city hugging Castle Hill; the island of Capri, rising like a nymph from the sea; the towering of Vesuvius, waving its smoky plume; the faccini who start up without any bidding, helping from the cars or the hack, clutching at umbrellas or valises and running away with them whenever it is possible; the rich and poor, riding every afternoon in

carriages or carts on the broadest streets, drawn by grandest steeds or meanest donkeys; the climbing to the top of Vesuvius at four different seasons; the visits to Herculaneum and Pompeii, inspecting villas, temples, baths, dead bodies recently exhumed, corn-mills, ovens, oil-jars, rings, and precious things, which were buried out of sight in A. D. 79, — all these strange objects are certain to surprise and allure the seeker after strange sights; but even these did not afford the satisfaction that an excursion westward from the city afforded. The first object of striking moment was the grave of Virgil, situated in a picturesque dell just above the entrance to the Grotta di Posilipo. The laurel which Petrarch planted by it is gone, but ivy hugs about it, and Nature seems to caress and tenderly nurse it. It is reported that the poet's villa, where he composed his Eclogues and Georgics, stood just above it on the hill. Leaving this, we went through the Grotto, two thousand feet in length, and constructed as a passage for carriages two thousand years ago. Beyond this we came to a solfatara, which Strabo christened "Forum of Vulcan." Farther on we examined Pozzuoli, which was Puteoli, where Paul landed on his way to Rome. Here are the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis. Not far on we came to the fabled Avernus, where Ulysses descended to the infernal regions. But it is no longer a gloomy and fearful body of water. Green grass and thrifty trees border its shore. In an inner recess by this lake is the Sibyl's Cave, where Hannibal is represented as sacrificing to Pluto. A tunnel extends from these hot waters through the hill three thousand feet to the

Elysian Fields, which from their fruitfulness and beauty were believed to be the home of the Blessed, — so the Mantuan Bard wrote. All these scenes Virgil was wont to look upon, and so immortalized them in song.

But the bell of the steamer strikes, calling passengers from these haunts and reveries. Soon the steamer is ploughing round the southern coast of Italy. The land by the sea sweeps back into vast plains which are waving green with grass and wheat. In less than a day we sight Sicily, and with the glass can inspect Etna, lifted ten thousand feet into the sky. In a few hours more Malta (formerly Melita) is disclosed. Possibly we are looking upon the very coast where Paul was wrecked. We can but recall that his voyage had been most hazardous. Still, when the captain and sailors had given up in despair, the Apostle was considerate and trustful. He had been faithful to God and man; why should he fear? Such loyalty never falters, but is sure of final triumph. Approaching nearer, we discover that the island is composed of whitish stone, being seventeen miles long and nine wide. Its soil is productive and well cultivated, yielding grapes, oranges, wheat, olives, and cotton. Its climate is hot, but healthy. Brilliant skies smile upon it. Twenty-two villages dot its surface. Malta is a crown-colony, governed by its own laws. As the steamer enters the harbor, rocks rise high on either side; upon these on the one hand stand strong walls, and on the other houses after the Italian style. Entering the city, we find the old part rises in terrace after terrace. The highways consist largely of flights of stone steps, lined

with stores and dwellings. Neatness appears to be stamped on everything. No filth or garbage lies by the wayside. The display of goods in the shop-windows indicates taste and good judgment. The stores are not spacious, but inviting and pleasant. The dress of the men is after the European custom, but that of the women is peculiar. A friend who had been on the street but a short time remarked, "Do you see how thick the nuns are?" The women are dressed in black throughout, wearing Quaker-like bonnets. It is somewhat singular that black should have been adopted in this hot climate. Scanning the faces, the olive of the Greek, the brunette of the Roman, the blond of the French, the russet of the Arab, and the unnatural white of the Albino are made very manifest. The people are active, and move as though they had a purpose.

When the Knights of St. John were driven from the island of Rhodes, they were permitted to come with their treasures to this island, and under them it became most flourishing. In 1798 it was captured by the French, and in 1800 it was taken by the English, and is still in their custody. It is strongly fortified, and regarded as an important possession in the midst of the Mediterranean.

In the Church of St. John, which is one of the oldest and most curious structures in the city, is a fine display on the walls, ceiling, and marble flooring of the work of the old Knights. The statues are exquisitely cut, the paintings cannot easily be surpassed, the tapestry pictures are true to life, and the profuse carvings on the floors can but be admired. This is *the church* of

Knight-heraldry. In the museum of the city is an extensive collection of Knight-memorials in the way of mail-costumes, swords, guns, cannon, and splendid tapestries, more than three hundred years old. The Knights of Malta are bound to live.

This city is famous for its clubs, newspapers, university, soldiers, and theatres. Though the island has been held by the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Vandals, Saracens, Sicilians, yet it promises henceforth to remain in the possession of the English. From October to April its climate is delightful. With the English it is a favorite island.

Leaving Malta, as the heavens are all afire with flaming stars and the smooth sea reflects a secondary firmament unusually brilliant, we rejoice that Neptune is so propitious. The night passes on, and Somnus brings sleep to all on board save to the officers walking the bridge, the watchmen on the bow, the firemen feeding the furnaces, the steersmen at the wheel, and the engineers guarding the motive power. As Aurora ushers in the new day, we are sailing along the coast of Africa, a short distance from the site of old Carthage, which recalls the scenes of that Tyrian colony coming across the Mediterranean, long before Paul sailed its waters, laying the foundations of a grand city which became almost the mistress of Rome and the world in the days of Hannibal. The African coast is very irregular, being broken into vales, hills, and mountains. Some of the highest peaks in this late spring-time are scarfed with snow. The valleys are green and lovely; the highlands are covered with olive and mulberry

orchards. Villages dot the glens and slopes of the mountains. It is not singular that the old Greeks, so fond of the beautiful, should have sought settlements among such overweening loveliness.

On the morning of the fourth day from Malta the steamer rounds the Rock — fourteen hundred feet high, being on the east and south sides nearly perpendicular, and on the west sloping to the sea — on which stands the city of Gibraltar. English batteries are thickly planted on the top and within the Rock, making the strongest fortification in the world, and having perfect command of the straits.

This has been a signally contested place. The Spanards, the French, and the Moors have laid claim to it at different periods. Now the English hold it as theirs henceforth.

Gibraltar has a population of thirty thousand, who do not speak quite as many different languages. The bay on which the city stands is safe for moorage in storm and delightful in calm. The Spanish and African coasts in sight are truly picturesque. On the African side, some five miles off to the nearest point, are strong bulwarks and frowning cannon; and where Spain dips to the sea west of Gibraltar, she has heavy breastworks and many soldiers on duty. It is sad that in this age and in civilized countries men should spend such immense sums of money in preparing to slay one another. How long will it be before Christendom will learn that they are the true heroes who destroy not with steel and lead, but "overcome evil with good"?

CHAPTER XII.

SPAIN.

ADVANCING into Spain, we are soon made conscious that Nature has been munificent to this country, supplying her abundantly with granite, marble, and wood for building; the richest soil for growing wheat, grapes, and olives; the purest water, the most effulgent skies, and the healthiest climate. Man ought to live and prosper, blessed with such beneficence; but for some reason blight has come upon him in this land of so much natural wealth. Why should this be? In the sixteenth century Spain took the lead of civilization. Her commerce was upon every sea, and her intellectual influence was felt to the uttermost parts of the earth. Then she was wearing the crown that had fallen from Greece, Egypt, and Rome. Yet she was not to wear it long, because of unfaithfulness to principle. Her king Philip II. was the bitterest opponent of the Reformation, at the same time that in Germany it was shielded by the arm of empire, in Switzerland it found security in the ramparts of the little Republic of Geneva, in Scotland it was protected by the feudal barons, and in England it was shielded by Henry VIII. The powers of Spain were bent upon crushing it to death. Philip resolved that Romanism should be nourished by the blood and ashes of Protestantism. Accordingly the

sword and musket were put into the hands of all who would fight against the enemies of the Pope and the Virgin. Strife and revenge were now raging throughout the land.

Is it strange that her illustrious scholars should disappear, that her genius should cease to create, and her muse to sing? Why marvel that her schools should become largely supplanted by bull-rings, her pen by the stiletto, and that the monk, matador, and brigand should become her greatest heroes? Three centuries ago Spain was the best cultivated country in the world, but now more than half her area is running to waste. Thousands of acres of arable lands are no longer turned by the spade or plough. Her plains no longer wave with corn, or her hillsides flow with honey, or her pastures with milk. For the most part her people are poorly clad, scantily fed, and badly housed. Her beggars are multitudinous, and her idlers beyond computation. Still, the Spaniards are not naturally indolent or stupid, but have keen perception, cordial sensibility, and productive imagination. This is made plain as the cities and noble works of the past are examined. The cathedrals of Barcelona, Saragossa, Seville, Granada, and Burgos betoken lofty conception and grand execution. The public buildings of Madrid, Cordova, and Valladolid are the outcome of genius and wealth. The Alhambra at Granada is an airy and unique structure, but purely Moorish in its origin.

Passing through the country on the railroads, we are surprised at the number of curves, cuts, and tunnels. But Spanish engineering and wealth did not construct

them; they were built by foreign skill and capital. We fall in with any number of priests and soldiers, who are dressed in the richest vestments. The most popular institution of Spain is the bull-ring. This draws the masses, and is most discussed. Do you wonder that brigands should abound, requiring armed officials at the depots and cautious protection in travelling through the country? The notorious Cid, who played such a conspicuous part in Spanish history, has to-day many a cruel tyrant following in his trail.

As we visit New Castile, we look in vain for the corn-fields. It must be that poets and historians have made a mistake in picturing it so fair and fertile. The common peasantry are diminutive in size, falling far short of the Castilians of former days, who are represented as very tall and handsome.

The art-galleries of Spain are about her only redeeming possession. The one at Madrid containing so many of Murillo's pictures will compare favorably with the Pitti at Florence or the Louvre in Paris. In nearly the centre of New Castile is the Escurial, the largest granite edifice in the world, erected by Philip II. at a cost of seventy-five million dollars. Here the builder as king lived where he could hear the howl of the tempest and the thunder of the avalanche. Here dwelt the man of peering eye, narrow forehead, and protruding jaw, who swayed the mightiest sceptre in the time of the Reformation. In this palace were written, and out of these gates were despatched, those terrible decrees which caused the soil of Holland and the Netherlands, of Italy and Germany, to become dyed with the blood

of martyrs. Here is the chair in which he sat when he plotted the assassination of the Prince of Orange, and the desk on which he wrote the mandate that launched the Armada. No wonder that blast and mildew should follow such ruling and wickedness!

But in Old Castile the valleys are still green, and occasionally clusters of dandelions send up their golden greeting of spring, while the mountain-tops let fall their reflection of winter's whitest robes. The most famous town of this region is Valladolid, the old capital of Spain. If it once was a city of flowers and beauty, it is far otherwise now. Walking its streets at midday, one is readily convinced that it is well supplied with sun-heat. Its old buildings and palace speak of better days. Its streets are stirring with priests and soldiers, who appear as if they fared sumptuously every day. In the stores and business places there is little life. Throngs of loungers are on every hand, clad in the greatest variety of rags and finery; they evidently believe in patchwork, and delight in it too. Their feet are mostly shod with sandals of untanned leather, and their heads are crowned with anything and everything which will rest upon them. The ladies and gentlemen in the afternoon are sure to promenade the streets in their trailing dresses and circular cloaks.

Valladolid has long been noted for its schools. It is to Spain what Padua is to Italy, or Heidelberg to Germany, or Edinburgh to Scotland. Its people claim to speak the purest Spanish of the country. Its leading school is that of the law, and it has in attendance some two thousand students. At the lec-

tures they do not appear as if they were being injured by hard study.

In their Normal Schools we saw boys and girls all the way from six to sixteen years of age. It is amusing to observe their methods of operation. Four and more classes may be reciting at the same time in one room. The leading qualification of the master is physical strength. The pupils have great fear of the fist and the birch. Their text-books would be judged suitable only for a land whose ploughing is largely done by the cannon, and the reaping by the sword.

But this town is not to be sought so much for cathedral, church, or school, as to visit spots made sacred by heroes of the past. Let us visit the Plaza Maya, and we find it surrounded by shops and devoted to traffic; but lift the veil of the past, and in imagination look upon this plaza Oct. 7, 1544. A mass of faces fills the whole space. It is early morning, and the multitudes have hastened hither to witness the death of the first Protestant martyr in Spain. San Romano is led forth from his long and cruel imprisonment amidst cries of "Put him to death!" He is conspicuously placed in the presence of the curious and barbarous crowd. Priest and monk are doing their best to make the condemned recant. From eight o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon the expectant throngs wait and wait, that they may see the wood piled high about Romano, the fire kindled, and the flames envelop a human being. As the dying man involuntarily nods his head, the monks, feeling that he is repentant, snatch him from the flames; but on recovering his breath he

asks, "Did you envy me my happiness?" and he is thrust back into the flames, and all that is mortal of the noble hero was soon reduced to ashes. Then his persecutors felt that they had gained a great victory. But how was it with Charles V. and his assistants, who did this wicked deed? The blow which they intended should fall upon another came back upon themselves, as has always been the case with persecutors and selfish demagogues.

Another place that we find of special interest is the house in which Cervantes lived while he was writing and publishing his extraordinary "Don Quixote." The house is now owned by a literary society, and in it are preserved the works of the gifted author. These memorials are significant because they speak of a real genius and a worthy life. It appears as if every gifted soul comes into the world at just the time he is most needed. In the sixteenth century Spain was largely given to the wildest marvels of romance, even outvying the strangest legends and wildest myths of ancient Greece. A fondness for knight-errantry given to gigantic exaggerations and overwrought pictures, was destroying in the country all relish for reliable and truthful literature. This, together with the reign of Philip II., who was devoted to the basest debauchery and the most dogmatic worship, was ruining Spain. How was it possible to change this order of things and save the country? Cervantes felt that it could be done only by getting at the masses so as to change the current of their minds, and create a relish for the real and true in life. His astuteness and knowledge of human

nature pointed out the way. It was to be done by exposing present errors and faults, illustrating how they are to be overcome. Cervantes was past fifty years of age, having had large experience at home and abroad; he had been a prisoner for five years in Algiers; in Andalusia he had gathered up much sprightly wit and delicate irony; in Seville he had scrutinized the small sharpers and common pickpockets; in La Mancha he fell in with the most striking contrasts of pride and poverty, substance and show.

At this period the national portraiture of Spain was, as now, strangely diversified. Blood from the polished Greek, the brave Roman, the rude Moor, the daring Goth, and the tenacious Jew was flowing in the veins of her subjects. Cervantes had made himself familiar with these different characters by living with them. In his heroes he shows up the extravagances everywhere prevalent as to the romance of chivalry and knight-errantry. How could he have introduced a more fortunate character than Don Quixote, the hyperbole of the ideal! Through him Cervantes had the opportunity of exhibiting the rich stores of his own imagination and visions of a better future. Through the insanity of this hero he shows how easy it is to mistake the ideal for the real and the reverse. Then his Sancho comes in so naturally, to express the material side of human existence. Through him he exposes the foxy, selfish, and envious actions of the extremely passionate. Cervantes lived to see his classic fiction greatly admired by the most cultured in his own country, and since his death it has been translated into all the languages of Europe. His fascinating

irony has served to correct countless errors and improve the condition of millions of human beings.

Cervantes came into this world from an obscure source; he lived and toiled under difficulties, receiving but the smallest pecuniary rewards; nevertheless, his life was a grand success, continuous and cumulative. The place where he dwelt, the things he handled, the works he wrought, grow more sacred as the years roll on, proving that it is mind which lives and makes live.

Still another object of peculiar and touching interest to an American is the house in which Columbus died. As we inspect the room in which the illustrious man breathed his last, the very floor, walls, and ceiling seem to speak of the elements which entered into the composition of that grand character; and how he was prompted by the loftiest aspirations, leading him to venture and explore. So on the 3d of August, 1492, he set sail from Palos with a motley crew, the best he could obtain, to discover new lands in the far west. He had a troublesome voyage; but in spite of mutinous sailors, leaky ships, and rough seas, victory came with fullest joy on that October morning, as his eye surely caught sight of land and the new world was revealed. As he returned home, no wonder that bells should ring and greatest honors should be paid him who had accomplished such signal results. But at length, through envy and extreme selfishness, fortune changed; the great discoverer had not entered the right gate for lasting prosperity. So he was deprived of his rights, and during the last years of his life he suffered for the want of comforts; even the Spaniards came to

hold him in disrepute, and thus his name in this country is not held sacred. The house which he last occupied, built of brick and roofed with tiling, is used for stabling cows and sheltering beggars. If the house were in our country, it would be counted sacred, like the old home at Mount Vernon. Even if the brick composing the walls were in America, they would be regarded as invaluable, and would be piled into a memorial, to express reverence for one of the world's greatest heroes.

It would seem that Spain is about as low as she can be. Sixty per cent of her adult population cannot read. What a blessing it would be to the nations if she could be redeemed, shedding the light that she did three centuries ago! But this cannot be, as long as she remains so burdened with priests and soldiers. Nature has done her part to render the country attractive and flourishing. Her past shows that she was designed to be a land of schools, poets, and explorers. We can but hope some good fortune may reverse her tendency, making her once more a bright light among the most enlightened countries.

CHAPTER XIII.

LONDON.

THE great Herschel judged London to be really the centre of the globe, and this may account for the fact that it is the largest city of the world. As all the roads led to Rome when she was mistress of all realms, so all the great highways of commerce centre in London. At the last census it was spreading over an area having a radius of fifteen miles, with a population of four and a half millions, enough to form a line, should they be placed side by side, reaching from Boston to Chicago. It has an annual increase of forty-five thousand. At this rate, a century hence, it will have a population of nearly ten million. It contains more Roman Catholics than the capital of Italy, more Jews than Palestine, half as many Scotchmen as Edinburgh, and two thirds as many Irishmen as Dublin. It is estimated that eight hundred thousand persons and seventy thousand vehicles enter Old London and go out of it daily. It has seven hundred thousand houses, which, should they be placed end to end, would extend across the Atlantic Ocean in the widest part. Its streets arranged in one continuous line would make a road three thousand miles long. The inhabitants consume yearly four million barrels of flour; twenty-five hundred miles of oxen, should they be joined together; sheep, calves,

MANSION HOUSE AND QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

and hogs sufficient to border the whole seacoast of Great Britain; poultry and game enough to cover the surface of Rhode Island; and fish equal to half the weight of Bunker Hill Monument. As we ride through its principal thoroughfares at midday, we can but marvel at the amount of vitalized human matter thronging the streets, and ask ourselves, How are all its wants supplied? The high and low, the cultivated and illiterate, mingle together. Really there are more mendicants, according to the population, than are to be seen in Cairo or Madrid; and yet crumbs must fall from the board of the rich to keep them alive, for they have no means of earning even the salt they eat.

The mansions here are many and grand, but the hovels are more in number. The magnificent mansions fronting Oxford Street or Hyde Park are likely to have miserable huts in their rear. London is a city of striking odds and incessant surprises. Victoria may pass you with her splendid retinue, and the next moment you may be crowded upon by throngs of vagrants, ragged and begging for bread; or bands of would-be rioters, if they dared, will come rushing along with fiercest eyes and distorted faces, raging against the opulent. Vice and crime abound in this city in the ratio of its vastness and wealth. But this does not seem so strange, when the fact comes to mind that there is more drunkenness here, according to the number of people, than in any other city on the globe. Why, the Londoners consume annually a million and a half barrels of malt liquor, two hundred and fifty thousand barrels of wines, and a hundred and fifty thousand

barrels of spirits! The police courts have business in abundance six days out of seven, and as many females as males are arraigned. The houses of correction, lobby-jails, and prisons are on a large scale, but crowded full. On Sunday the saloons are obliged to be closed during the regular religious services, but are wide open as the church doors are closed; and oh how the people rush for the saloons! Theology and alcohol are speedily mixed together.

But London, in spite of its vastness and corruption, is an orderly city. Its thousand churches do not labor in vain. The temperament here is religious, and the pulse beats in favor of Christianity. The influence of Arundel, Becket, Latimer, Cranmer, and Butler is far-reaching and disseminating. The Wesleys, Foxes, Whitefields, Kingsleys, Robertsons, and Stanleys have wrought deeply into hearts. Then the living clergy are not inferior to the departed. Parker, Liddon, Spurgeon, Farrar, Brooke, and others are doing their best for the spread of the Gospel. The periodicals, schools, museums, art-galleries, and benevolent associations of the city are dispensing saving blessings.

In name England is a monarchy, but in reality she is a republic. Victoria is queen by title, but in ideas the people rule. By no means would we imply that the Queen is a nonentity or a mere abstraction; it is far otherwise. The fact that she has been upon the throne fifty years and that the country has prospered during her reign, is sufficient proof of her ability; for more ability is required to retain the throne than to obtain it. She appears as if she enjoyed her situation. She

spends the winter at Osborne Palace, the spring and autumn at Windsor Castle, and the summer at Balmoral Château. Her main state duties are to sign documents or veto the appointment of bishops, and receive a daily letter from the Premier while Parliament is in session. She holds in highest esteem the Duke of Richmond, and regards Mr. Gladstone as a great statesman. Her annual income from the Government is two million dollars, besides nearly the same amount which is paid to her children. She is generous, and can well afford to be. The poor people especially love their queen. When she passes from earth, her name is quite certain to be written highest on the scroll of honor among the sovereigns of England.

But the most admired and the most despised character of England to-day is William E. Gladstone, an accomplished scholar, a great diplomatist, a wise statesman, a distinguished orator, a fine rhetorician, and a gifted financier. He is of unblemished character, and of decided moral strength and religious faith. He seems to be the man raised up for British emergencies. He understands English politics and English society. Although he has seen fourscore years, he is well preserved and is declared to accomplish more work in a given time than any other public man of the country. He believes that every one born into this world, whether an Indian, Mussulman, Egyptian, Aztec, or Irishman, is capable of being educated so as to become a free citizen. For this reason he has enlisted himself in removing from Ireland the wrongs imposed upon her by England; and like every great

agitator and reformer, he is being supremely loved by his followers and supremely censured by his opposers. Still, at heart all believe in the man, and know that the cause which he has espoused, if not successful at once, will be so at no distant period. As he came into London the other day to attend Parliament, multitudes met him at the station and escorted him to his hotel. As in old Roman times, many desired to carry him on their shoulders and parade him through the streets, but the great good man declined any such publicity. No other could receive greater homage than is paid Mr. Gladstone by the middle and lower classes, by the leading clergy and philanthropists. It is true that aristocratic Oxford, many of the Established Churchmen, and army officials treat him with coolness and sometimes with contempt, because, as they feel, he has stepped down among the common people. Their ideal man is a stanch aristocrat. They would have the gap between the Crown and the laborer as wide as possible. The noble statesman sees distinctly the fallacy of such an idea, and is fully aware that England could not long survive under any such *régime*. He is fully persuaded that the class-system has been pushed too far, — so far that the country is experiencing a reaction and a grinding depression in business. If England has immense concentrated wealth, she has enormous, wide-spreading poverty. While the rich have become richer, the poor have become poorer. Mr. Gladstone fervently loves his native land, — the land of Shakspeare and Milton, of Peel and Wellington, of Wilberforce and Howard, — and so he is doing

his utmost to turn the current of present tendencies into higher channels. Therefore he pleads for the Home Rule of Ireland, for universal education, and the elevation of the whole people. His ability, culture, large experience, and present standing fit him to be the foremost man of England at the present time. As we have heard him in Parliament, he has shown himself a greater thinker, logician, and orator than we anticipated. Let his principles prevail, and this most powerful country and largest city of the world will be borne safely between Scylla and Charybdis, and the feudal system of land-ownership will be done away, and the people will become the landlords of the British soil. Then it will be safe for London to grow, and English subjects to multiply, for every man will have the opportunity of becoming more of a man. The lower classes will no longer be kept in the ditch and the hovel from necessity, but hope will cheer them onward, and the nation will prosper and will send out a benign influence in behalf of the highest culture and the best civilization.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM LONDON THROUGH IRELAND.

THE longer one tarries in London the more he feels his ignorance of the tremendous metropolis. It is an incomprehensible compound of all kinds of people and all sorts of things. If history reveals what it has been, no prophet can tell what it will be. Already it is the largest city there ever has been. Having spent at intervals six months in it at sight-seeing, we feel ready to admit that it wears an aspect of having been built for the ages.

Coming out of the din and the roar of the great city into the quiet of the country, how strange everything seems! The fog has disappeared; a sheen of sunlight is thrown over the face of nature; the air is so clear that the eye is unconscious of space. In the open country it is mostly nature; in the city it was mostly man. How true it is that God works in stillness, but man bustles! The gearing of the universe runs noiselessly, but artificial machinery creaks.

As the train speeds across the plains and through the valleys, the landscape views are entrancing. The meadows are green, and hedged with hawthorn; the wheat is promising; the cattle and sheep are feeding the pastures. Farmhouses dot the lands; stately oaks and elms are scattered here and there. The train

whizzes by thriving hamlets, and occasionally halts at the larger towns. In Chester we recall pleasant experiences in tracing its walls and inspecting the grounds where the old Roman pitched his tent and kindled his camp-fires. Not far on we sight the rural home of the venerable Gladstone, crowning the hills and environed with stately trees. The course now is along the river Dee, and soon by the arm of the sea. On the left are the ribby, broken, and wooded lands of Wales. On several of the prominences are the ruins of massive castles telling of feudal lords and battle-scenes. After a speedy trip the train stops at Holyhead, and quickly the passengers and baggage are transferred to the "Rose," the swiftest steamer crossing the channel to the Emerald Isle. A jollier crew seldom rides on these waters than the one on board. Puns and jokes drop fast from Irish lips as the wheel rolls round and drives the ship to sea. Soon the mist gathers thick, and the waves splash against the vessel. Some of the passengers have planted themselves on the deck with the resolve to stay, let what will betide. However, it is not long before one after another of a sudden starts on a rush below, anxious to become prostrate at once. Before long the sea asserts its right to wash the deck, and so those who are brave and true to resolutions formed are of a sudden all immersionists, for surely they have been under the water. Now follows a tirade of ejaculations and an emphatic demonstration of pedimental and stomachical propositions. Still, there is one son of Erin, a wit and a wag, who laughs at the idea of giving up to Neptune; but the sea is choppy and

wrenching, and so the red-headed bravado becomes perfectly silent, looking straight up into the fog as if he had decided longings for sunshine, and all at once he turns his face to the sea, bowing and straining as if he were afraid he should not give full homage to the god of the deep. His offering is long and voluminous; and when it is finished, he stretches himself upon the deck, looking as if he were quite ready to depart hence.

As the steamer nears the coast, lighthouses give forth their signals, and as the mouth of the Arma Liffey River is entered, gas-jets flare their lights, giving brilliant greeting to all entering the great port of Ireland. In half an hour the vessel is by the wharf "of sweet Dublin with the sky above it." In a few moments we are riding in a jaunty over stone pavements among substantial buildings, under the flaming stars.

A quarter of a century ago we traversed these streets, visited the places of special interest, and patiently listened to the quaint and spontaneous sayings of hackmen and venders at the corners of the streets. But how changed now! The facial expressions and tones of voice imply that their hearts are burdened. How could it be otherwise; for within the last few years it is estimated that more than half of the population of the country has emigrated to foreign lands? As we revisit familiar places, we find them greatly changed. There is nothing of the stir and enterprise of twenty-five years ago. It is true that Trinity College is still here, but it is losing its patronage. The Normal School is in operation, doing excellent work, but its numbers have greatly fallen off. The Botanical Garden remains beau-

tiful. Sackville Avenue, one of the finest in Europe, is still adorned with the column of Wellington and the unique statue of the poet Gray. Glasnevin Cemetery, where lie buried the ashes of O'Connell, Steele, and Burke, is the same "Silent City," being far more thickly populated. The grand Phœnix Park is diversified as of yore with walks, groves, gardens, and sporting fields. Dublin is an interesting city, having among its three hundred thousand inhabitants not a few most intelligent and cultivated people.

Passing southward, we are struck with surprise at the sparsity of population. For miles we ride and do not see a settlement, where formerly we saw hundreds and thousands of homes, where families were living and cultivating the little farms. A host of hands were then busy cutting the grass or digging potatoes. The cows were sleek and the cossets fat, the fowls plentiful, and the swine had enough to eat. The highlands and lowlands then were swarming with active life. Now in places the land seems to be turned into pastures, growing up to underbrush. Many of the landlords who were rich are impoverished. A few of the larger towns may be holding their own, but the country at large is becoming desolate.

The history of Ireland implies that it was to be a "land of *destiny;*" and such thus far it certainly has been. It has been a land of evolution and revolution. Its ups and downs have followed in quick succession, and the question presses itself, Is it always to be thus? Present indications are to the contrary. The British Government has not been altogether opposed to Ireland, as is often represented, especially since Mr. Glad-

stone was first made Premier. In 1833 church sales were abolished; in 1857, turnpike tolls; the vestry tax, in 1864. Since then the Land Law preventing evictions by landlords without compensation to tenants, and the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church have taken place, and now the Home Rule Bill is before the people. The best minds of England, Scotland, and Ireland, led by Mr. Gladstone, know that they are asking in this grant no more than what is right. Should this not be allowed, it would bring lasting contempt upon the English Government.

It is true the Irish people are peculiar, and too much given to disturbances among themselves. The present stock sprang from two sources, — the Celts who crossed from Spain, and the Saxons who came through England from Denmark. The former were full of phosphorus and flashing wit, fond of sport and unwilling to work; while the later were serious and stable, liking labor and coveting honors. These bloods have so commingled as to produce a people mentally active and religiously devout, given to humor, poetry, and eloquence. Its O'Connells, Moores, Currans, Swifts, and Whatelys prove this true.

The island is as the richest emerald set on the bosom of the sea under the fairest light. No wonder it was early sought by birds, deer, and human beings. It is full of enchantment. As we inspect its lakes, mountains, and Giant's Causeway, we are moved to say, Beautiful, sublime, and grand! The lakes of Killarney are larger than the English lakes, not so wild as the Scotch, more placid than the Swiss, and more romantic than

the Italian. County Kerry is the Switzerland of Ireland. Its lakes, woods, fields, and highlands so blend as to delight the most fastidious eye. The ruins of Muckross Abbey, close upon the lake-shore, add greatly to the fascinations of Killarney. It was built four centuries ago by Franciscan monks as a fit burial-place for Irish kings. The ivy and myrtle are hanging their mantles of green over wall and tomb. The lakes are three in number, twelve miles in length, combined. These are dotted with islands of a green surface and bald rocks. The sides of the mountains are wooded, but the summits are bare. All this region is owned by two landlords, who control it as they please. While we enjoy this scenery more than words can depict, we are made sad at the prevailing poverty, wherever we fall in with the people of the country. In the village of Killarney the men, women, and children are clad in rags, and are actually suffering for the necessaries of life. The rentals of the land are so high that they cannot raise from it enough to pay the taxes and support themselves. While the lake scenery of Killarney will be remembered as exquisitely beautiful, still it will be overcast with a pall, expressive of suffering humanity.

In Cork we find a busy, stirring city, situated on the river Lee, with picturesque surroundings. It wears the appearance of a new town; still, it has dates running back to the ninth century. The people boast of its extreme age, and from their fluency of speech in extolling it, you would judge they had all kissed the Blarney stone, which is only five miles away. This stone is near an old castle, and is famous for imparting

glibness of tongue to all who kiss it. So it must be that most of the Irish have performed the feat. The question is asked, "What does it do to one who puts his lips to it?" "And shurely it taiches him policy," says Pat. "What do you mean by policy?" asks the gentleman. "Why, saying one thing and maning another."

A few miles' ride down the river lands us in Queenstown, built upon a steep side-hill, overlooking the bay. From the water it presents a fairy-like appearance. Its cathedral, churches, and houses are airy and commodious. It is a seaside retreat in summer and winter. Were it not for its swarms of beggars, it would be an enticing resort. Were it not for money sent from America, nearly all of the aged here would be beggars in the street. Though they love dear old Ireland and wish to die in it, still they hold our country as the land of the blest. But in spite of the poverty, wit flashes now and then as fresh as of yore. So a gouty Englishman must have felt, as he was passing a stand where a poor woman was selling some fruit. She darted in front of him, begging him to buy. He pushed her aside, saying, "Out of the way!" She dodged in front of him once more, importuning him to buy; but he lifted his cane as in the act to strike, reiterating, "Out of the way!" Upon this the woman cried aloud as in grief, "La me! would that your conscience was as tender as your toes, and you would be after buying some fruit of the poor woman!"

But the steamer is in the roadstead waiting for passengers bound for America; so we bid adieu to the "Land of Destiny," with all its charms and misfortunes.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

CHAPTER XV.

NEARING HOME.

EASTERN lands are left behind, and we are really once more on a grand steamer westward bound across the Atlantic. No dread disturbs, but joy thrills the heart. Our baggage arranged in the cabin, it is pleasant to feel that it is likely to remain free from the dust and clatter experienced on the railway. To one who is a good sailor the rocking and rolling of the deep stimulate the mind in wakefulness and lull it in drowsiness. Each day brings change and variety, and each night sleep and rest. Nevertheless, it is a common remark of voyagers on the deep, "How dreary and monotonous are the days at sea!" To such there are no beauties of sky, no wondrous revealings of ever-moving waters. What, no beauty of sky! Why, in no other part of creation has the Great Architect displayed such a diversity of splendors as in the over-arching azure. It is subject to incessant change. At times it is aglow from horizon to zenith with hazy warmth or crystal fire or massy gold; or again it is freckled with fleecy clouds, and stratified with layers of amethyst, onyx, opal, and jasper. Whence comes its color of blue, which is so apparent as you gaze upward, or why so transparent as you look across land and sea? You move through the air in calm as though it were not sub-

stance; but let the hurricane rage, and who can withstand its might? Let the typhoon be awakened, and the sky is not color but conflagration. Not only during the day is constant beauty dropping from on high; but as night spreads her awning above, and star after star falls in front of the darkness, what splendors are pictured! The considerate mind knows these things do not merely happen, and so it cannot refrain from inquiring, who hangs them there? Who sets them on fire and keeps them apparently the same as when Homer sang and David struck his harp? To the thoughtful those orbs become worlds, peopled with sentient beings and children of the living God.

What, naught to be seen on the broad ocean! Just peer into the depths, and life is expressed everywhere. There is the home of the finny tribes, and what varieties and how countless they are! Corals build reefs which serve to make a Florida, or a Venetian lagoon. Porpoises leap from the sea to express their joy. The floor under the sea is radiant with exquisitely colored shells. Watch the trail of the steamer as it ploughs through the Persian Gulf in the clear hot night, and it flashes and glows with fire! Standing on the bow as the sun is obliquely pouring his rays, and a beating wave throws up a shower of diamonds, hanging before you a whole coterie of rainbows, can you say that riding on the "vasty deep" is all monotony? Observe the flying fish darting from wave to wave, and Mother Carey's chickens a thousand miles from shore, full of glee, and can you be so strange as to declare there is no pleasure or variety in the seafaring life?

How can it be otherwise than that you will have retrospective seasons, when you must feel so dependent, and realize yourself to be so far from home? If you have travelled to some extent, are not the galleries of memory hung with many a telling picture? Are you making a voyage round the globe, and is it nearly completed? Then Memory, like a pensive Ruth, as she wanders through harvest fields, will glean many a shock of corn to sustain and gladden the heart.

Is there not profoundest pleasure experienced in recalling Niagara Falls, the western prairies, the Great Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the Rio Grande Pass with its overawing cañons, the Yosemite Valley, the gigantic trees of Mariposa, the experiences on the Pacific Ocean, the novelties and realities of Japan, the strange, funny things of China, the temples and tombs of India, the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, the old cities and Pyramids of Egypt, the sacred places of Palestine, the ruins of the Athenian Acropolis, the disclosures of Pompeii and Vesuvius, the tomb of Virgil, the home of Columbus, stupendous London, and depressed Ireland?

It is true, if one is a "bad sailor," and the sea frets and rages, he can realize at best only bits of pleasure, caring little for the past and less for the future. The last steamer he is on, and the last voyage made, are likely to be the worst of all, and he declares it to be his last. There is no help for such a one but to keep off the sea. But it is far different with him who can ride on the fair or stormy ocean, going to the table at every meal with a relish, and being rocked into sweet sleep

every night. He is sure to find travel delightful, if his heart and head are right. It is the fool that only wanders; it is the seeker after wisdom that travels.

Nearing home upon the sea, what thoughts are bound to flood the mind! Of course there must be more or less fear mingling with the joy, for strange mishaps are certain to occur in long absences. However, the expected joys ordinarily will exhilarate. Let the review of the past away from home be ever so gratifying, the approaching anticipated pleasure will crowd it aside. The expected meeting with the dear ones, and the recounting of their love and devotion, of the united praying and working, of the social times around the open fire and at the festive board, of the looking into each other's faces, — these and numberless other things move the mind and heart as no foreign experiences can. If we are going to the *old home*, what recollections rush to view! Every room in the house has its story to tell of joy or sorrow. The lawn with rosebush and cherry-tree speak of sweetest perfumes and reddest fruit. The shed and barn have their tales of interest to relate. The deep well at the back-door, the fruitful orchard on the hillside and in the hollow, the maple grove in the pasture, the singing of the many birds, and the chattering of squirrels, all lend their enchantment. There the sloping hillsides across the Minewawa, dotted with cottages and cut up into mowings, fields, and woods; the tall pine, and the crown of the Monadnock, — present, summer and winter, unsurpassed views. There the sunrises and sunsets outvie those of the Orient or the Hesperus. The village, too, nestled in the valley, — with

the churches, valuable library, so many tidy-looking houses, busy factories and mills, has charms for its native-born, such as no other place can have. Moreover, the "silent city" on the hill, so thickly set with memorials, speaks of the living beyond the "darkling stream." Really, the more one experiences abroad the more his home and native country are rendered precious.

Think of our nativity as we may and should, we know its motes and mountains, its violets and snowy crystals, are precious in the sight of the All-Wise; yea, the very atoms in garden and field He is converting into emeralds, amethysts, and diamonds. Were this not so, there would be no green grass, no blue sky, nor white lilies. Why, then, should we allow ourselves to so live and so fail to appreciate as by and by to be unable to tell angels, when asking, somewhat of the beauties and blessings of our earthly homes? Let natural history, botany, geology, chemistry, and astronomy do their perfect work for our people, and especially for the young, and they will cleave to their native land, and will rejoice to labor on farms, in mines and woods, yea, anywhere and everywhere that duty calls. Their native home will be the dearest spot on earth; and though they stay at the old home, they will investigate, explore mentally, and do noble service for God and man. Their great aim in life will be, not simply to raise roofs of houses, but souls of men.

We have been eight days out from Queenstown, and an American pilot has just boarded our steamer. This is good news. We have had a prosperous voyage, and

are surely entering New York harbor. Quickly all passengers are on the decks. Soon we are passing Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. We left America facing the west, and have come back to it still facing the west. The inevitable conclusion is that we have rounded the globe, and have travelled not less than fifty thousand miles. Stepping on *terra firma* in one of the most growing marts of the world, we can but rejoice in being able to say, *This is our native land.* As we left it, we felt it was one of the best; and as we return to it, we can assert, with increased emphasis, that it is the best land of all, — first, because of its natural advantages; second, because of its free schools and free churches; third, because the people own the houses in which they live, and the soil which they till; fourth, because the daughters stand on a par with the sons; fifth, because general intelligence and enterprise prevail; sixth, because character, not the purse, constitutes the real man.

Here Christianity and moral principle were so applied as to take our fathers safely through the Revolutionary War, and their sons through the great Rebellion, changing the feeble colonies into a Republic of forty-two States and nine Territories with a population of sixty millions. The East is looking to the West for light and assistance. Ours is the Republic of the world. The most important question of all time is to be decided on American soil; namely, Is self-government a possibility? All freedom-loving citizens desire to have this question answered in the affirmative, and millions in foreign lands who have caught the spirit of freedom earnestly

pray that it may so prove; but aristocrats, friends of despotism, and those who claim to rule by divine right and ecclesiastical succession, abhor such an idea, and are laboring with their might to crush it into the dust. So we need to take careful heed as to the foundations on which our Government stands, and suffer no wrongs engendered at home or brought from abroad to tear out and demolish the bases of our State fabric. If the followers of Allah, or Brahm, or Buddha, or Baal come to this country, they should be permitted to enter it only on the condition that they will work for universal education, for duality of marriage, against priestcraft and sectarianism, against the saloon, the great enemy to liberty, and the many vices which are striking deathblows to freedom and our Republic. It is the loving John, not the avaricious Judas, that preserves the Republic. God and duty must be supreme here, not Cæsar collecting unjust dues. The Pilgrim Fathers soon after landing on Plymouth Rock set up the school and the church as co-workers; we must take heed that Christianity and education are not divorced in this age of Mammon, or else we shall fall a prey to demagogism and treachery. Keep the home inviolate, the Christian church, public school, and college active, and the evil so threatening will be overcome with good; and America will send across the Atlantic and the Pacific to all other lands the assurances of the worth of a Republican Government in producing cultured and Christian men and women.

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